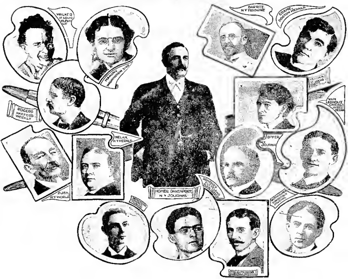
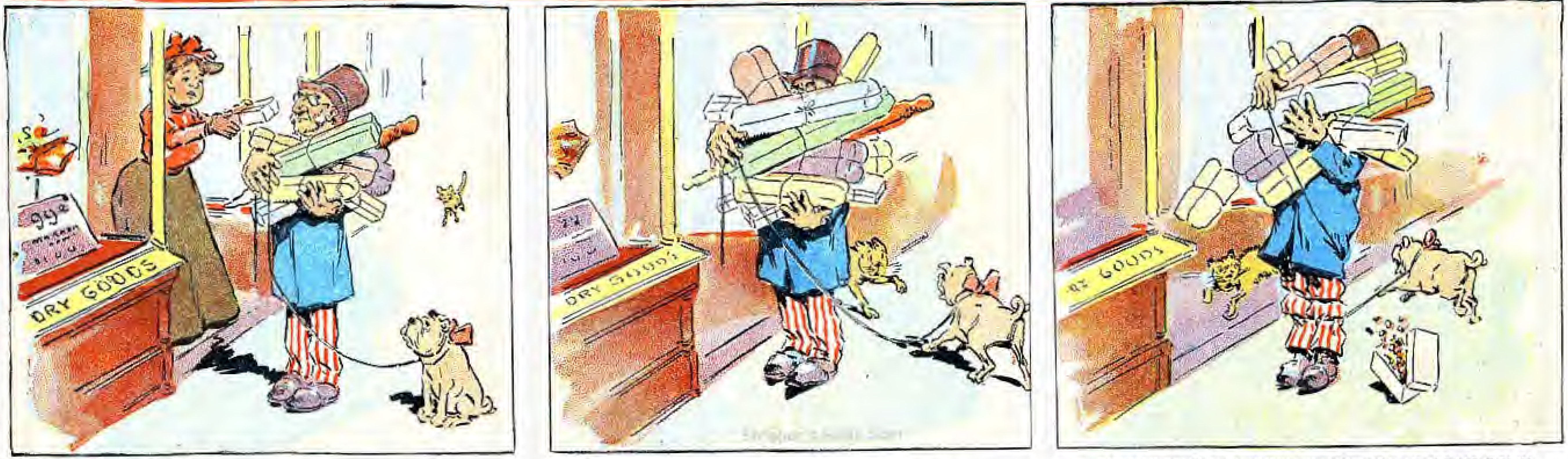
FIFTEEN OF THE CLEVER CARTOONISTS WHO ARE CONSPICUOUS IN THE CAMPAIGN.


WALKER ST LOUIS REPUBLIC
MAHONY WASHINGTON STAR
ROGERS HARPERS WEEKLY
BARRITT N Y TRIBUNE
CRANE, BOSTON HERALD
HERRICK ST LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT
VAN LESHOUT CHICAGO INTER OCEAN
NELAN, N Y HERALD
OPPER N Y JOURNAL
BUSH N Y WORLD
HOMER DAVENPORT, N Y JOURNAL
DONAHEY CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER
McCUTCHEON CHICAGO RECORD

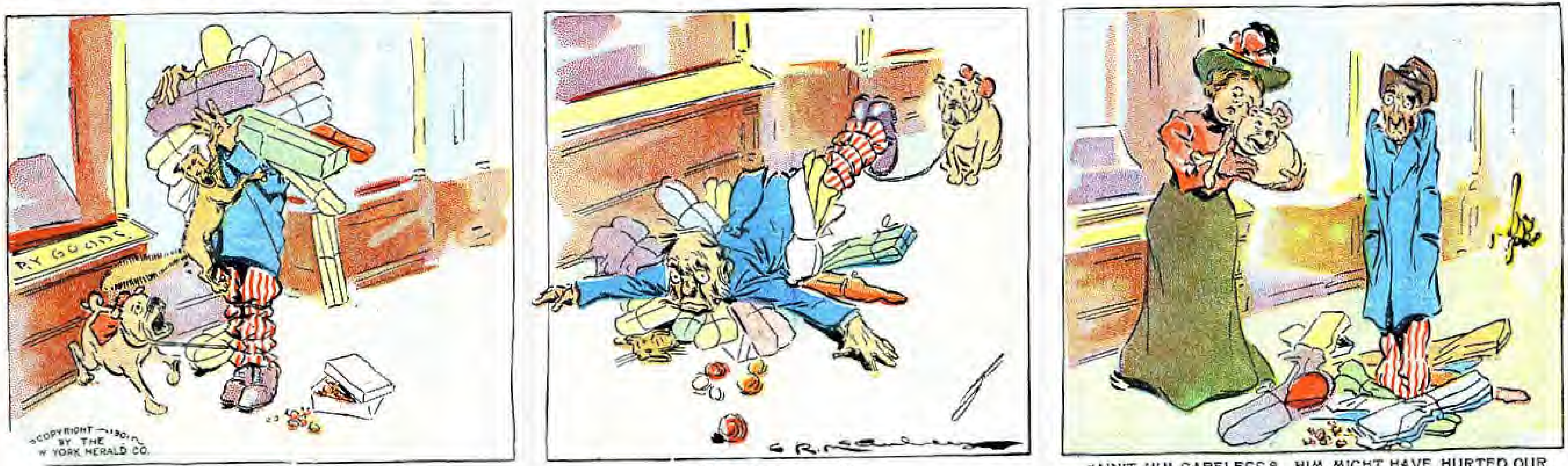
Mr. Goodthynge goes Shopping



"HERE, DEAR, HOLD THESE FEW PACKAGES AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF FIDO WHILE I MAKE ANOTHER PURCHASE OR TWO."

"ANOTHER PURCHASE OR TWO! WELL, I SHOULD GUESS YES!"

"GREAT CAESAR! THERE'S SOMETHING DOING DOWN BELOW."


DRY GOODS
COPYRIGHT —1901— BY THE W YORK HERALD CO.

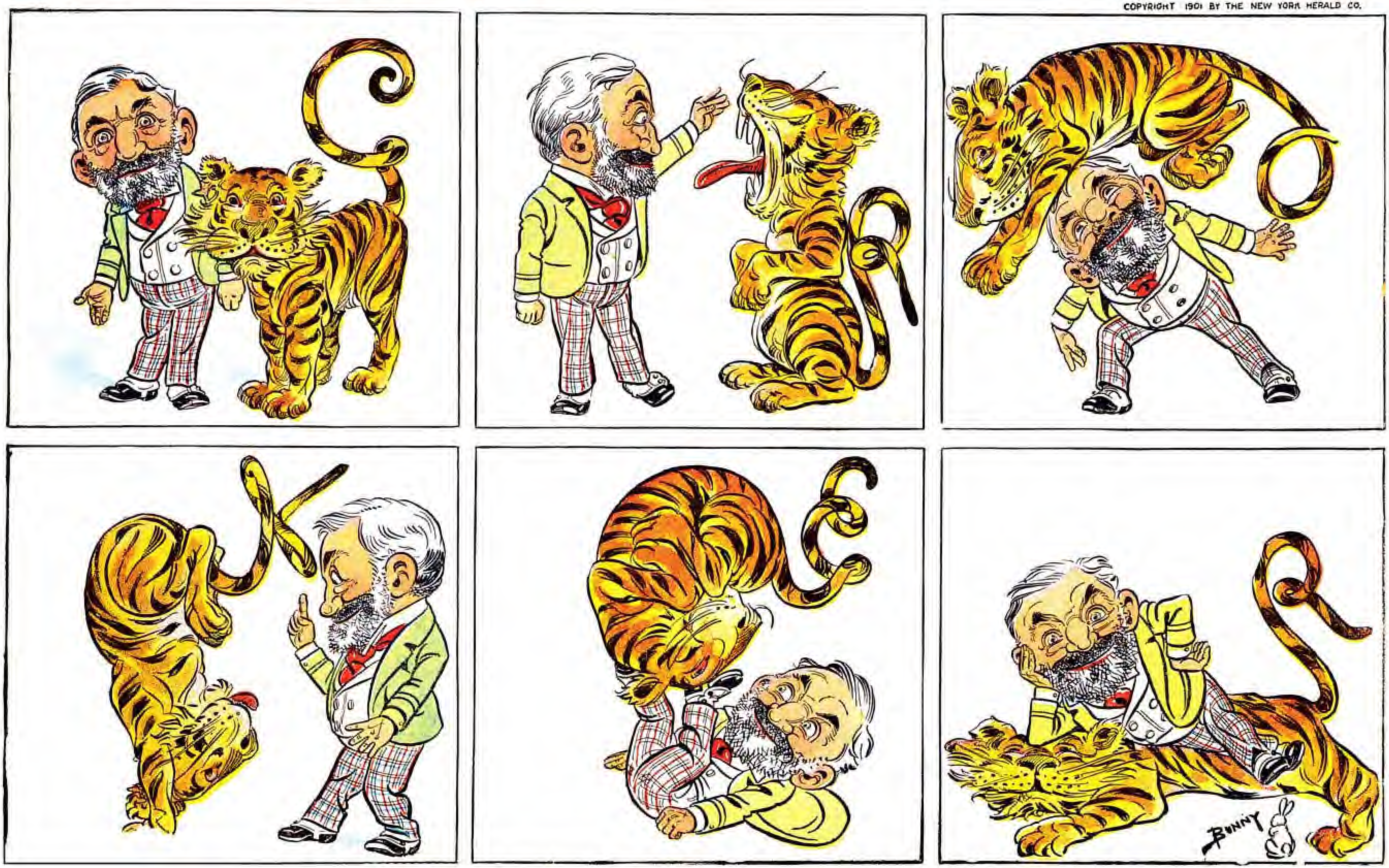
"BY JINGO! I'M LOSING MY...

BALANCE!" BANG!

"AIN'T HIM CARELESS? HIM MIGHT HAVE HURTED OUR LITTLE FIDO!"

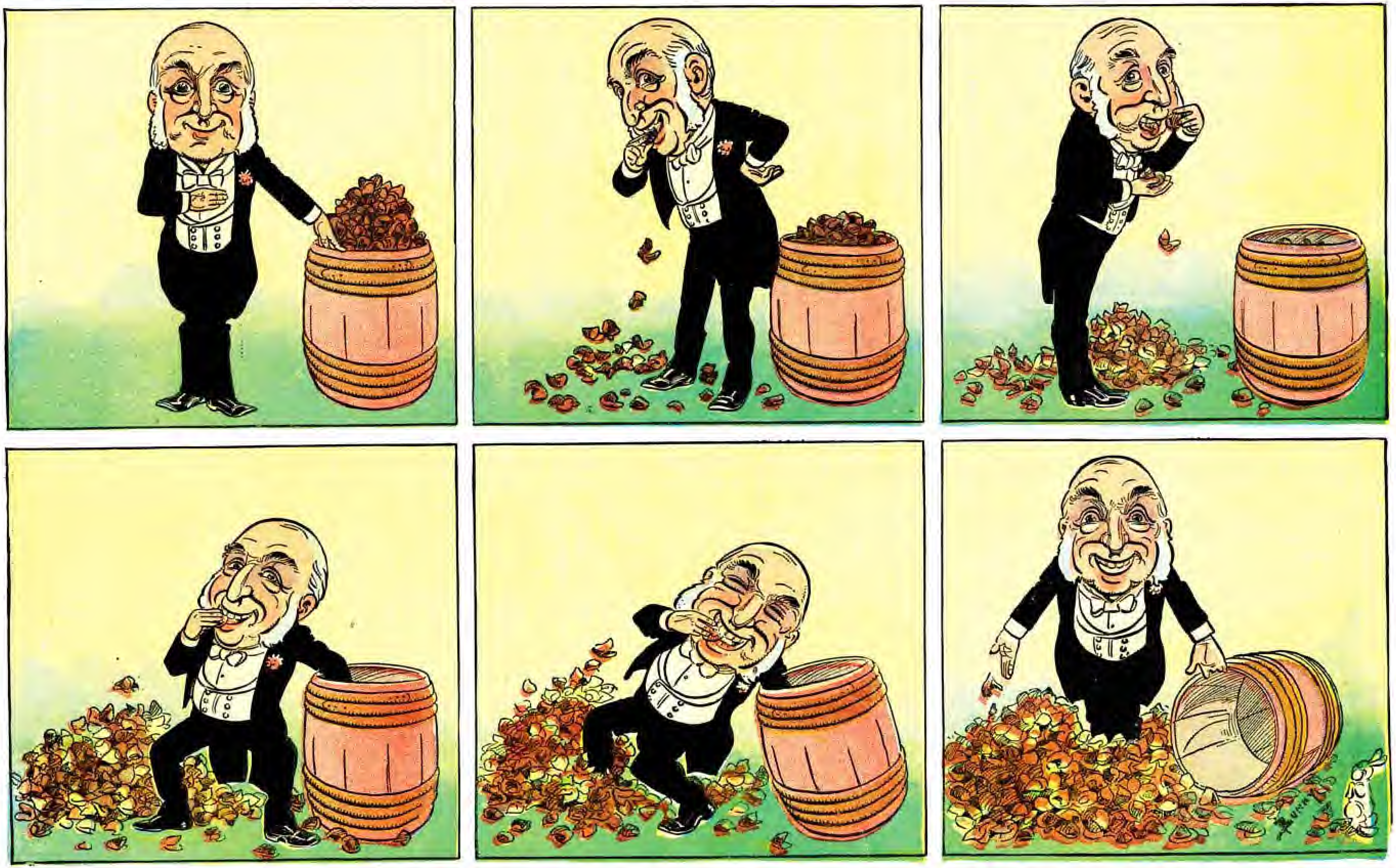
OUR NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE SIGNOR RICARDO CROKERO AND HIS WONDERFUL TRAINED TIGER TAMINO.

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.

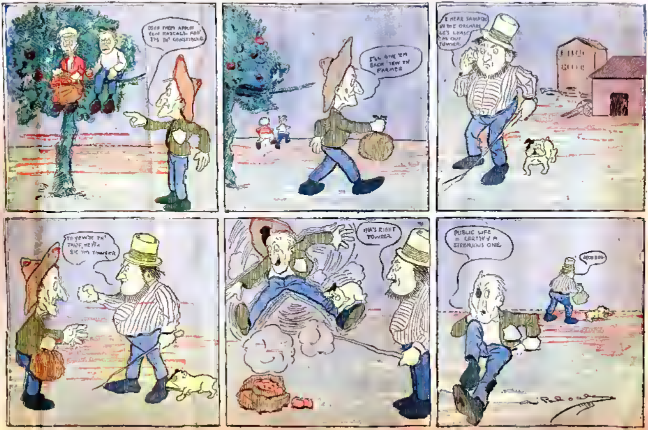


OUR NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE MONSIEUR CHAUNCE DE PEW CHAMPION CHESTNUT CRACKER OF THE WORLD.

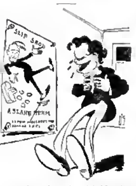
COPYRIGHT 1901 BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.



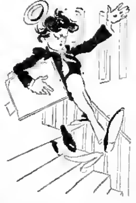
THE ADVENTURES OF CONSTABLE HAYRICK, THE RUSTIC SLEUTH


DROP THEM APPLES YEW RASCALS FOR I'M TH' CONSTIBULE
I'LL GIVE 'EM BACK TEW TH' FARMER
I HEAR SAUNDIN' IN THE ORCHARD LE'S CHASE 'EM OUT TOWSER
SO YEW'RE TH' THIEF, HEY? SIC 'IM TOWSER
THA'S RIGHT TOWSER
PUBLIC LIFE IS CERT'N'Y A STRENUOUS ONE.
GOOD DOG

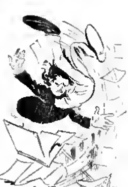
POINT OF VIEW.



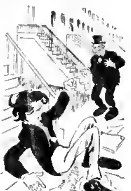
Pentwister (the comic artist)—"Say, I've done it this time! Gee! 'Slipshod', ain't that a screamer? Fellow slips on a banana peel! Ha ha! Ha, ha, ha!"



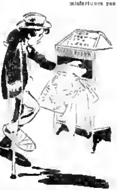
"Now for the editor and a big price for my skit. I can hear 'his nibs' roar with laughter now!



"Who left that measly banana skin on our steps? Help! Help!



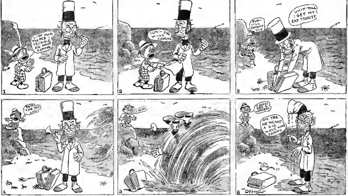
Mister, if you can see any fun in a man's misfortunes you have no sense of humor.

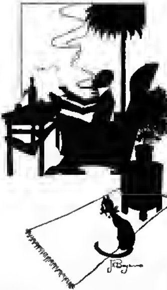


"That's the proper place for such a fool joke! Didn't I know I could be such a donkey?"

HERR PROF SCHUETZENFEST BY THE SAD SEA WAVES GETS IT.

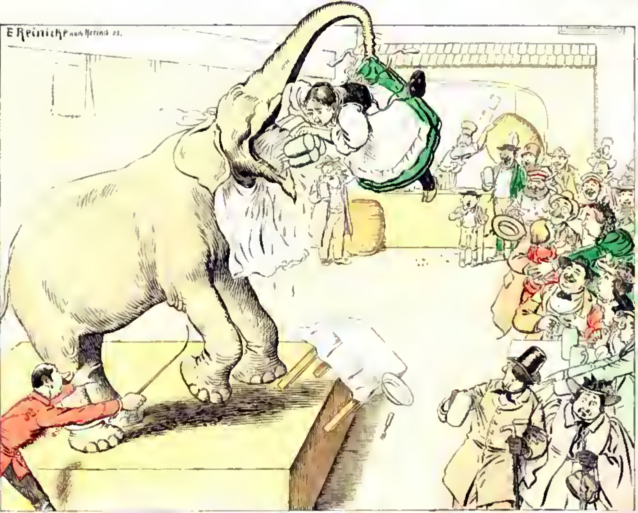
Copyright, 1902, by W. R. Hearst.


1
LOOK OUT— THERES A TERRIBLE BIG WAVE COMING
2
RUN!—BIG WAVE COMING
3
RUN— IT'LL SWAMP YOU
WAIT TILL I GET MY EAR TRUMPET
4
RUN— FER YER LIFE
5
OH MY
6
I GUESS HE'S A LUNATIC
OH YES HE MEANT A BIG WAVE WAS COMING
Opper



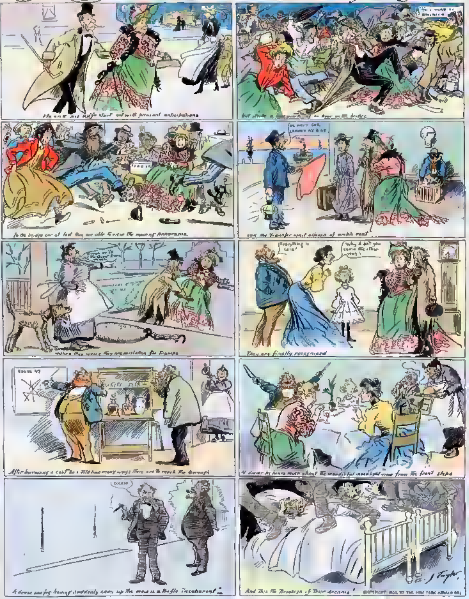
"Seated in a big arm-chair, Sandy Jenkins read his poetry."

[See page 41.]



E Reinicke

THE GENTLE CITIZEN
He Visits Brooklyn


He and his wife start out with pleasant anticipations
THIS WAY TO BROOKLYN
but strike a bad quarter of an hour on the bridge
In the bridge car at last they are able to view the moving panorama.
NO NEXT CAR LEAVES AT 8.45
and the transfer point allows of ample rest
[illegible]
When they arrive they are mistaken for tramps
Everything is late!
Why didn't you come the other way!
They are finally recognized
ROUTE 47
After borrowing a coat he is told how many ways there are to reach the borough
At dinner he hears much about the wonderful moonlight view from the front steps
Lovely
A dense sea fog having suddenly come up the view is a trifle incoherent
And this the Brooklyn of their dreams!
J. Forster

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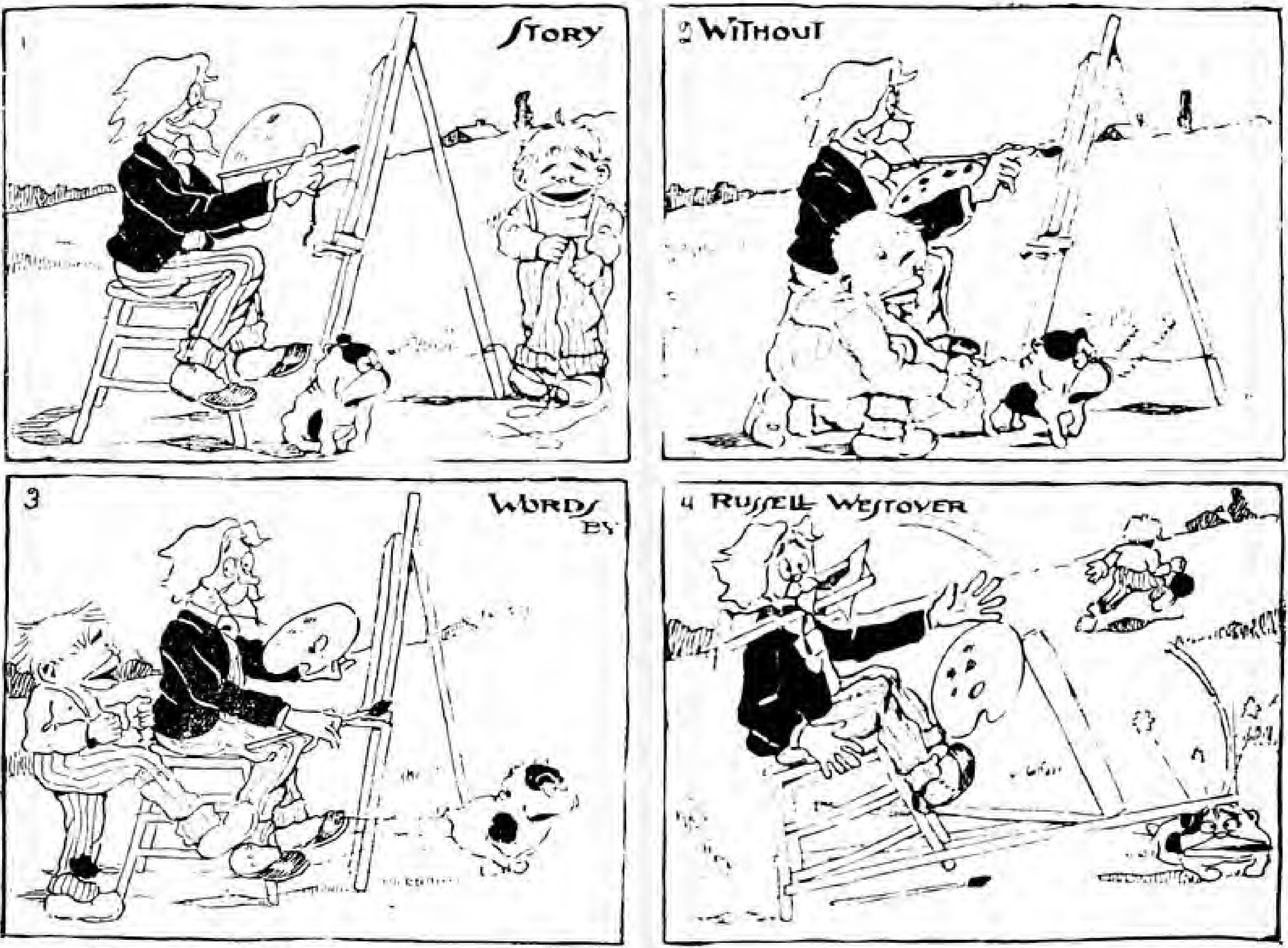
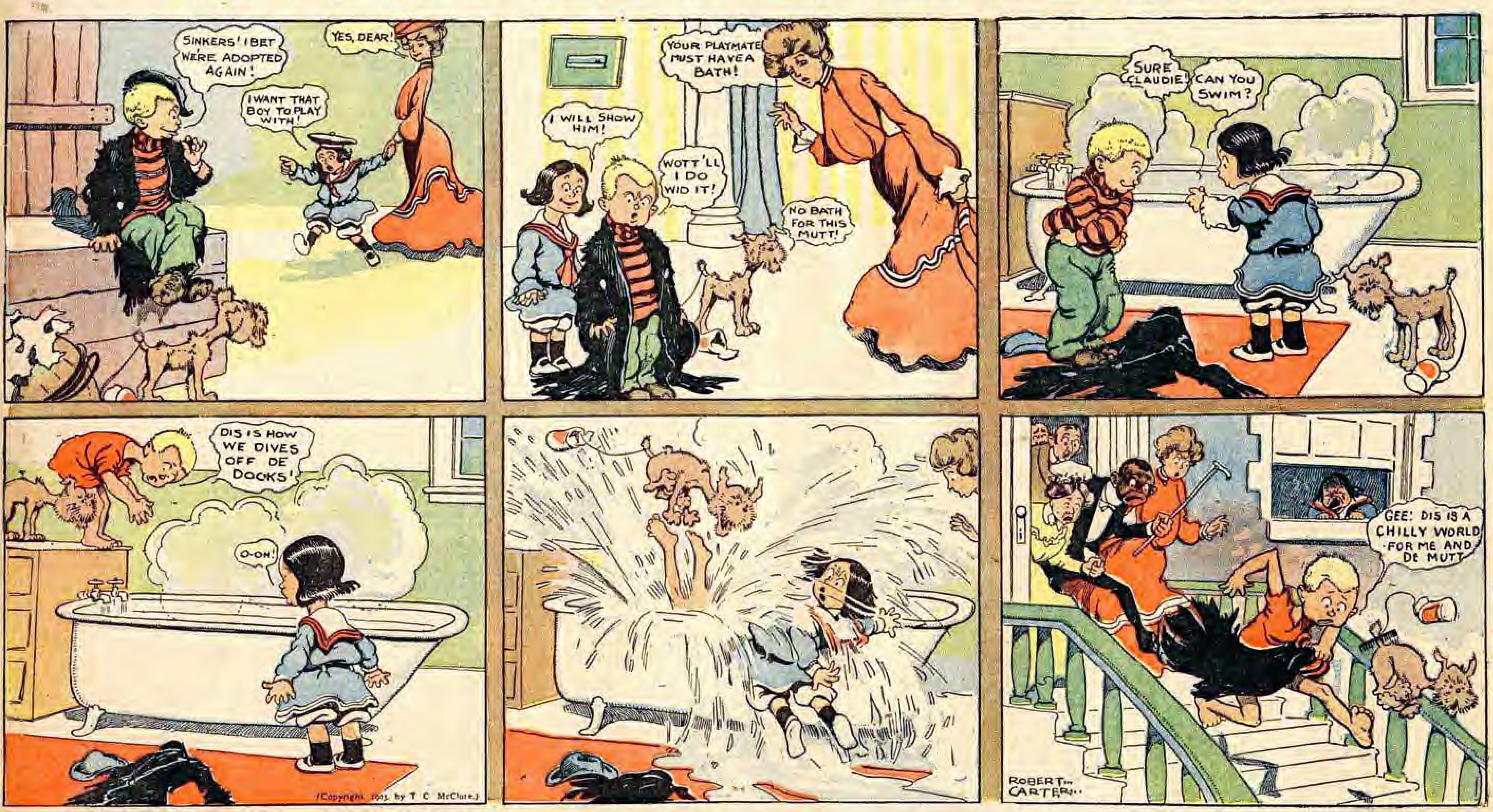
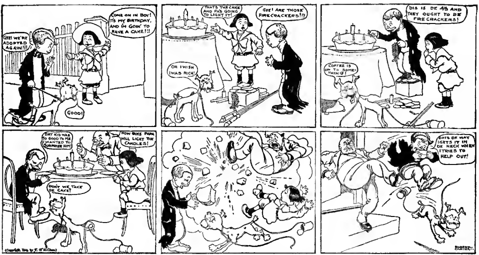

1
STORY
2 WITHOUT
3
WORDS
BY
4 RUSSELL WESTOVER

THE INS AND OUTS OF COFFEE AND SINKERS


SINKERS! I BET WE'RE ADOPTED AGAIN!
YES, DEAR!
I WANT THAT BOY TO PLAY WITH!
YOUR PLAYMATE MUST HAVE A BATH!
I WILL SHOW HIM!
WOTT'LL I DO WID IT!
NO BATH FOR THIS MUTT!
SURE CLAUDIE!
CAN YOU SWIM?
DIS IS HOW WE DIVES OFF DE DOCKS!
O-OH!
GEE! DIS IS A CHILLY WORLD FOR ME AND DE MUTT
ROBERT CARTER

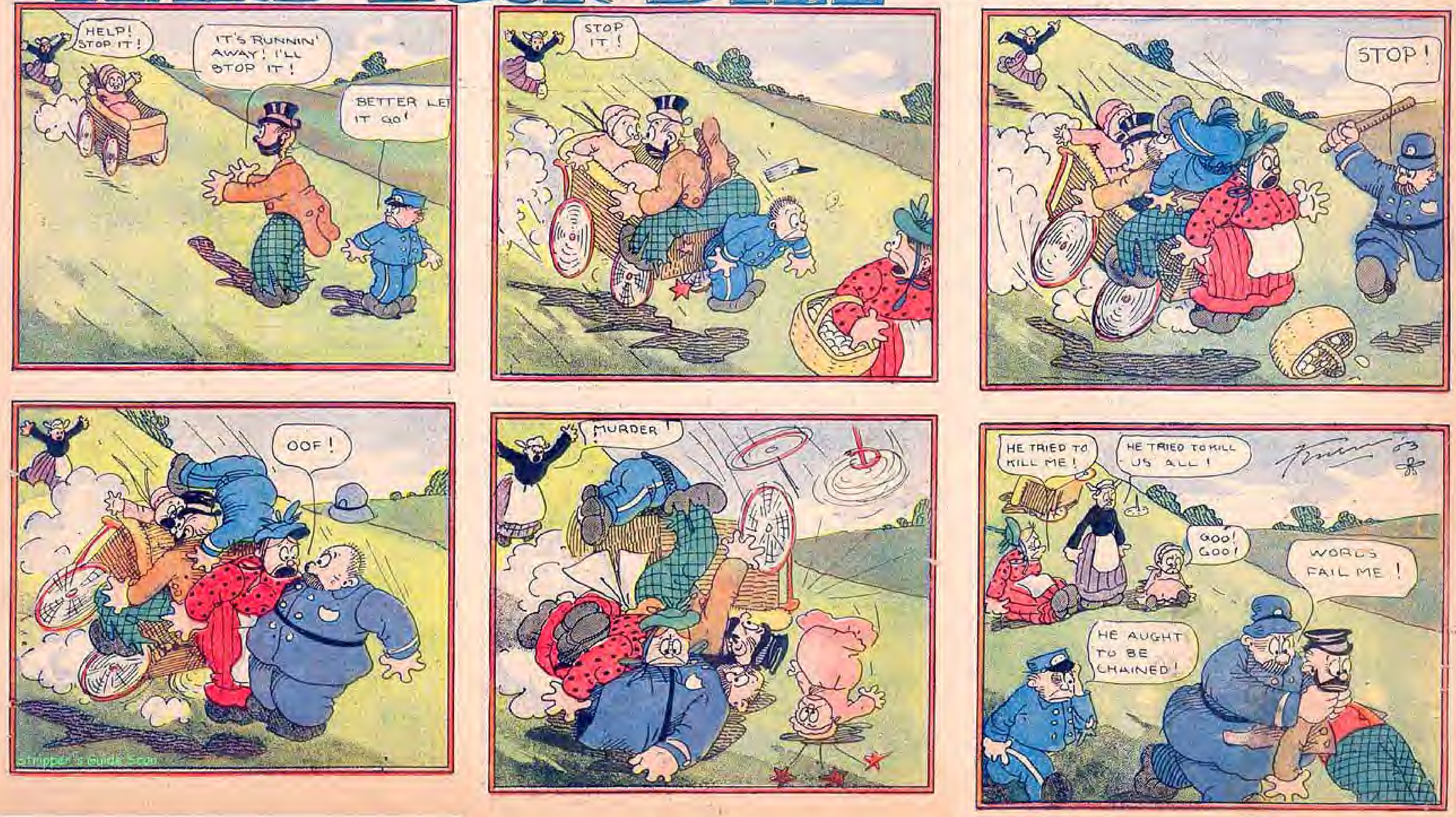
(Copyright 1903 by T C McClure.)

HOW COFFEE AND SINKERS KEPT THE FOURTH


GEE! WE'RE ADOPTED AGAIN!!!
COME ON IN BOY! IT'S MY BIRTHDAY, AND I'M GOIN' TO HAVE A CAKE!!!
GOOO!
THATS THE CAKE AND PA'S GOING TO LIGHT IT!
GEE! ARE THOSE FIRECRACKERS!!!
OH I WISH I WAS RICH!
DIS IS DE 4th AND THEY OUGHT TO BE FIRE CRACKERS!
COFFEE IS UP TO SOME-THING!
DAT KID WAS SO GOOD TO ME I WANTED TO SURPRISE HIM!
NOW BOYS PAPA WILL LIGHT THE CANDLES!
DON'T WE TAKE DE CAKE?
DATS DE WAY I GETS IT IN DE NECK WHEN I TRIES TO HELP OUT!
BARRETT— CARTER

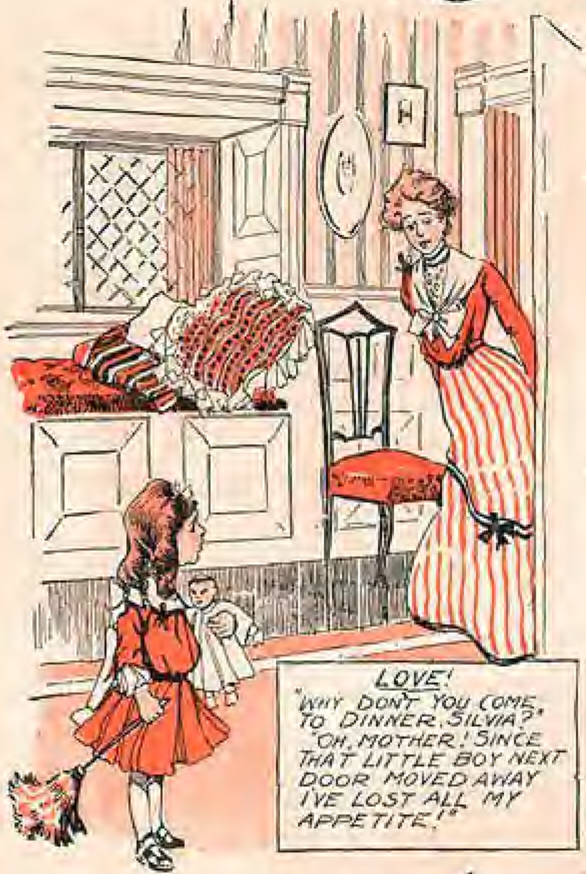
(Copyright, [illegible] by T. C. McClure)

HARD LUCK BILL STOPS A BABY CARRIAGE


HELP! STOP IT!
IT'S RUNNIN' AWAY! I'LL STOP IT!
BETTER LET IT GO!
STOP IT!
STOP!
OOF!
MURDER!
HE TRIED TO KILL ME!
HE TRIED TO KILL US ALL!
'03
GOO! GOO!
WORDS FAIL ME!
HE AUGHT TO BE CHAINED!

Stripper's Guide Scan

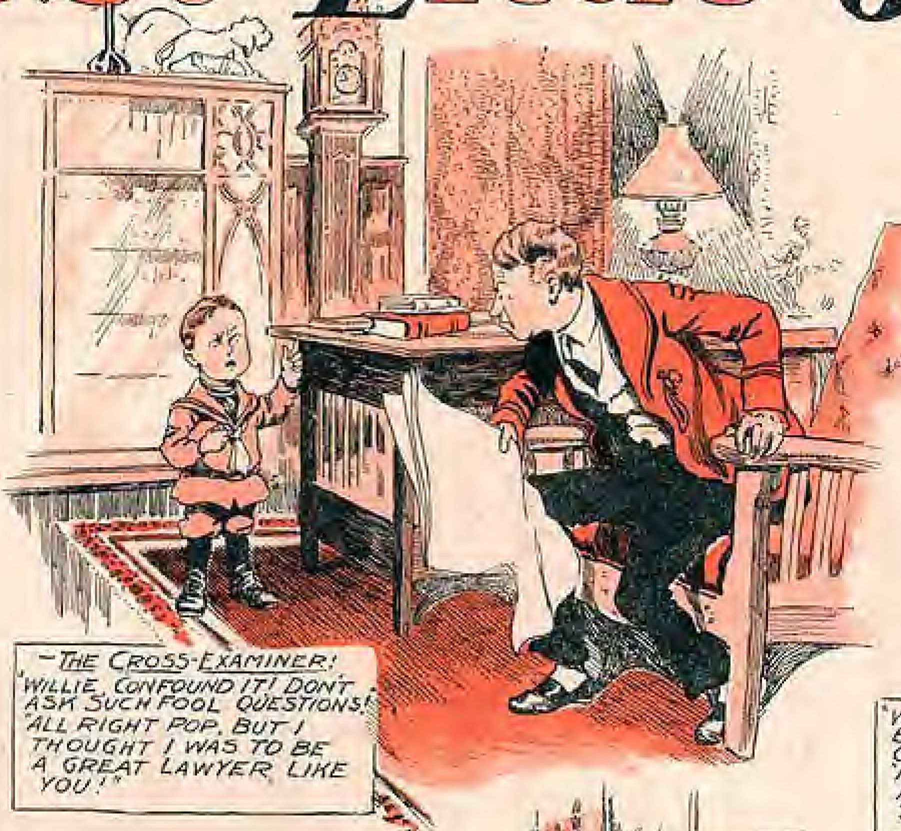
Just Little Ones



LOVE!

"WHY DON'T YOU COME, TO DINNER, SILVIA?"

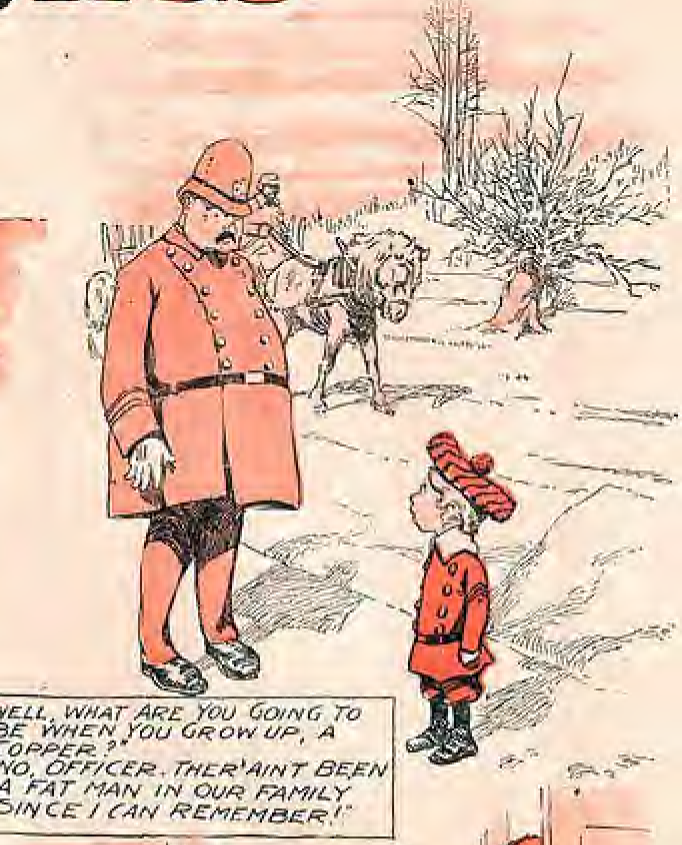
"OH, MOTHER! SINCE THAT LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR MOVED AWAY I'VE LOST ALL MY APPETITE!"



—THE CROSS-EXAMINER!

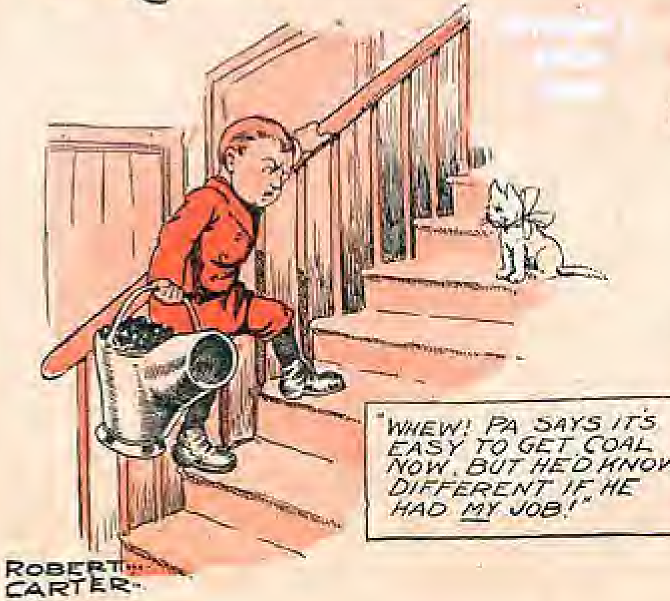
"WILLIE, CONFOUND IT! DON'T ASK SUCH FOOL QUESTIONS!"

"ALL RIGHT POP, BUT I THOUGHT I WAS TO BE A GREAT LAWYER LIKE YOU!"

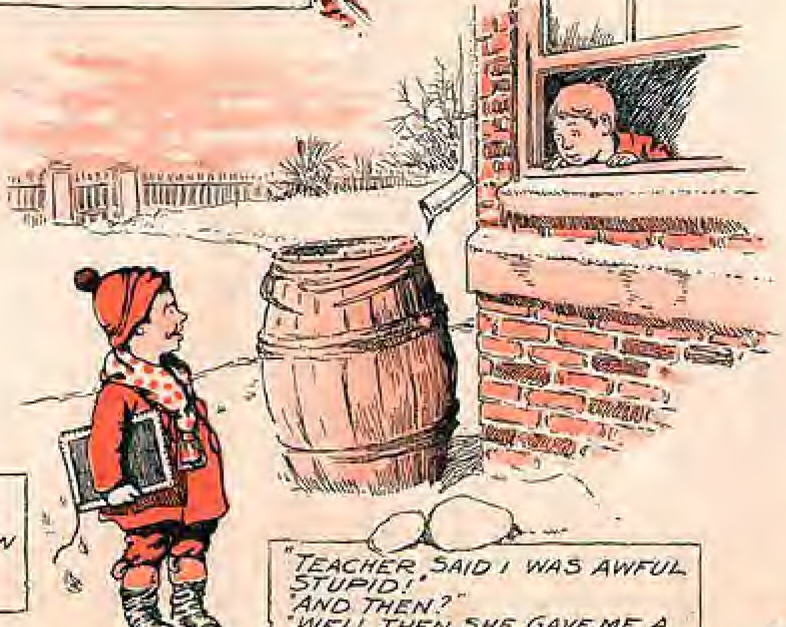


"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, A COPPER?"

"NO, OFFICER. THER' AINT BEEN A FAT MAN IN OUR FAMILY SINCE I CAN REMEMBER!"



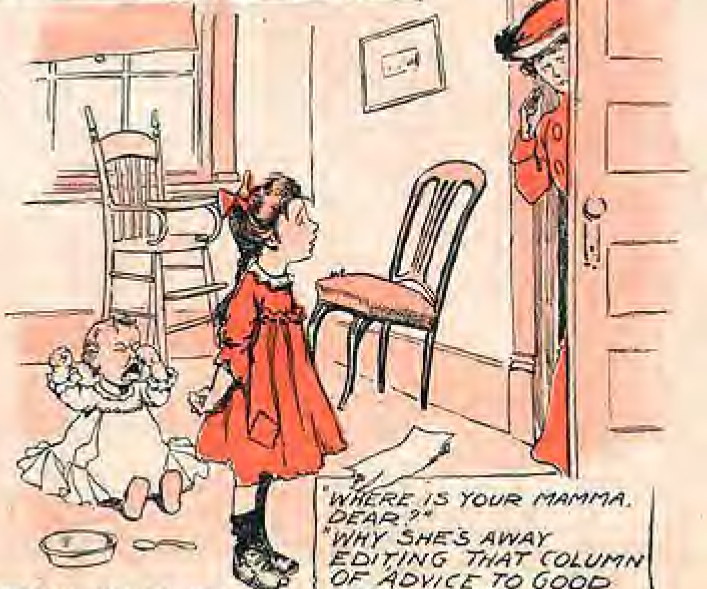
"WHEW! PA SAYS IT'S EASY TO GET COAL NOW, BUT HE'D KNOW DIFFERENT IF HE HAD MY JOB!"



"TEACHER SAID I WAS AWFUL STUPID!"

"AND THEN?"

"WELL THEN SHE GAVE ME A PIECE OF HER MIND!"



"WHERE IS YOUR MAMMA, DEAR?"

"WHY SHE'S AWAY EDITING THAT COLUMN OF ADVICE TO GOOD MOTHERS!"

ROBERT CARTER

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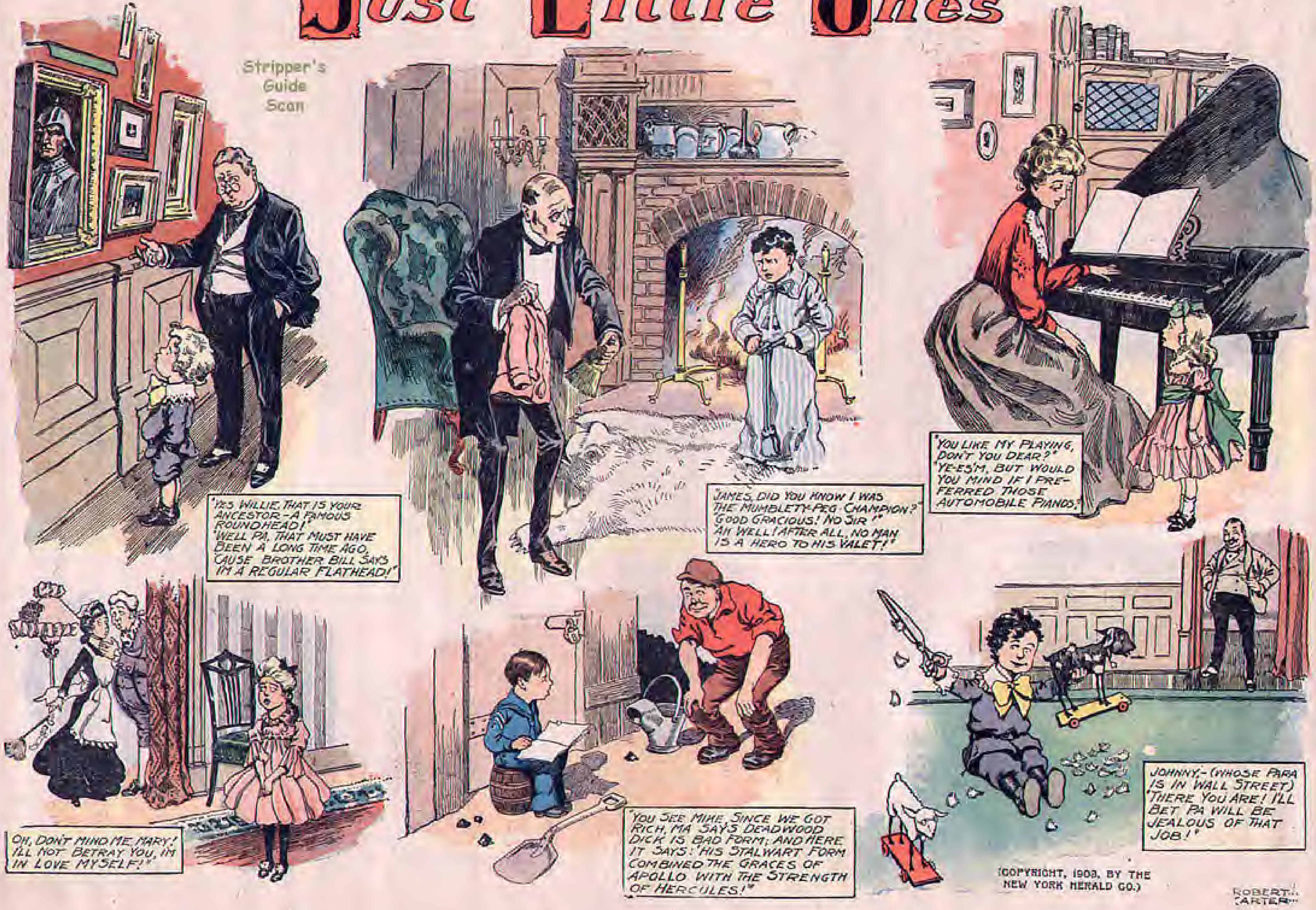
Just Little Ones

Stripper's Guide Scan



"YES WILLIE, THAT IS YOUR ANCESTOR—A FAMOUS ROUNDHEAD!"
"WELL PA, THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A LONG TIME AGO, CAUSE BROTHER BILL SAYS I'M A REGULAR FLATHEAD!"

"JAMES, DID YOU KNOW I WAS THE MUMBLETY-PEG CHAMPION?"
"GOOD GRACIOUS! NO SIR!"
"AH WELL! AFTER ALL, NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALET!"

"YOU LIKE MY PLAYING, DON'T YOU DEAR?"
"YE-ES'M, BUT WOULD YOU MIND IF I PREFERRED THOSE AUTOMOBILE PIANOS."

OH, DON'T MIND ME, MARY! I'LL NOT BETRAY YOU, I'M IN LOVE MYSELF!"

"YOU SEE MIKE, SINCE WE GOT RICH, MA SAYS DEADWOOD DICK IS BAD FORM; AND HERE IT SAYS: 'HIS STALWART FORM COMBINED THE GRACES OF APOLLO WITH THE STRENGTH OF HERCULES!"

JOHNNY,—(WHOSE PAPA IS IN WALL STREET) 'THERE YOU ARE! I'LL BET PA WILL BE JEALOUS OF THAT JOB!"

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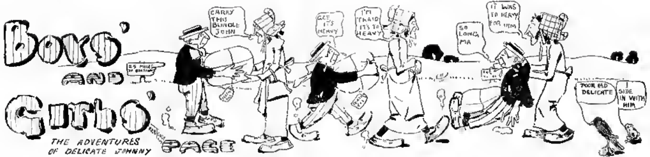
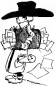
ROBERT CARTER


BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE
THE ADVENTURES OF DELICATE JOHNNY
2.5 MILES TO STATION
CARRY THIS BUNDLE JOHN
GEE IT'S HEAVY
I'M 'FRAID IT'S TO HEAVY
SO LONG MA
IT WAS TO HEAVY FOR HIM
POOR OLD DELICATE
I SIDE IN WITH HIM

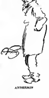
ALL BY THEMSELVES



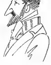
MARRINER

KEMBLE

ANTHONY

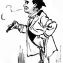


ANDERSON

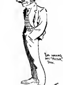


T. E. POWERS

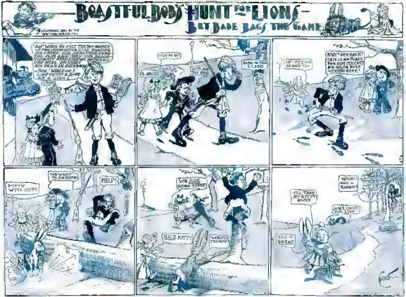
BERT COBB

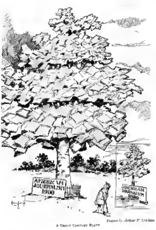


RIGBY


I'M HAVING MY "PICTUR" TOOK.

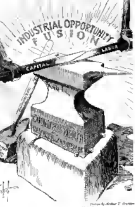
SWINNERTON

BOASTFUL BOB'S HUNT FOR LIONS —
BUT BABE BAGS THE GAME.
COPYRIGHT, [illegible], BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.
"AN" WHEN HE FELT THE HOT BREATH OF THE INFURIATED LION FANNING HIS CHEEK, OUR HERO TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND SHOT THE BLOOD THIRSTY MAN-EATER BETWEEN THE EYES, DROPPING HIM DEAD IN HIS TRACKS."
— GEE! WOULDN'T I LIKE TO GET A SHOT AT A LION!
WAIT FOR ME!
OH, MAMA!
LET'S SEE THE FUN!
BRING ON YOUR LIONS!
LET ME COME ALONG TOO
KITTY! GET BACK! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR KIDS, THERE'S BIG GAME SEEN AROUND HERE!
KITTY! KITTY!
WE WANT TO GO HOME!
HELP!
WE ARE GOING HOME!
HELP!
NICE KITTY
WHAT'S THE ROW
I'LL TAKE MY KITTY HOME
THIS IS GREAT
WHAT! ONLY A RABBIT!
BABE'S CAUGHT THE LION!


AMERICAN JOURNALISM 1900
AMERICAN JOURNALISM 1880

Prepared by Arthur T. Urbiss

A Great Century Plant


INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY
FUSION
CAPITAL
LABOR

Drawing by Arthur T. Merrick

"Now for a Good Strong Weld"

THE LEAP YEAR SOCIETY FOR THE GETTING BACK AT MERE MAN

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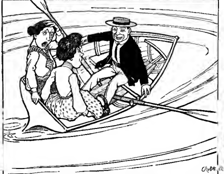
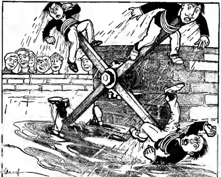
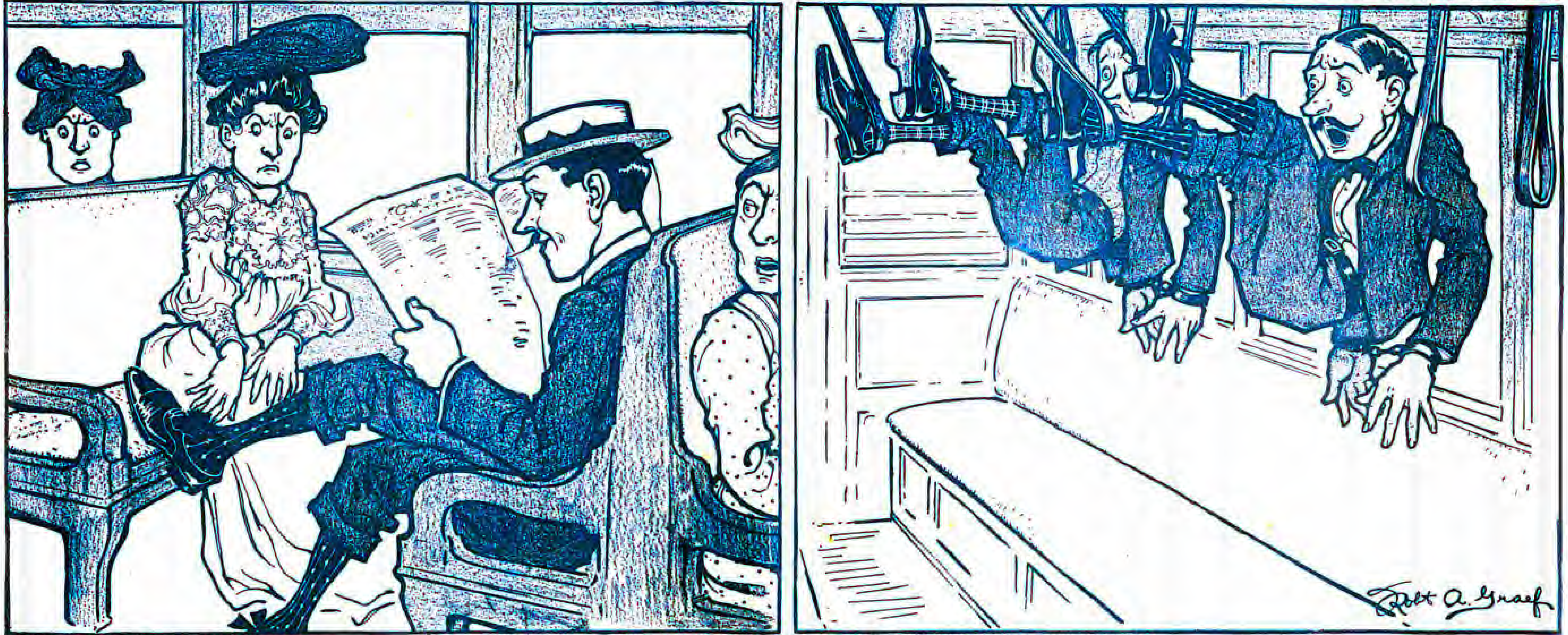


THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE IS THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD:



BUT THE FOOL THAT ROCKS THE ROWBOAT IN THIS FASHION SHOULD BE WHIRLED!

THE LEAP YEAR SOCIETY FOR THE GETTING BACK AT MERE MAN



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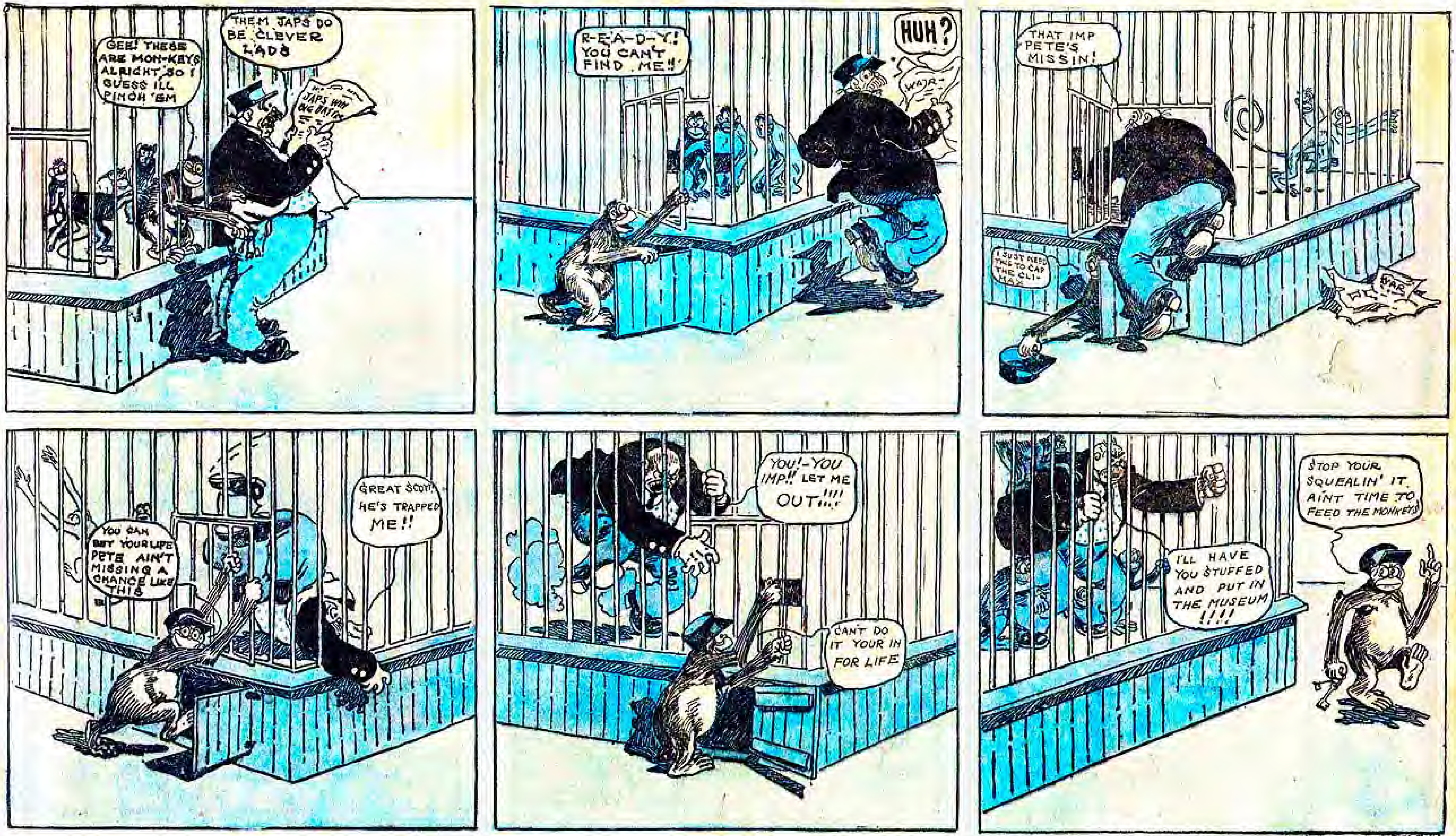
THE OPENWORK HOSIERY ANNOYANCE IS PERMITTED TO INDULGE HIS HOBBY WHERE HE CAN'T DISTRESS HIS FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

• PETE MON-KEYS THE KEEPER ALL RIGHT


GEE! THESE ARE MON-KEYS ALRIGHT, SO I GUESS I'LL PINCH 'EM
THEM JAPS DO BE CLEVER LADS
JAPS WIN BIG BATTLE
R-E-A-D-Y! YOU CAN'T FIND ME!!
HUH?
WAR
THAT IMP PETE'S MISSIN!
I JUST NEED THIS TO CAP THE CLI-MAX
WAR
YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE PETE AIN'T MISSING A CHANCE LIKE THIS
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S TRAPPED ME!!
YOU!-YOU IMP!! LET ME OUT!!!!
CAN'T DO IT YOUR IN FOR LIFE
STOP YOUR SQUEALIN' IT AINT TIME TO FEED THE MONKEYS
I'LL HAVE YOU STUFFED AND PUT IN THE MUSEUM !!!!

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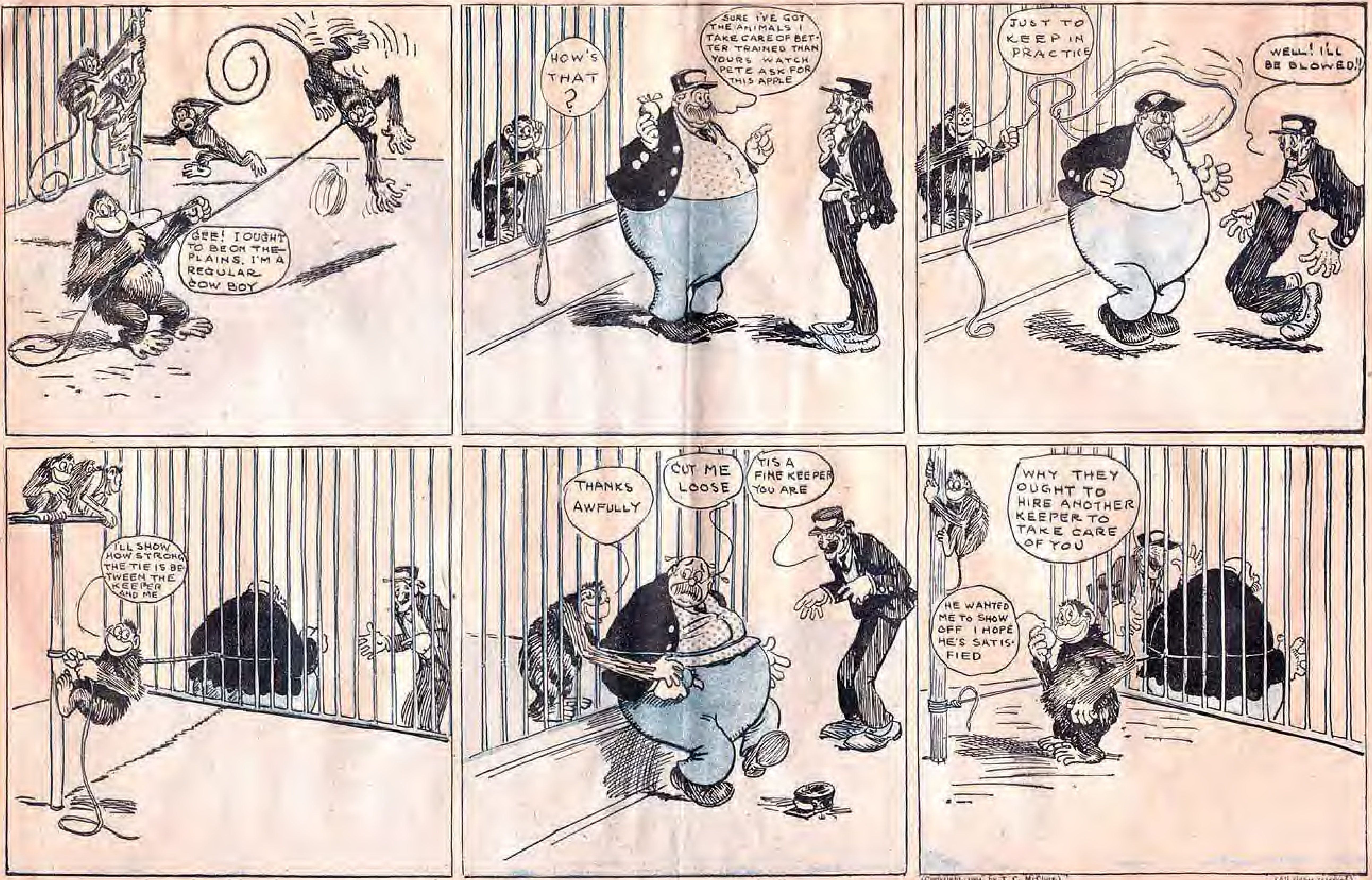
PETE SHOWS OFF FOR HIS KEEPER


GEE! I OUGHT TO BE ON THE PLAINS, I'M A REGULAR COW BOY
HOW'S THAT ?
SURE I'VE GOT THE ANIMALS I TAKE CARE OF BETTER TRAINED THAN YOURS WATCH PETE ASK FOR THIS APPLE
JUST TO KEEP IN PRACTICE
WELL! I'LL BE BLOWED!!
I'LL SHOW HOW STRONG THE TIE IS BETWEEN THE KEEPER AND ME
THANKS AWFULLY
CUT ME LOOSE
TIS A FINE KEEPER YOU ARE
WHY THEY OUGHT TO HIRE ANOTHER KEEPER TO TAKE CARE OF YOU
HE WANTED ME TO SHOW OFF I HOPE HE'S SATISFIED

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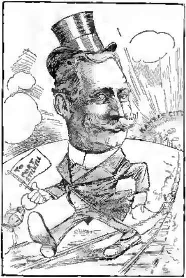
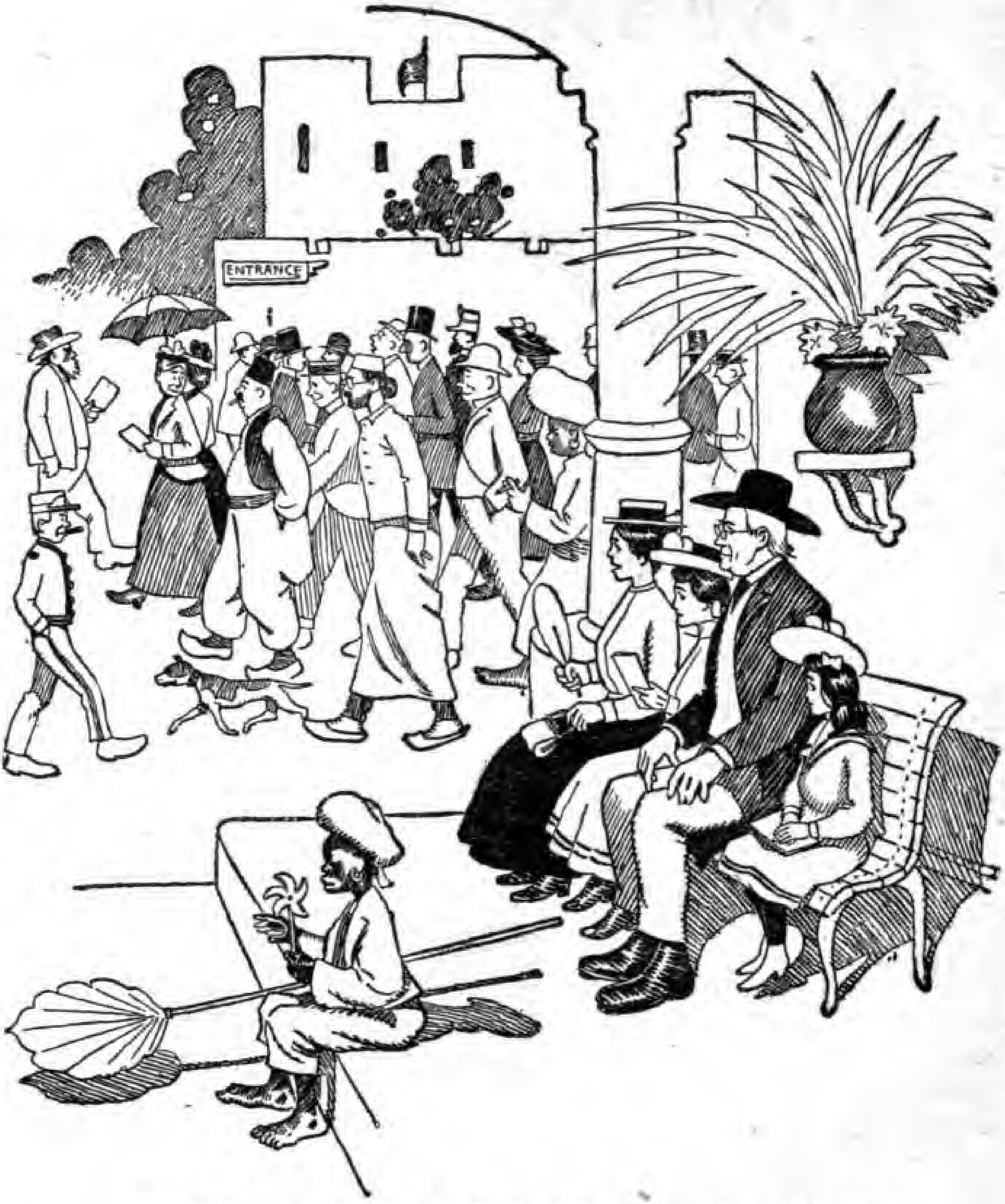


ARTHUR E. STILWELL,

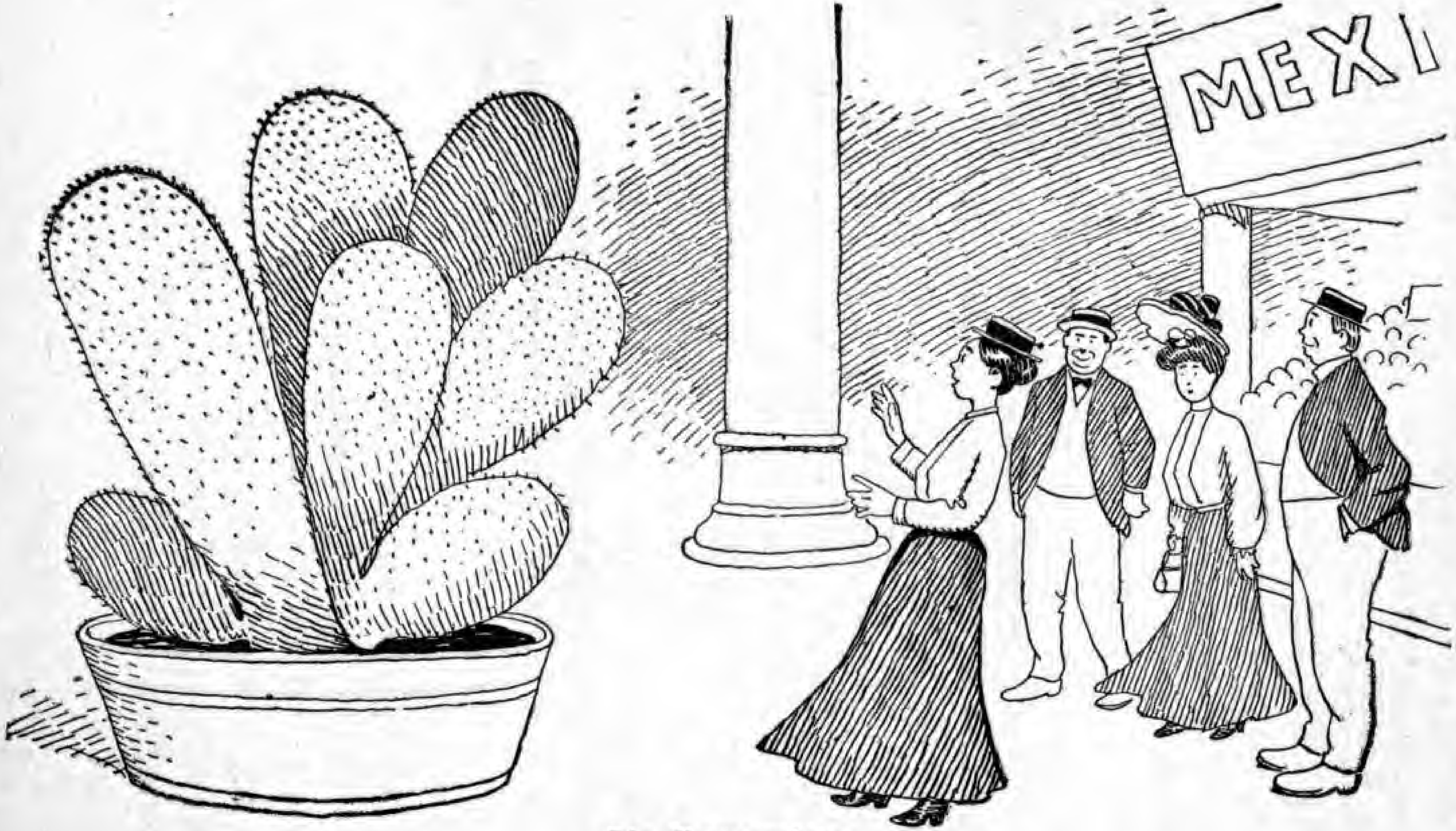
KANSAS CITY

Arthur E. Stilwell of Kansas City not only builds railroads but goes in for all sorts of things. He is the backbone of the [illegible] he is the daddy of Convention hall; he is the father of [illegible] in Kansas City. He enjoys banquets and great times whenever he wants to [illegible] he loves music, and he gives free [illegible] concerts, [illegible] he invites 10,000 at a time, because he hates to be alone, as he would be if people were asked to pay the prices. He [illegible] each [illegible] with the same [illegible] as Dave Francis does [illegible]

Stilwell got all [illegible] selling life insurance and [illegible] as a printer sticking type in a job office. He also inherited his tendency to build railroads, so he rubbed out all the rest of the map and made a few maps of his own. In Mexico, they think he is a little higher than the president of the United States and anything he says, goes. They only [illegible] on one thing [illegible] Port Stilwell. They have to [illegible] because it takes time to say it, and a Mexican has more time than money.



"I Like to Sit Here Under the Drenching Sun



Big Cowcumbers.

Stuff & Nonsense

By Eggie

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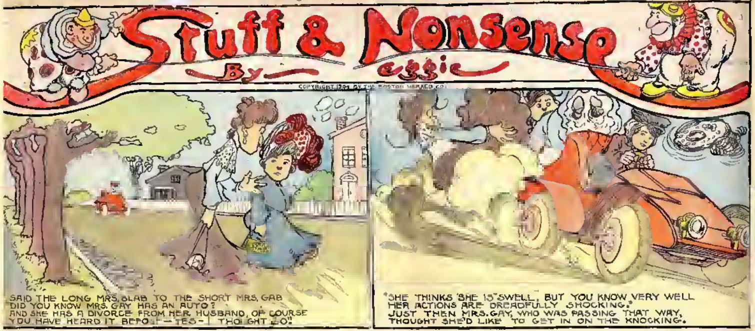
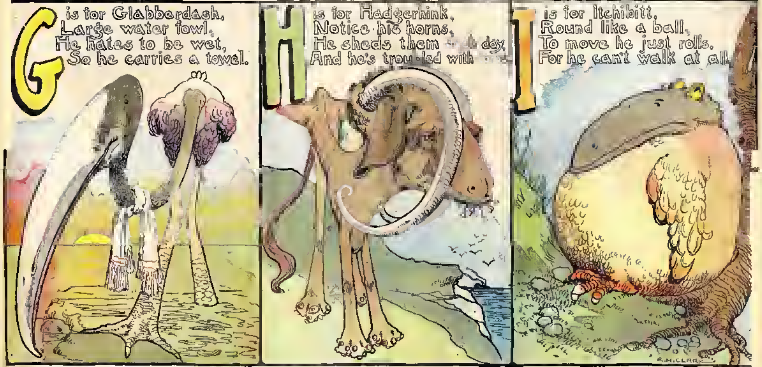


SAID THE LONG MRS. SLAB TO THE SHORT MRS. GAB
DID YOU KNOW MRS. GAY HAS AN AUTO?
AND SHE HAS A DIVORCE FROM HER HUSBAND, OF COURSE
YOU HAVE HEARD IT BEFORE—YES—I THOUGHT SO."

"SHE THINKS SHE IS "SWELL", BUT YOU KNOW VERY WELL
HER ACTIONS ARE DREADFULLY SHOCKING."
JUST THEN MRS. GAY, WHO WAS PASSING THAT WAY,
THOUGHT SHE'D LIKE TO GET IN ON THE KNOCKING.

AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

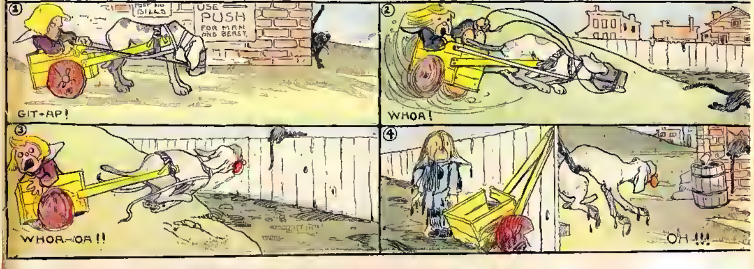


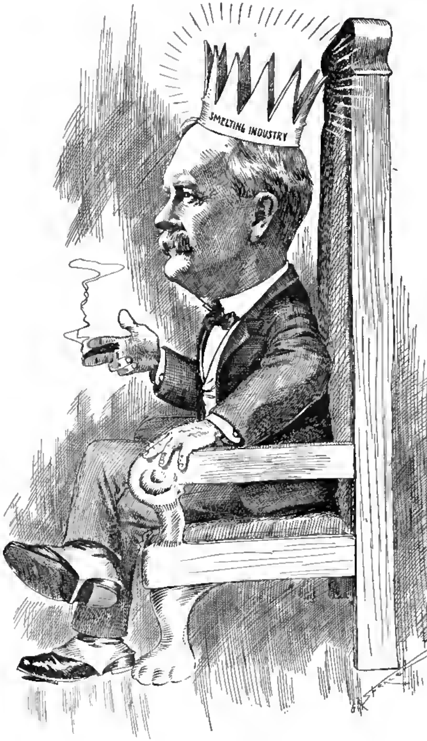
G is for Glabberdash,
Large water fowl,
He hates to be wet,
So he carries a towel.

H is for Hadgerhink,
Notice his horns,
He sheds them each day,
And he's troubled with corns.

I is for Itchibitt,
Round like a ball,
To move he just rolls,
For he can't walk at all.

LITTLE WILLIE—CARLO—AND THE CAT—



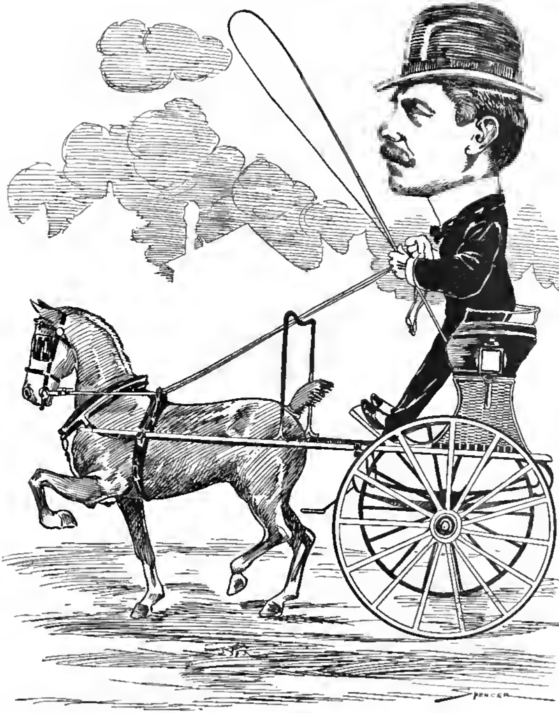


GUY C. BARTON,

OMAHA.

For years identified with the upbuilding of the great West, Guy C. Barton of Omaha has had a varied and interesting, and always signally successful career. Mr. Barton was born in Ohio, in 1839, was educated at Oberlin, and began business as clerk in a country store in 1856. He was assistant postmaster at St. Joseph, Mo., in 1860-64, having gone West on the tide of emigration. When the Union Pacific railway was being constructed Mr. Barton was superintendent of construction from 1867 until the last link in the great steel belt was finished in 1868. He entered the cattle business at North Platte, Neb., in 1869, in which he was prominent until 1882, when he bought a controlling interest in the American Smelting and Refining company of Omaha. In 1883 this was combined with the Grant Smelting and Refining company of Denver and merged into the American Smelting and Refining company, of which Mr. Barton is manager at Omaha and in which he has a large, if not a controlling, interest.

Mr. Barton is an ardent Republican. He was County Treasurer at North Platte two years; was a member of the Nebraska State Senate two terms. He belongs to the Omaha Club and Country Club, the New York Lawyers' Club and the Denver Club. Mr. Barton's principal pleasure is conducting his fine farm at Gilmore, near Omaha. Public spirited and philanthropic, Mr. Barton is an ideal successful business man of the West.

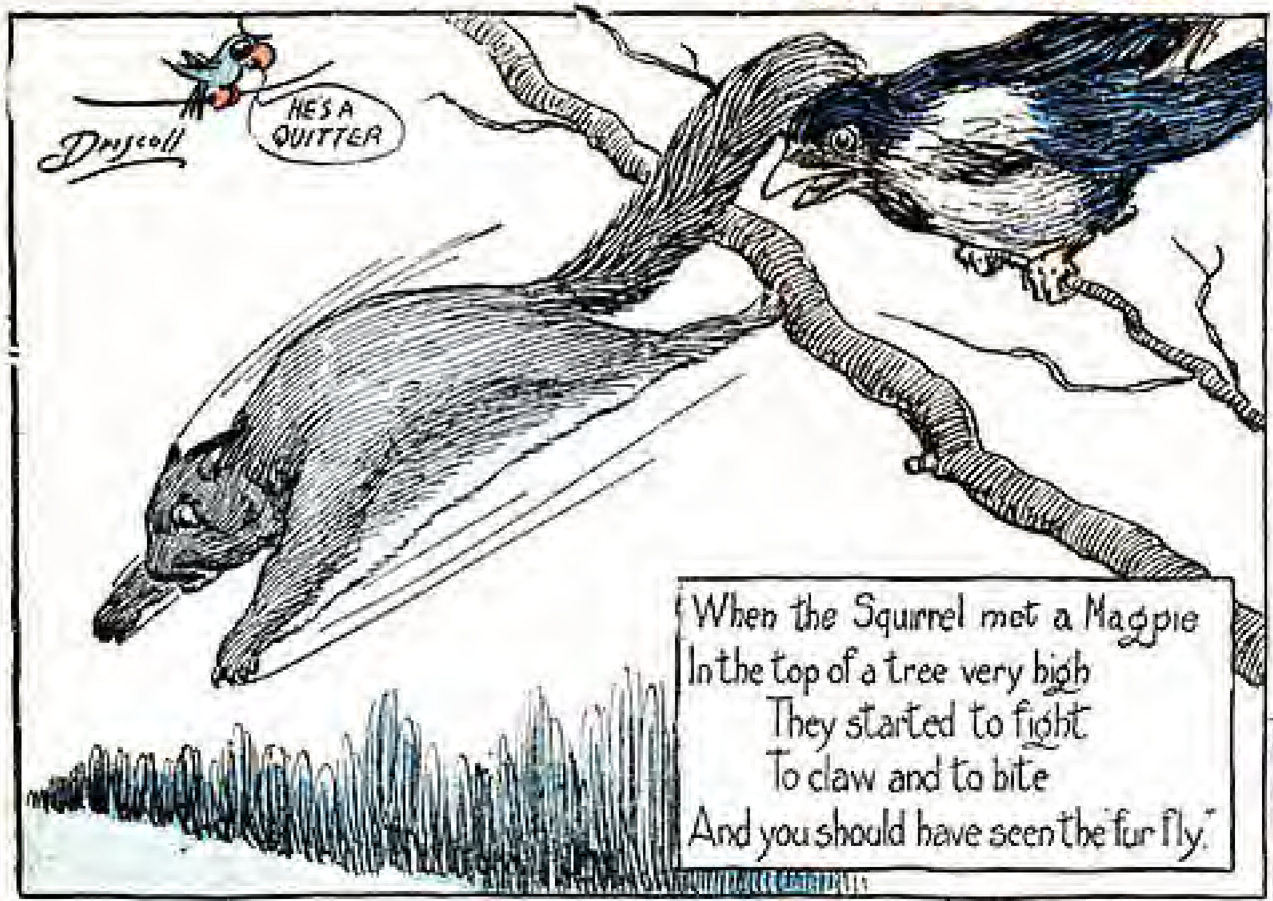


WILLIAM SIDNEY BAGOT, M. D.,

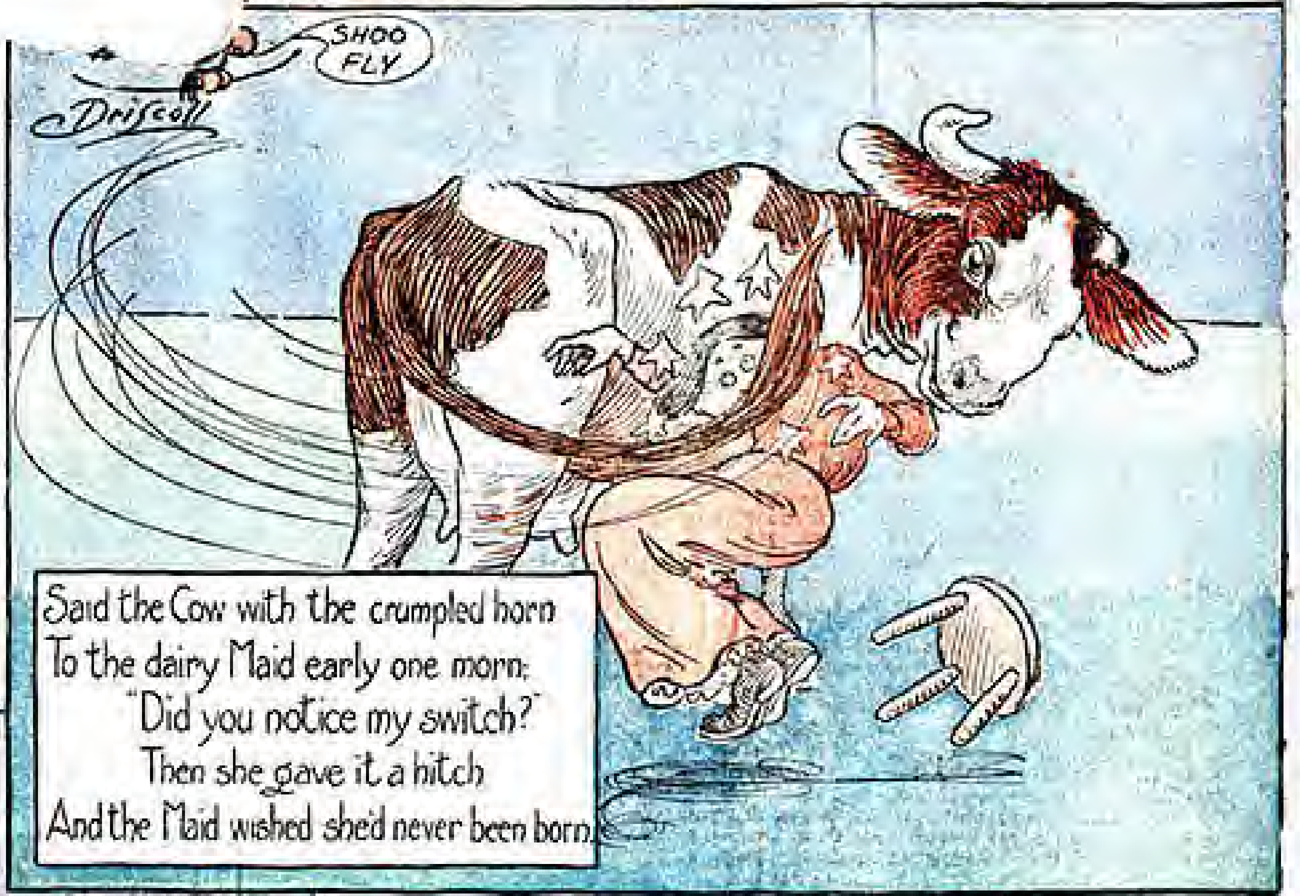
DENVER.

A popular club, society and medical man is William Sidney Bagot. He has had, perhaps, as wide and liberal an education as any member of his profession in Colorado. Born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1863, he began early the study which prepared him for his chosen line of work. He took courses at Retlim school and Trinity college, Dublin, and worked in the clinics of the Meath hospital and Rotunda Lying-In hospital at Dublin; also took special work at Berlin, Leipsic and Jena. Dr. Bagot is a fellow of the British Gynaecological society of London, a member of the Colorado State Medical and Arapahoe County Medical societies. He is on the staff of St. Luke's, St. Joseph's, the County hospitals, Mercy Sanitarium, and Cottage Home. He is a prominent member of the Denver club and the Denver Country club, and is fond of riding, driving, automobiling and other outdoor recreations.

ANIMAL IGS


Driscoll
HE'S A QUITTER

When the Squirrel met a Magpie
In the top of a tree very high
They started to fight
To claw and to bite
And you should have seen the "fur fly."


Driscoll
SHOO FLY

Said the Cow with the crumpled horn
To the dairy Maid early one morn:
"Did you notice my switch?"
Then she gave it a hitch
And the Maid wished she'd never been born.

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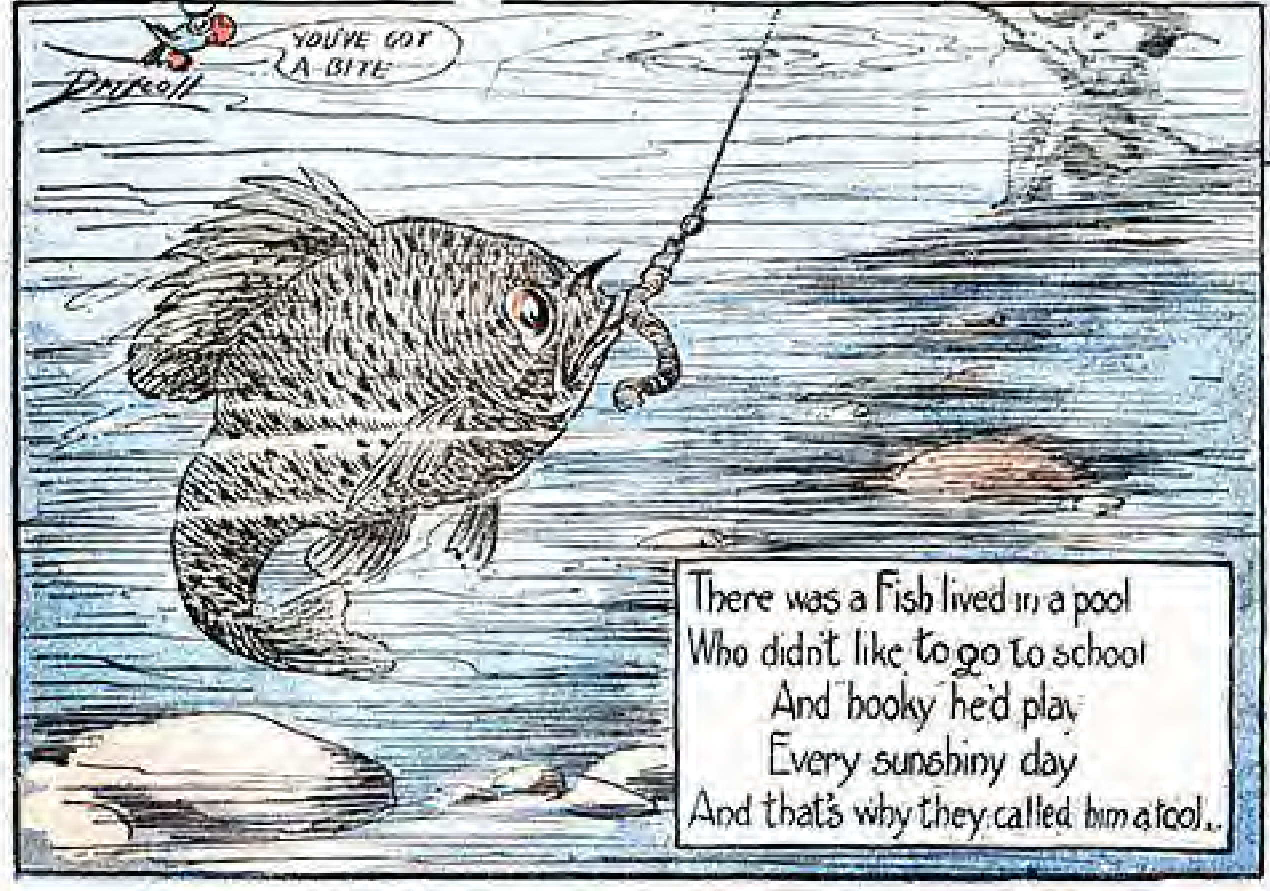
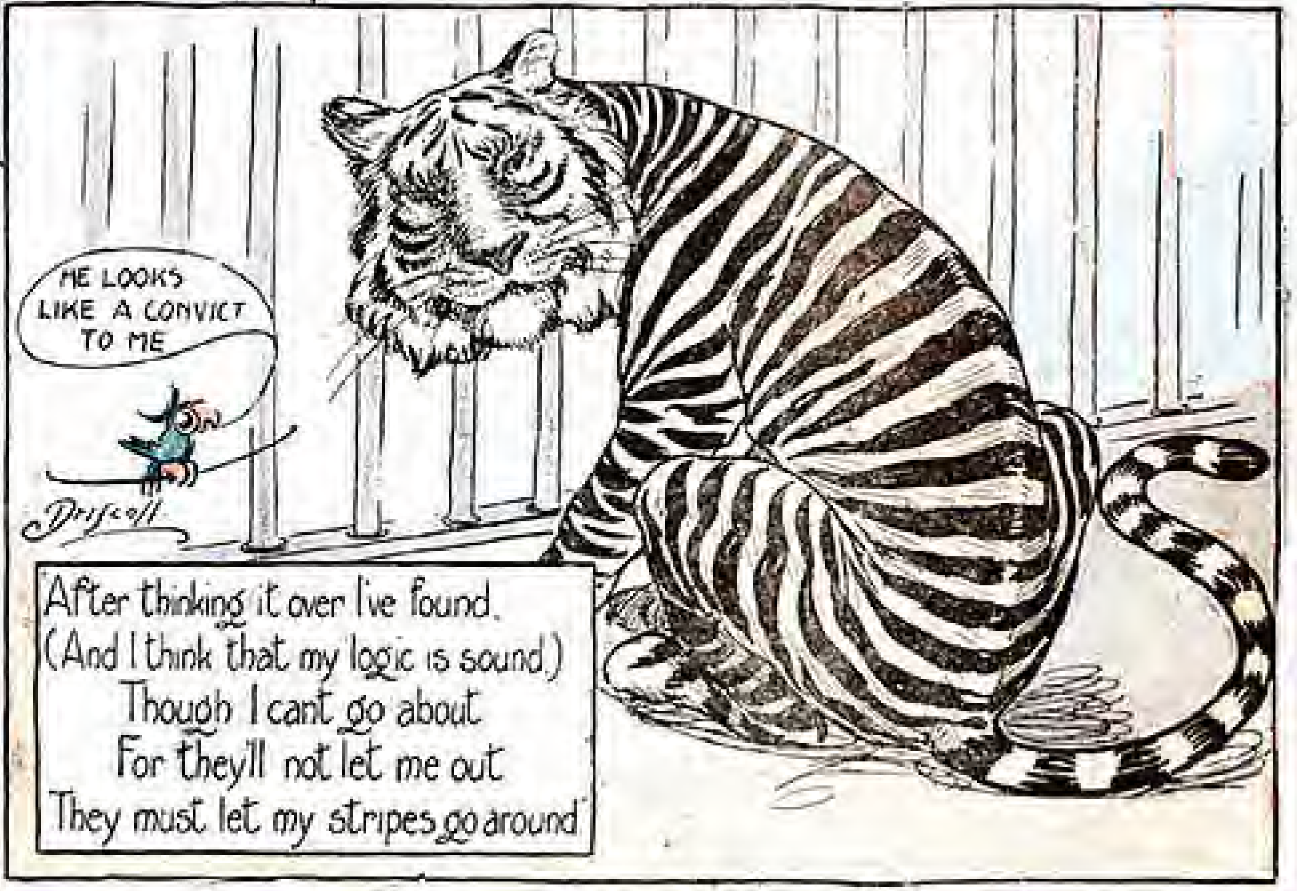
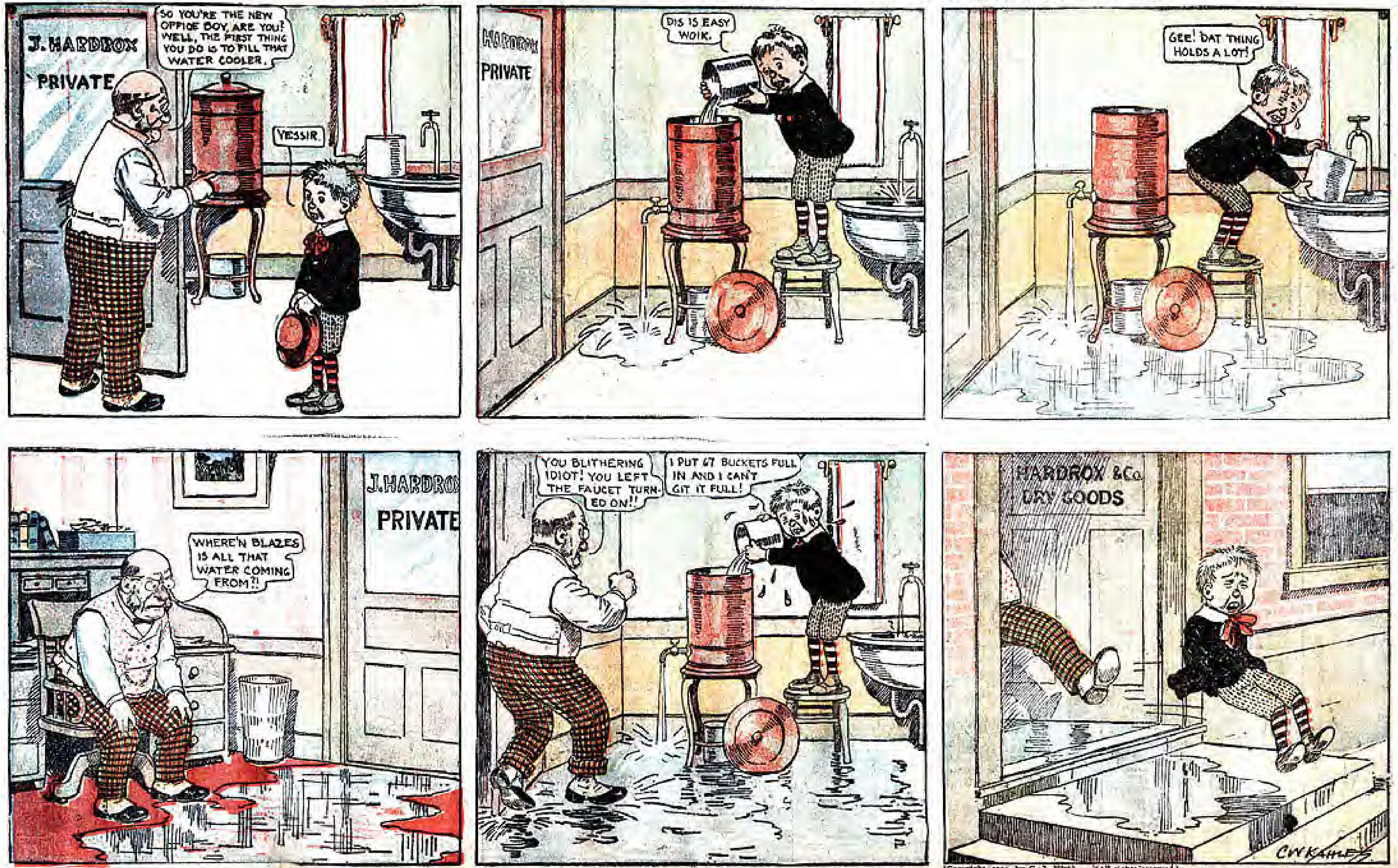

Driscoll
YOU'VE GOT A BITE

There was a Fish lived in a pool
Who didn't like to go to school
And "hooky" he'd play
Every sunshiny day
And that's why they called him a fool.


HE LOOKS LIKE A CONVICT TO ME
Driscoll

After thinking it over I've found
(And I think that my logic is sound)
Though I cant go about
For they'll not let me out
They must let my stripes go around"

FOOLISH FRED GETS A JOB AS OFFICE BOY


J. HARDROX
PRIVATE
SO YOU'RE THE NEW OFFICE BOY, ARE YOU! WELL, THE FIRST THING YOU DO IS TO FILL THAT WATER COOLER.
YESSIR.
HARDROX
PRIVATE
DIS IS EASY WOIK.
GEE! DAT THING HOLDS A LOT!
WHERE'N BLAZES IS ALL THAT WATER COMING FROM?!
J. HARDROX
PRIVATE
YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! YOU LEFT THE FAUCET TURNED ON!!
I PUT 67 BUCKETS FULL IN AND I CAN'T GIT IT FULL!
HARDROX & Co.
DRY GOODS
C W KAHLES

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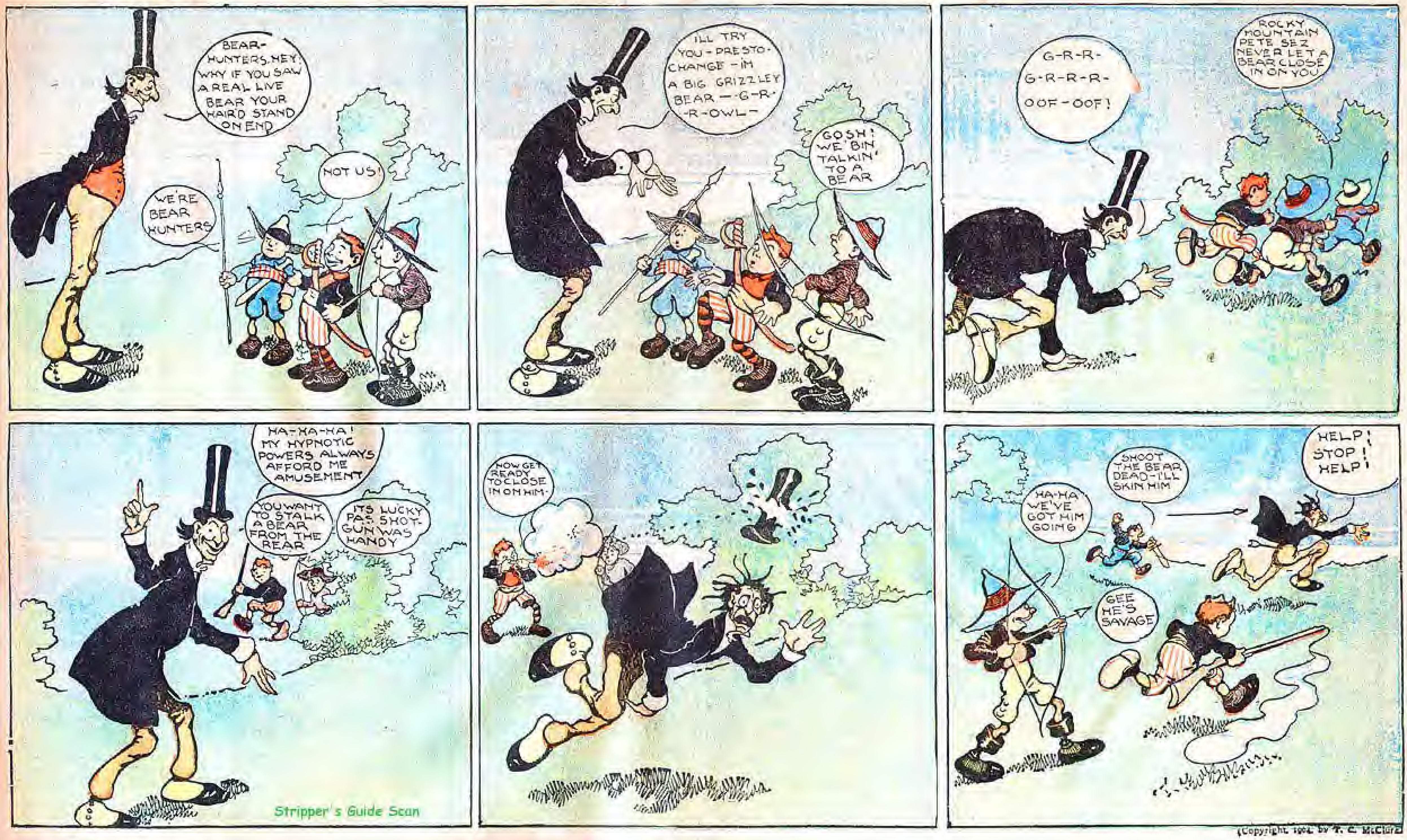
PROFESSOR HYPNOTISER BARELY ESCAPES


BEAR-HUNTERS, HEY! WHY IF YOU SAW A REAL LIVE BEAR YOUR HAIR'D STAND ON END
WE'RE BEAR HUNTERS
NOT US!
I'LL TRY YOU - PRESTO-CHANGE - I'M A BIG GRIZZLEY BEAR — G-R-R-OWL—
GOSH! WE' BIN TALKIN' TO A BEAR
G-R-R- G-R-R-R- OOF-OOF!
ROCKY MOUNTAIN PETE SEZ NEVER LET A BEAR CLOSE IN ON YOU
HA-HA-HA! MY HYPNOTIC POWERS ALWAYS AFFORD ME AMUSEMENT
YOU WANT TO STALK A BEAR FROM THE REAR
ITS LUCKY PA'S SHOT-GUN WAS HANDY
NOW GET READY TO CLOSE IN ON HIM-
HA-HA WE'VE GOT HIM GOING
SHOOT THE BEAR DEAD-I'LL SKIN HIM
HELP! STOP! HELP!
GEE HE'S SAVAGE

Stripper's Guide Scan

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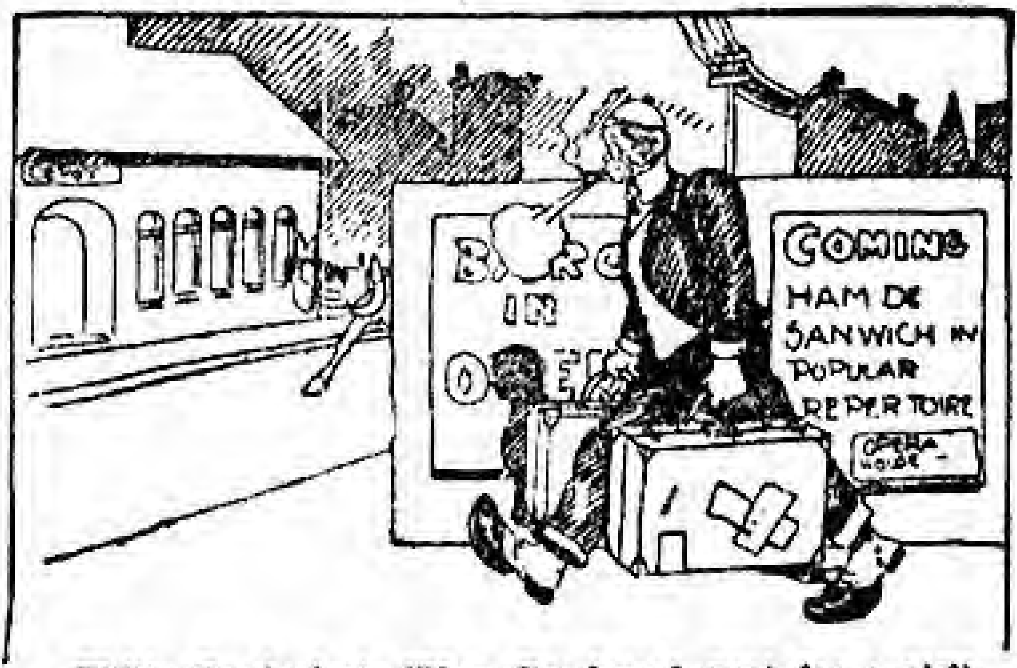
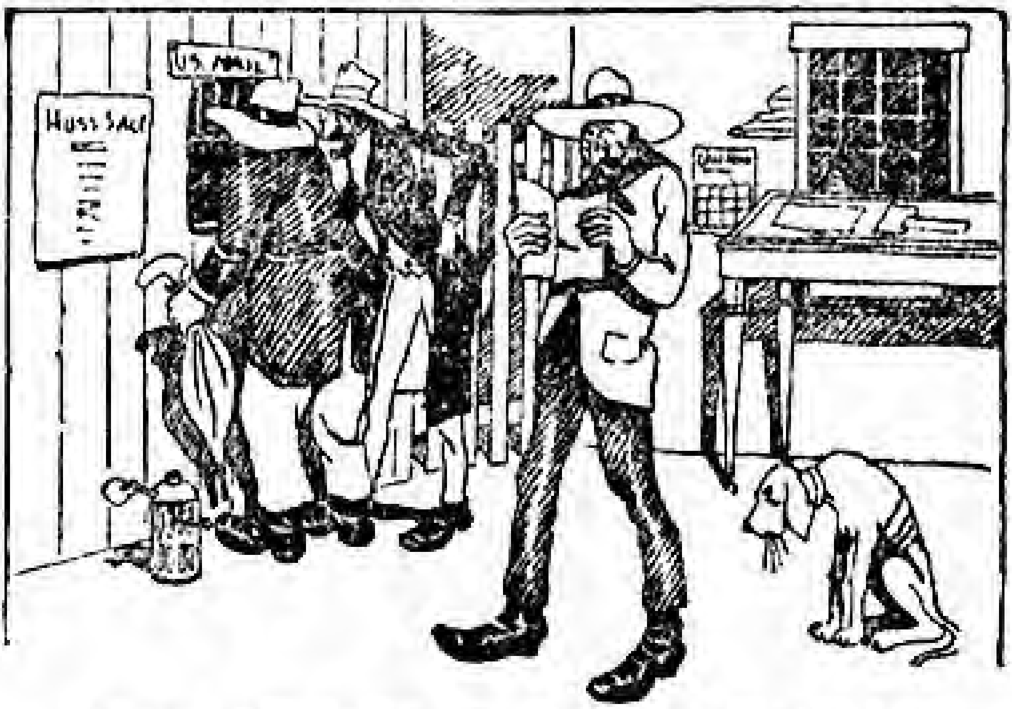
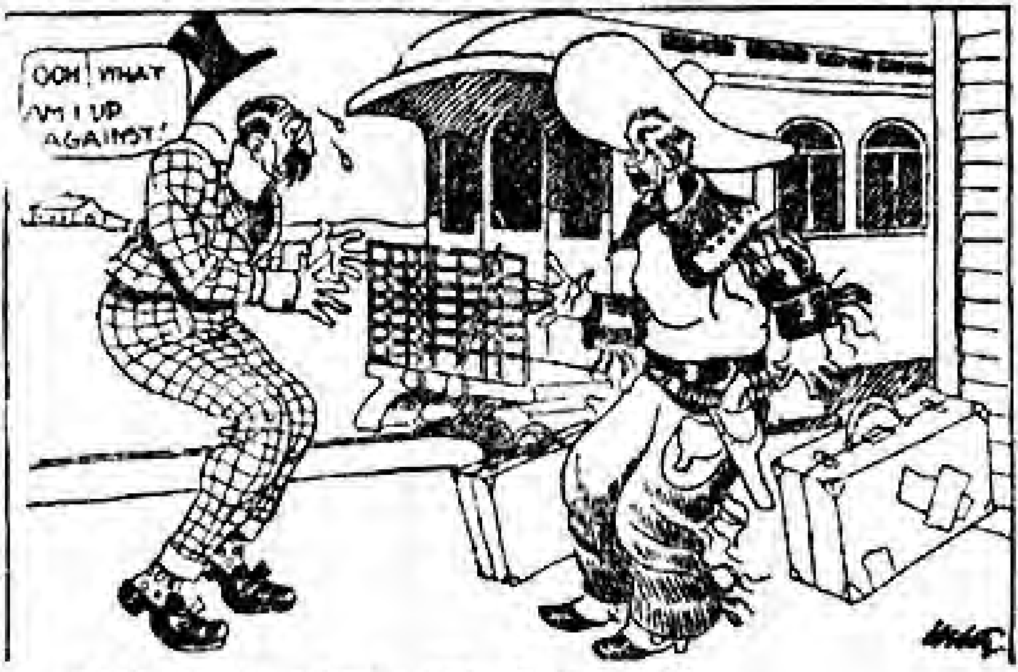
OVERDOING IT.


B RG
IN
OPE
COMING
HAM DE
SANWICH IN
POPULAR
REPERTOIRE
OPERA HOUSE

Willie Tenderfoot—"Now I'm bound west for a visit to my cousin Bob and I've got a cowboy suit here that'll put me right with the boys."


U.S. MAIL
HOSS SALE

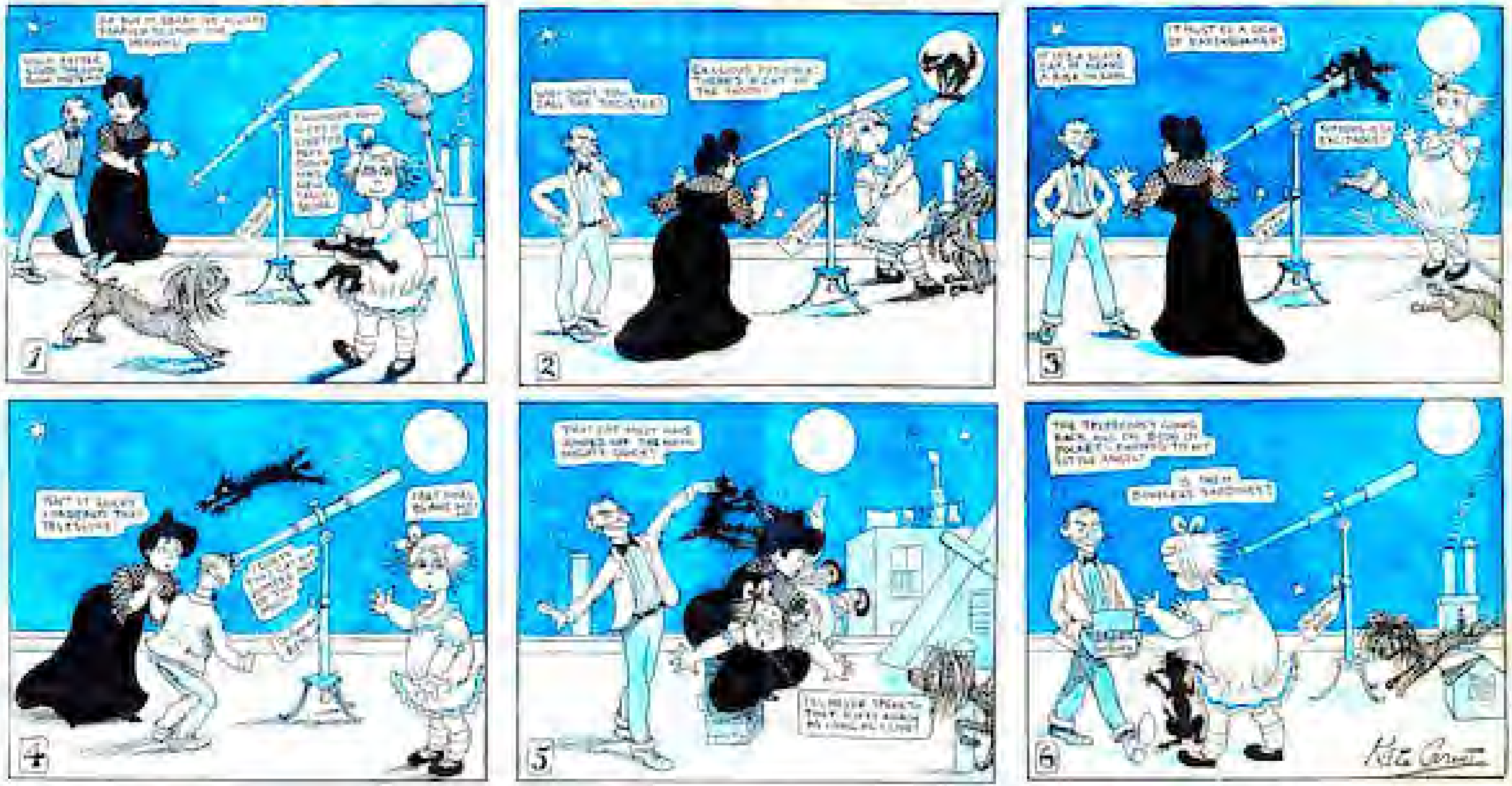
Broncho Bob—"Well, if my cousin Bill ain't a-comin' out to see me! Guess I'd better fix myself up in store clothes so he'll feel at home."


OOH! WHAT AM I UP AGAINST!

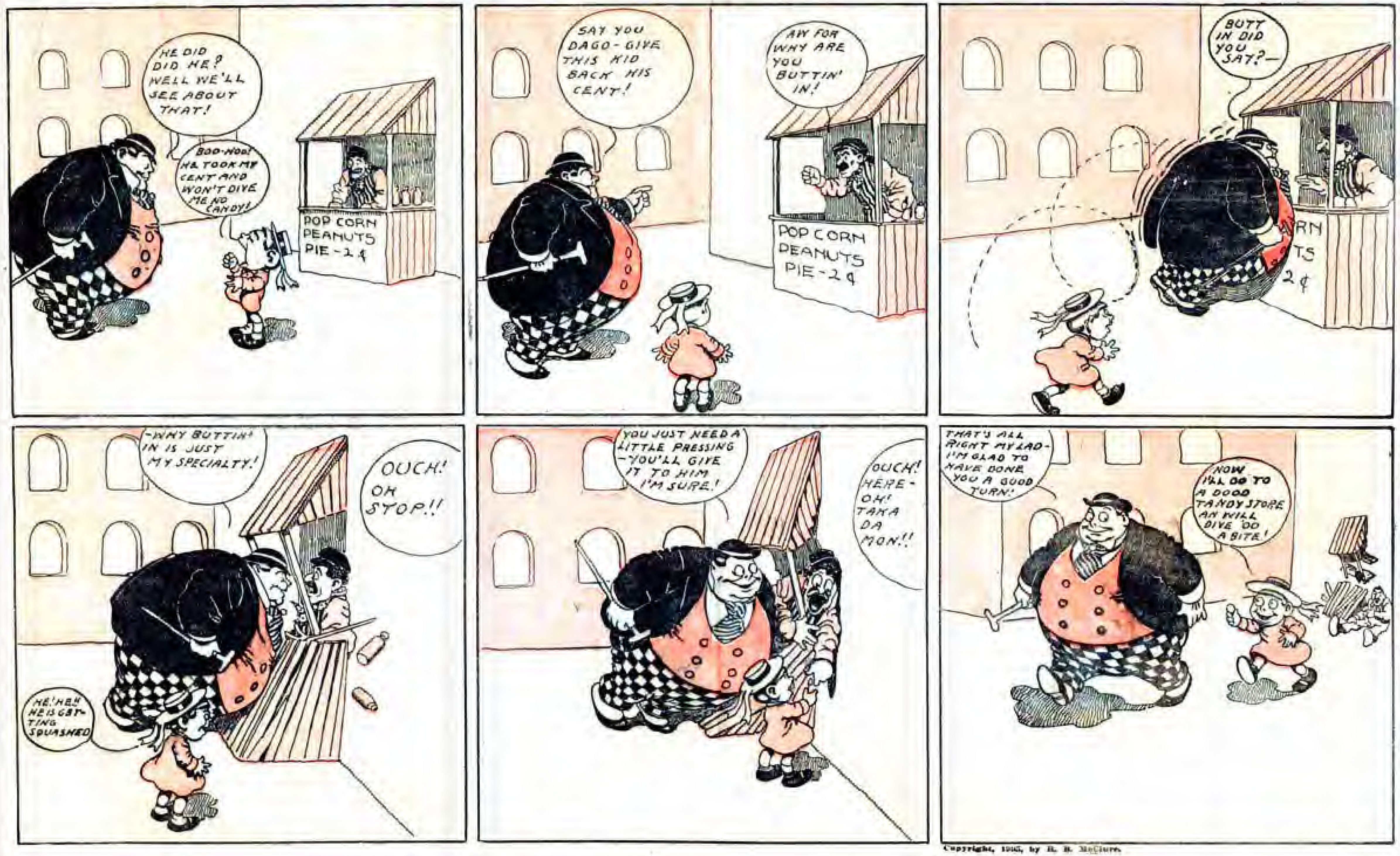
Each (to the other)—"W-who's this?"

The Angel Child, by Kate Carew.

AT LAST SHE DOES POOR PA A GOOD TURN.



MISTER ROLLY-POLLY, THE MAN WHO TUMBLES INTO THINGS


HE DID DID HE? WELL WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
BOO-HOO! HE TOOK MY CENT AND WON'T DIVE ME NO CANDY!
POP CORN PEANUTS PIE - 2¢
SAY YOU DAGO - GIVE THIS KID BACK HIS CENT!
AW FOR WHY ARE YOU BUTTIN' IN!
POP CORN PEANUTS PIE - 2¢
BUTT IN DID YOU SAY? —
RN
TS
2¢
-WHY BUTTIN' IN IS JUST MY SPECIALTY!
OUCH! OH STOP!!
HE! HE!! HE IS GET-TING SQUASHED
YOU JUST NEED A LITTLE PRESSING -YOU'LL GIVE IT TO HIM I'M SURE!
OUCH! HERE - OH! TAKA DA MON!!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT MY LAD - I'M GLAD TO HAVE DONE YOU A GOOD TURN!
NOW I'LL DO TO A DOOD TANDY STORE AN WILL DIVE 'OO A BITE!

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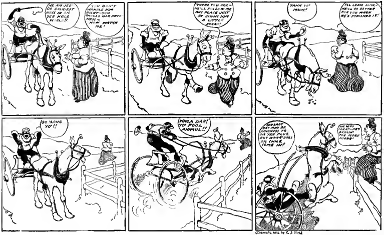
RASTUS LEARNS THAT KINDNESS WILL ACCOMPLISH WONDERS!


HE AM JES' DE BALKIEST HOSS IN DIS YER HULE WORLD!!
YOU DON'T HANDLE HIM RIGHT—YOU SHOULD USE KINDNESS—NOW WATCH ME!
THERE YOU SEE—HE'LL FOLLOW ME ANY PLACE JUST BY GIVING HIM A LITTLE SUGAR!
TANK YO' MUM!
I'LL LEAVE SOME—HE'LL GO BETTER FOR YOU WHEN HE'S FINISHED IT!
GO 'LONG YO'!!
WHOA DAR! YO' FOOL ANIMUL!!
SAY LADY DAT MAY BE KINDNESS TO DIS YER PLUG BUT WHAR' DOES DIS CHILE COME IN?
THE VERY IDEA!—HE'S BEGGIN' FOR MORE SUGAR!

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AND HER NAME WAS MAUD!

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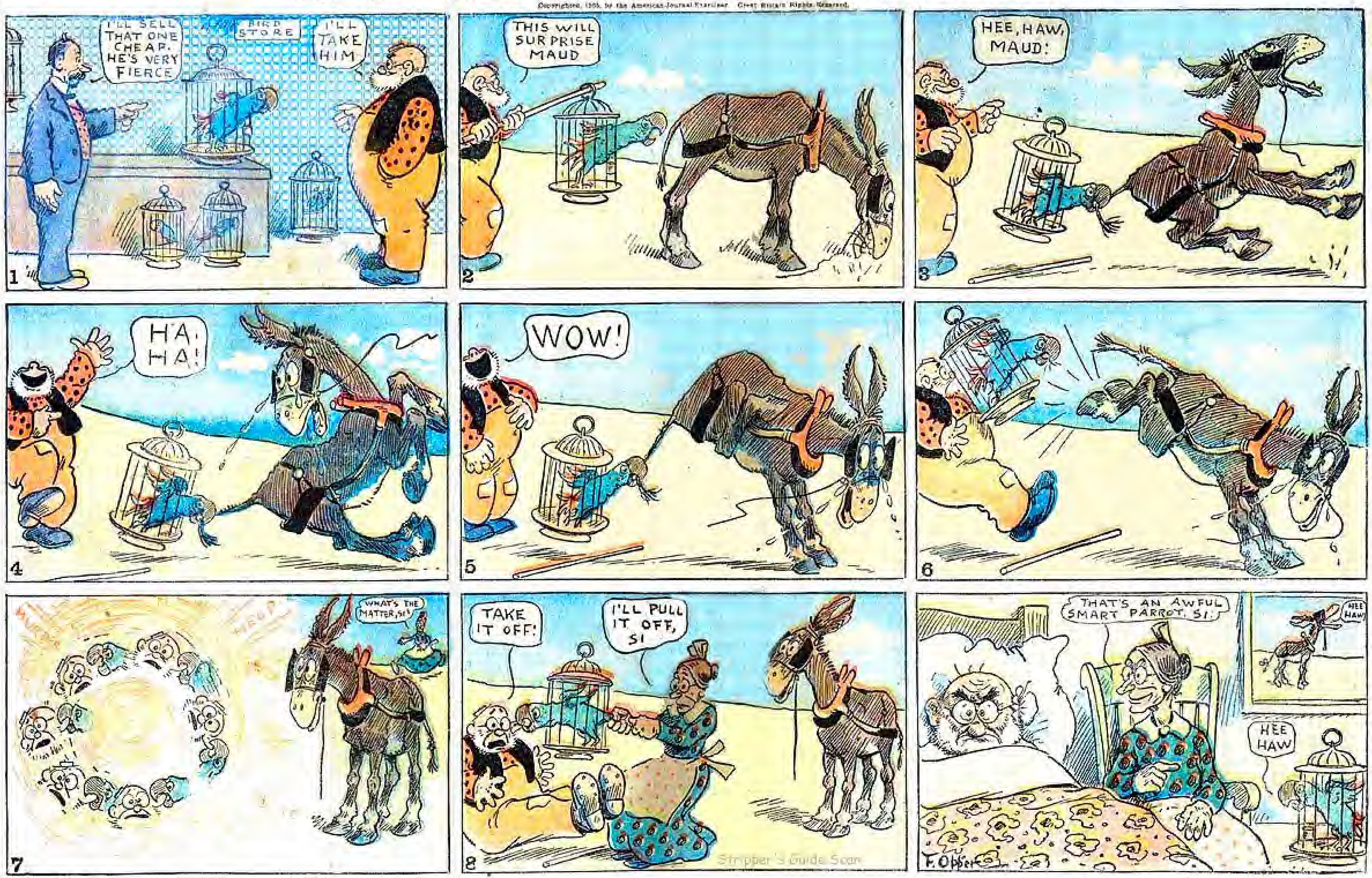
1
I'LL SELL THAT ONE CHEAP. HE'S VERY FIERCE
BIRD STORE
I'LL TAKE HIM
2
THIS WILL SURPRISE MAUD
3
HEE, HAW, MAUD!
4
HA HA!
5
WOW!
6
7
MAUD
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SI?
8
TAKE IT OFF!
I'LL PULL IT OFF, SI
THAT'S AN AWFUL SMART PARROT, SI.
HEE HAW
HEE HAW
F. Opper

Stripper's Guide Scan

ADOLPH (From Hamburg)

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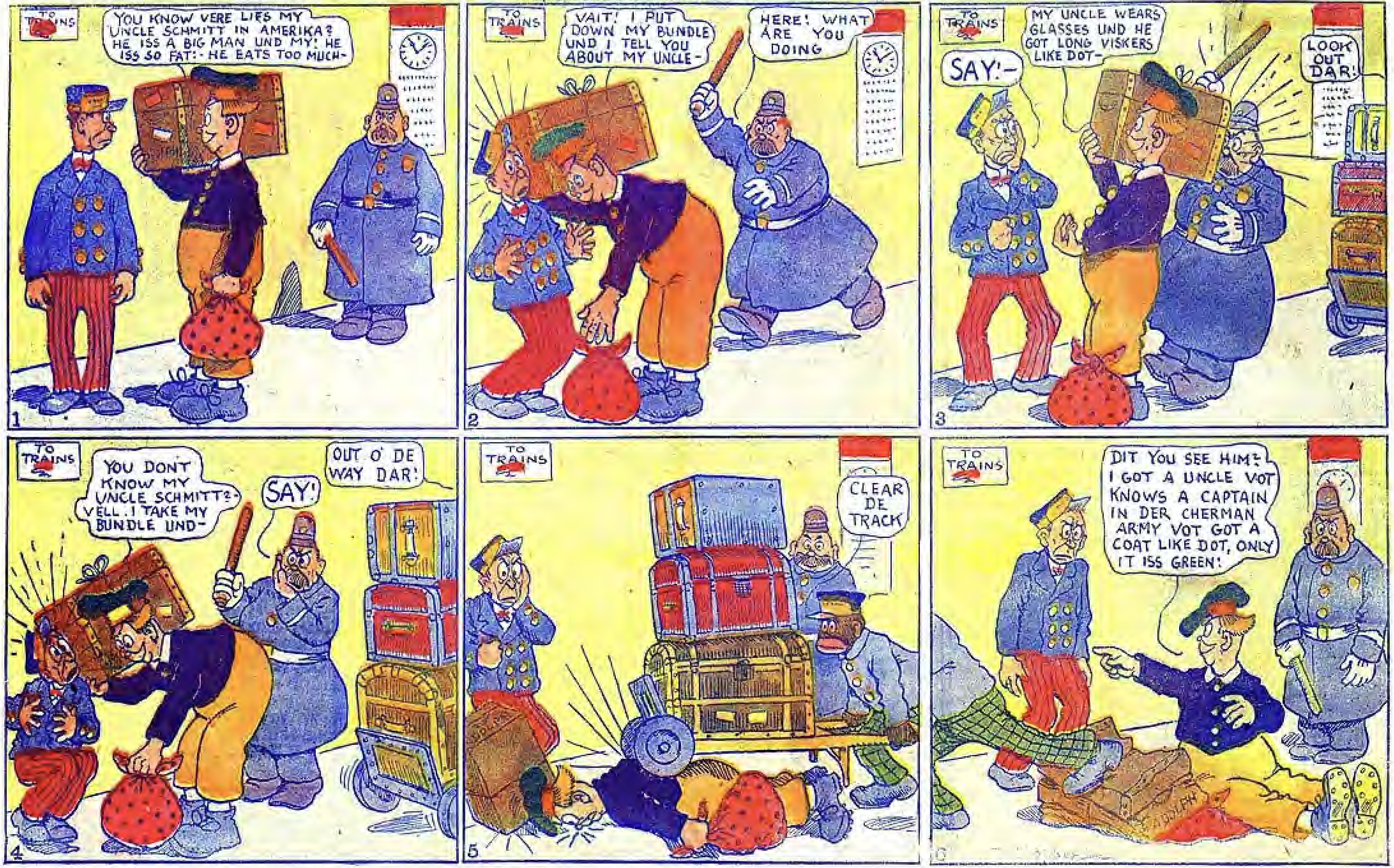
1
TO TRAINS
YOU KNOW VERE LIES MY UNCLE SCHMITT IN AMERIKA? HE ISS A BIG MAN UND MY! HE ISS SO FAT:- HE EATS TOO MUCH-
2
TO TRAINS
VAIT! I PUT DOWN MY BUNDLE UND I TELL YOU ABOUT MY UNCLE-
HERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING
3
TO TRAINS
SAY!-
MY UNCLE WEARS GLASSES UND HE GOT LONG VISKERS LIKE DOT-
LOOK OUT DAR!
4
TO TRAINS
YOU DON'T KNOW MY UNCLE SCHMITT? VELL, I TAKE MY BUNDLE UND-
SAY!
OUT O' DE WAY DAR!
5
TO TRAINS
CLEAR DE TRACK
6
TO TRAINS
DIT YOU SEE HIM? I GOT A UNCLE VOT KNOWS A CAPTAIN IN DER CHERMAN ARMY VOT GOT A COAT LIKE DOT, ONLY IT ISS GREEN!
ADOLPH

BILLY THE BOLD AS A HERO OF OLD

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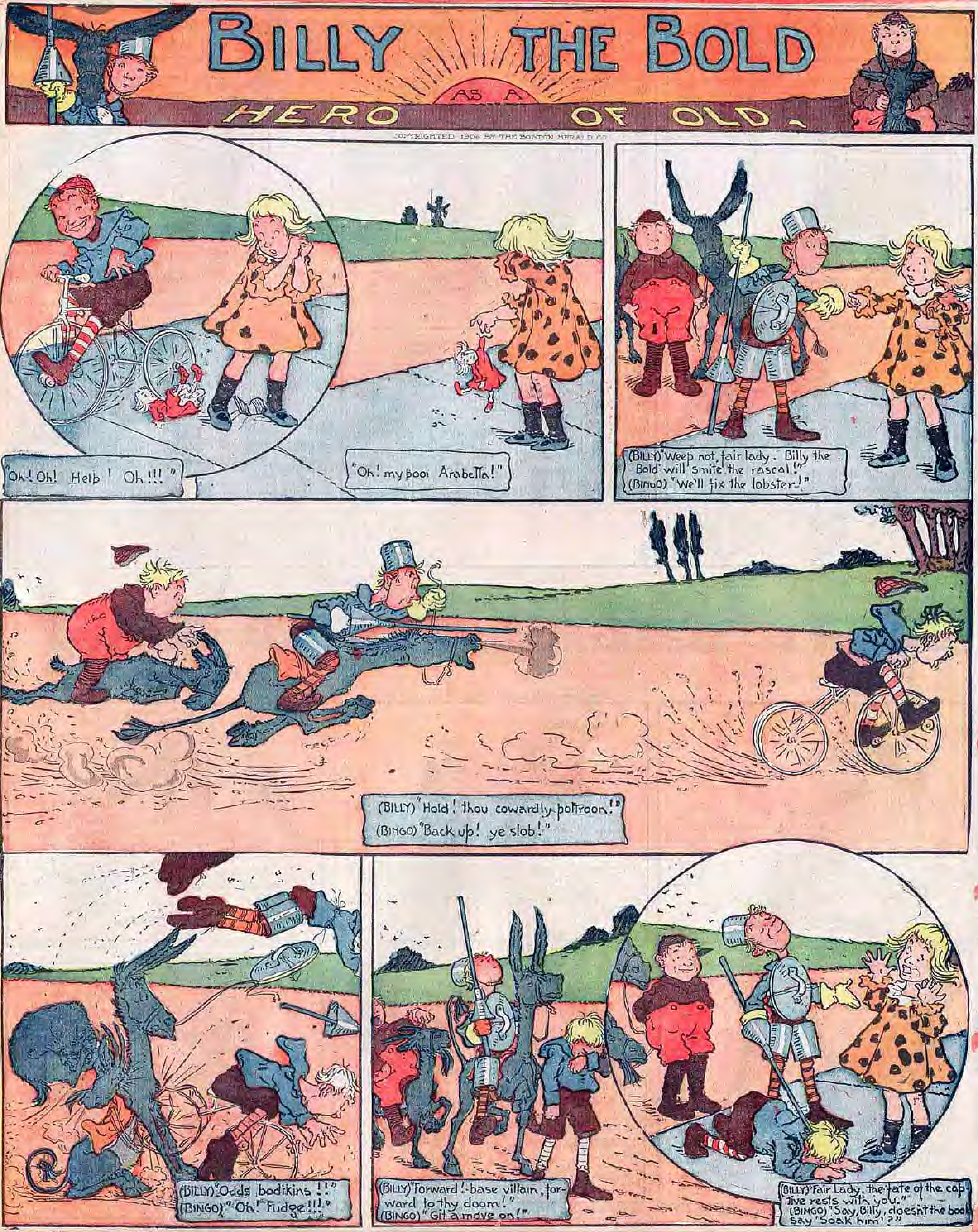
"Oh! Oh! Help! Oh!!!"
"Oh! my poor Arabella!"
(BILLY) "Weep not, fair lady. Billy the Bold will smite the rascal!"
(BINGO) "We'll fix the lobster!"
(BILLY) "Hold! thou cowardly poltroon!"
(BINGO) "Back up! ye slob!"
(BILLY) "Odds bodikins!!"
(BINGO) "Oh! Fudge!!!"
(BILLY) "Forward! base villain, forward to thy doom!"
(BINGO) "Git a move on!"
(BILLY) "Fair Lady, the fate of the captive rests with you."
(BINGO) "Say, Billy, doesn't the book say 'Soak him'?"

Joseph James and John.

THEIR REMARKABLE ADVENTURES on LAND and SEA

How They Stowed Away, Were Wrecked and Met Pirates.

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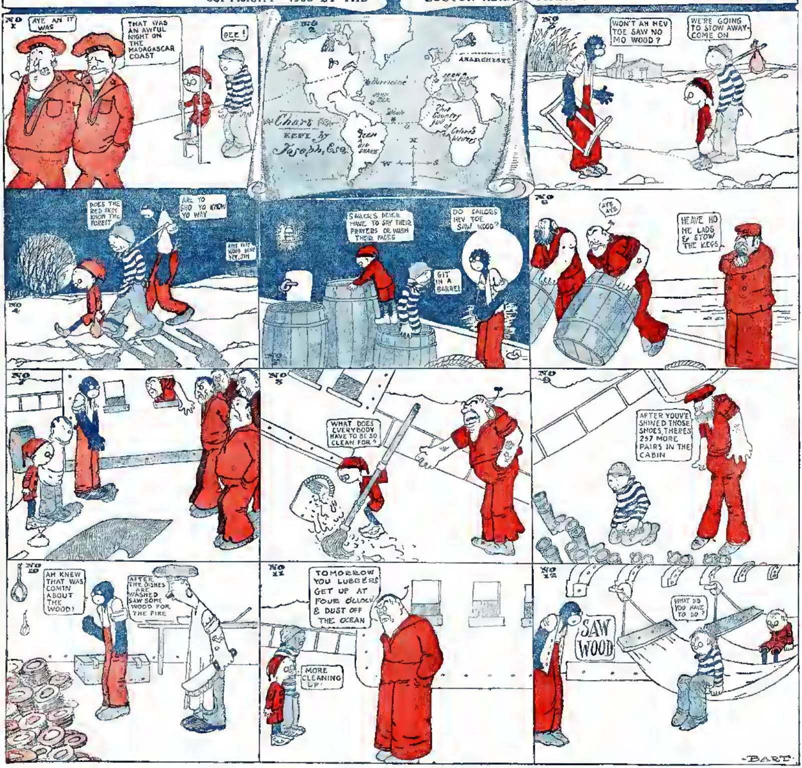
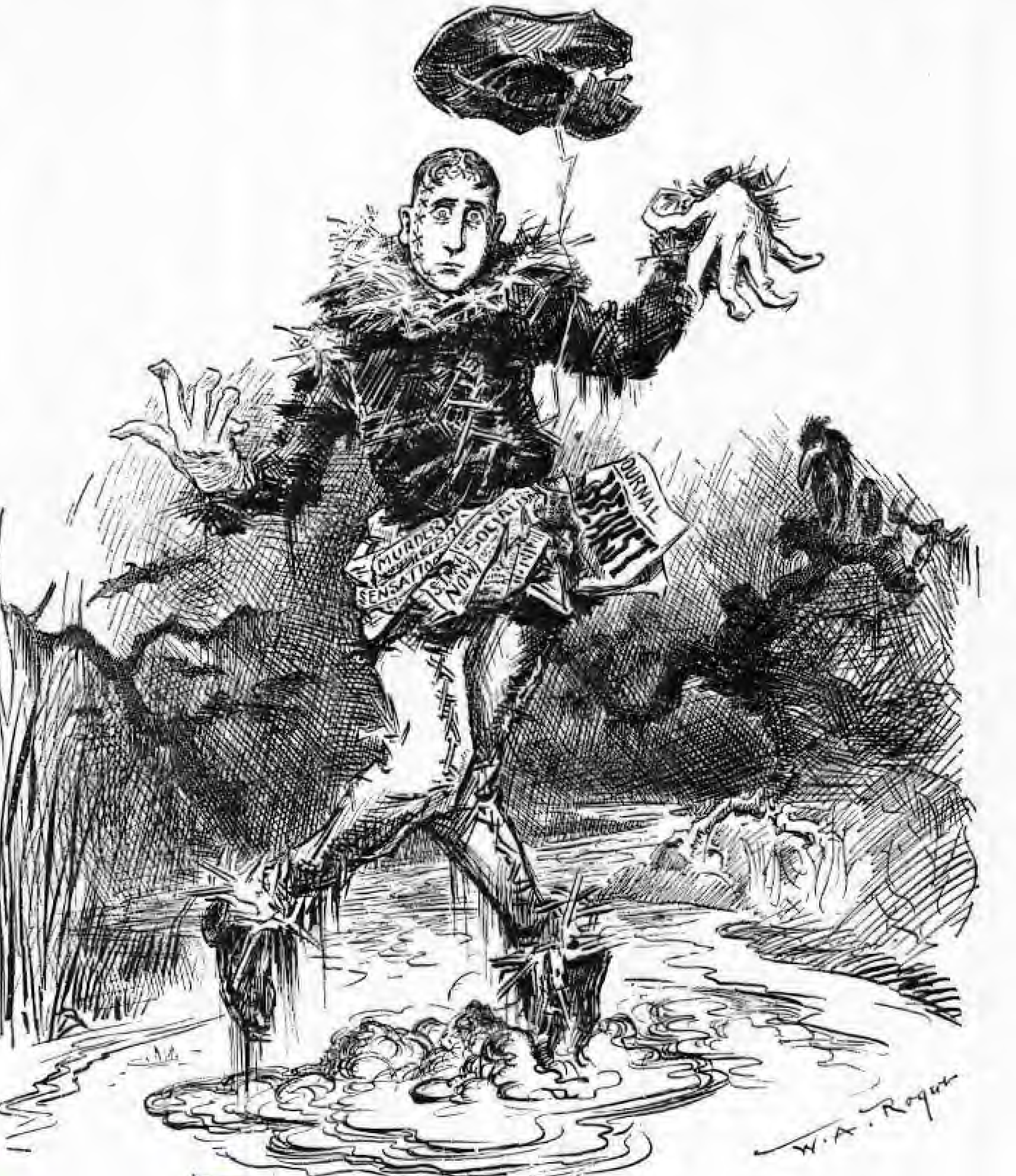

NO 1
AYE AN IT WAS
THAT WAS AN AWFUL NIGHT ON THE MADAGASCAR COAST
GEE!
NO 2
ANARCHISTS
Hurricane
SEEN A BIG FIGHT
JOHN SICK
Whale
The Country full of Colored Waiters
SEEN A BIG SHARK
Chart KEPT by Joseph, Esq.
N
W
S
NO 3
WON'T AH HEV TOE SAW NO MO WOOD?
WE'RE GOING TO STOW AWAY - COME ON
DOES THE RED SKIN KNOW THE FOREST
ARE YO SHO YO KNOW YO WAY
AIN'T DAT WOOD DONE YET, JIM
NO 4
NO 5
SAILORS NEVER HAVE TO SAY THEIR PRAYERS OR WASH THEIR FACES
DO SAILORS HEV TOE SAW WOOD?
GIT IN A BARREL
NO 6
AYE AYE
HEAVE HO ME LADS & STOW THE KEGS
NO 7
NO 8
WHAT DOES EVERYBODY HAVE TO BE SO CLEAN FOR?
NO 9
AFTER YOUVE SHINED THOSE SHOES, THERES 257 MORE PAIRS IN THE CABIN
NO 10
AH KNEW THAT WAS COMIN ABOUT THE WOOD!
AFTER THE DISHES ARE WASHED SAW SOME WOOD FOR THE FIRE
NO 11
TOMORROW YOU LUBBERS GET UP AT FOUR O'CLOCK & DUST OFF THE OCEAN
MORE CLEANING UP
NO 12
SAW WOOD
WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO DO?
BART

HEARST, THE WIZARD OF OOZE


MURDER
SENSATION
NOW
JOURNAL
HEARST
W. A. Rogers

MR PHILANDER PHAT TRIES BOXING EXERCISE.

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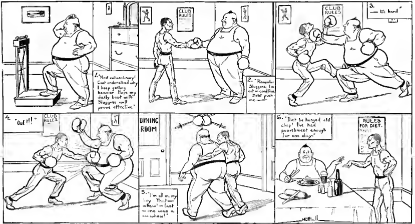
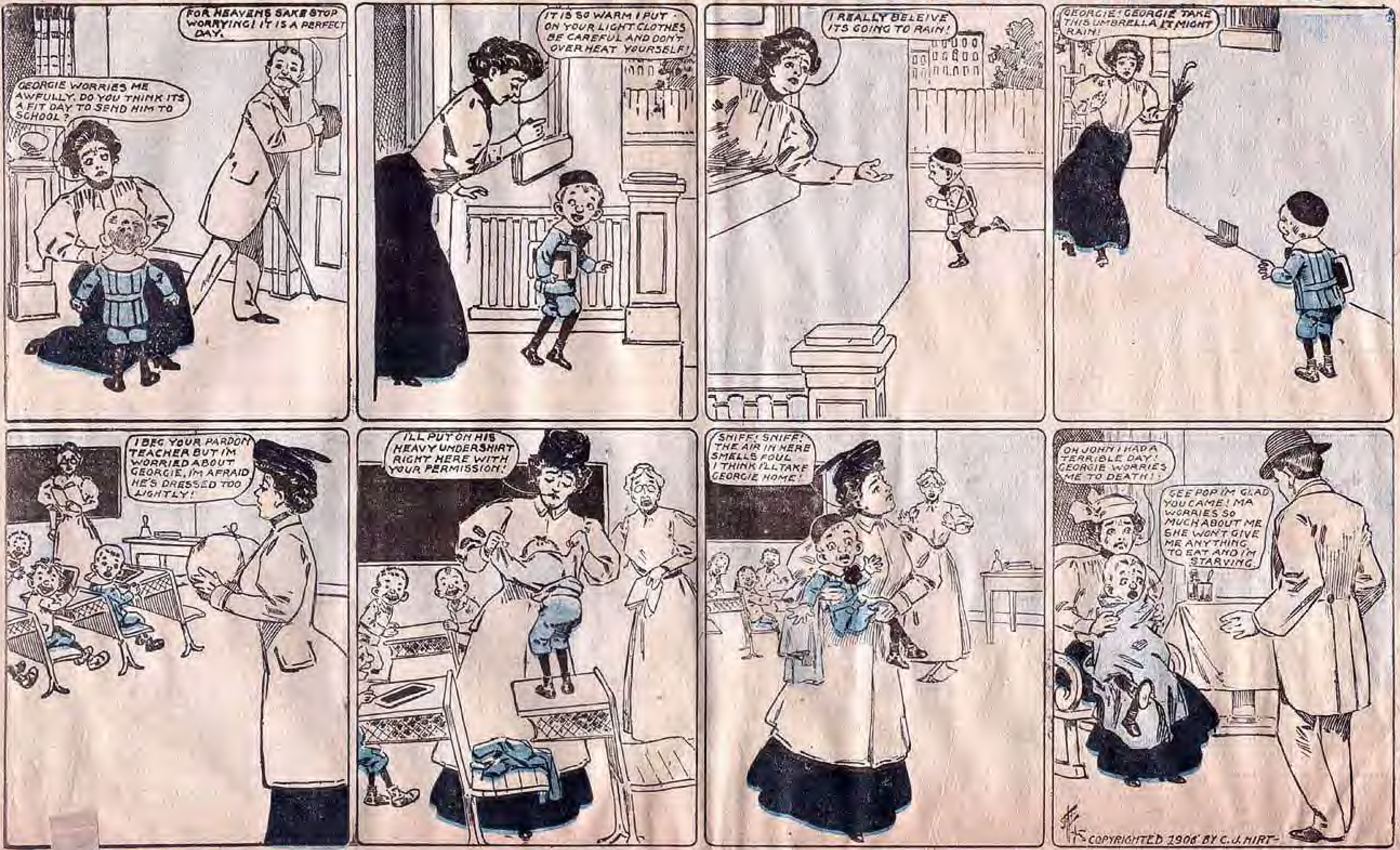

1. "Most extraordinary! Cant understand why I keep getting heavier Hope my daily bout with Sluggins will prove effective"
CLUB RULES
2. "Remember Sluggins I'm not in condition. Don't push me ——
CLUB RULES
3. —— too hard"
4. "Out !!!"
CLUB RULES
DINING ROOM
5. "I'm all in, my boy That —— whew! —— last —— one was a —— whew!"
6. "Diet be hanged old chap! I've had punishment enough for one day."
RULES FOR DIET.
Nuttall

MRS. WORRY: SHE WOULDN'T BE HAPPY IF SHE COULD


FOR HEAVENS SAKE STOP WORRYING! IT IS A PERFECT DAY.
GEORGIE WORRIES ME AWFULLY. DO YOU THINK ITS A FIT DAY TO SEND HIM TO SCHOOL?
IT IS SO WARM I PUT ON YOUR LIGHT CLOTHES BE CAREFUL AND DON'T OVER HEAT YOURSELF!
I REALLY BELEIVE ITS GOING TO RAIN!
GEORGIE! GEORGIE TAKE THIS UMBRELLA IT MIGHT RAIN!
I BEG YOUR PARDON TEACHER BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT GEORGIE, I'M AFRAID HE'S DRESSED TOO LIGHTLY!
I'LL PUT ON HIS HEAVY UNDERSHIRT RIGHT HERE WITH YOUR PERMISSION!
SNIFF! SNIFF! THE AIR IN HERE SMELLS FOUL I THINK I'LL TAKE GEORGIE HOME!
OH JOHN I HAD A TERRIBLE DAY! GEORGIE WORRIES ME TO DEATH!
GEE POP I'M GLAD YOU CAME! MA WORRIES SO MUCH ABOUT ME SHE WON'T GIVE ME ANYTHING TO EAT AND I'M STARVING.

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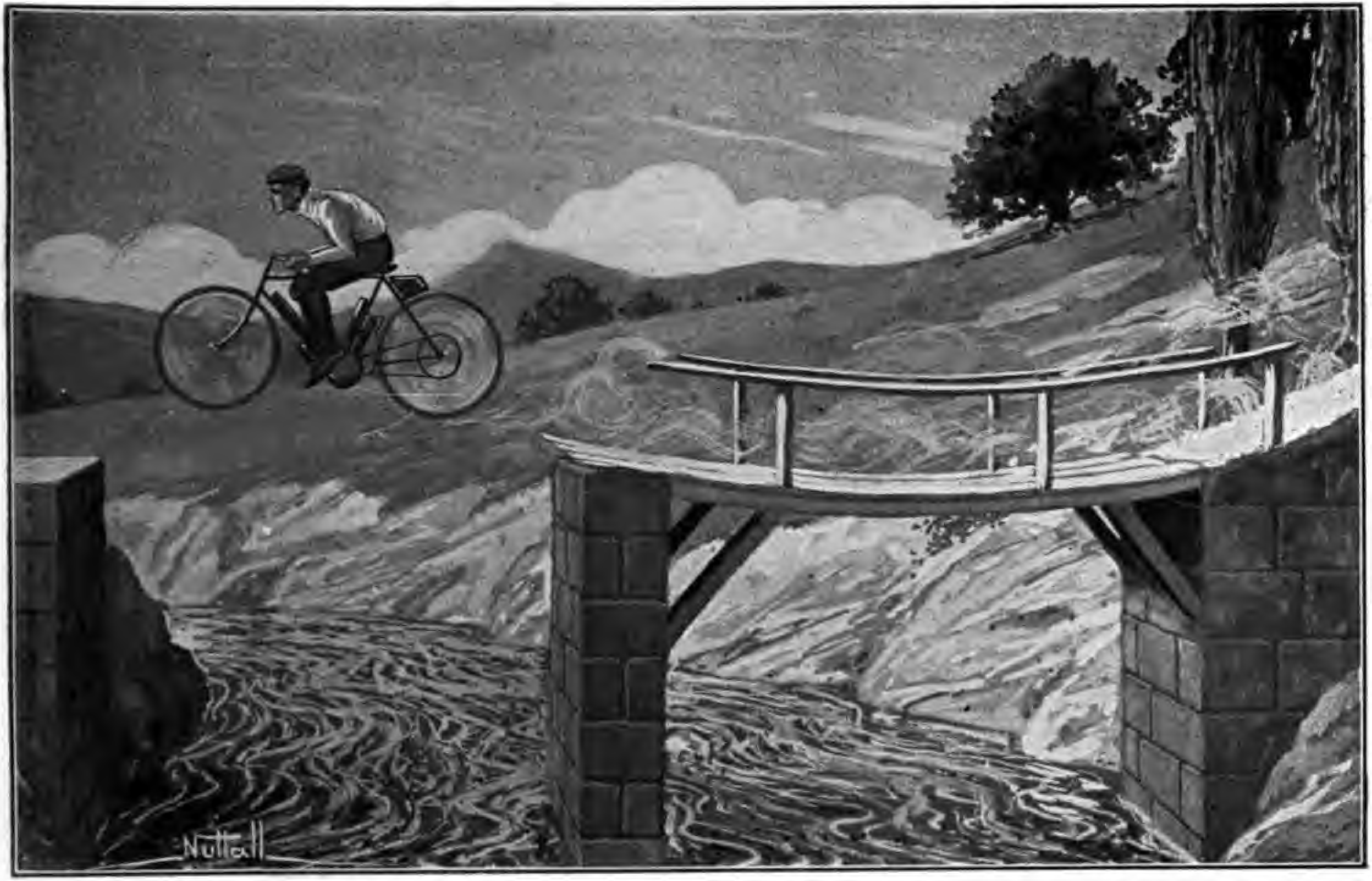

HE FELT HIS MACHINE RISE UNDER HIM.—*Page* 154.

OH, WHERE, OH, WHERE HAS THAT WILLIE BOY GONE?

CAN YOU FIND HIM IN THE LAST PICTURE?

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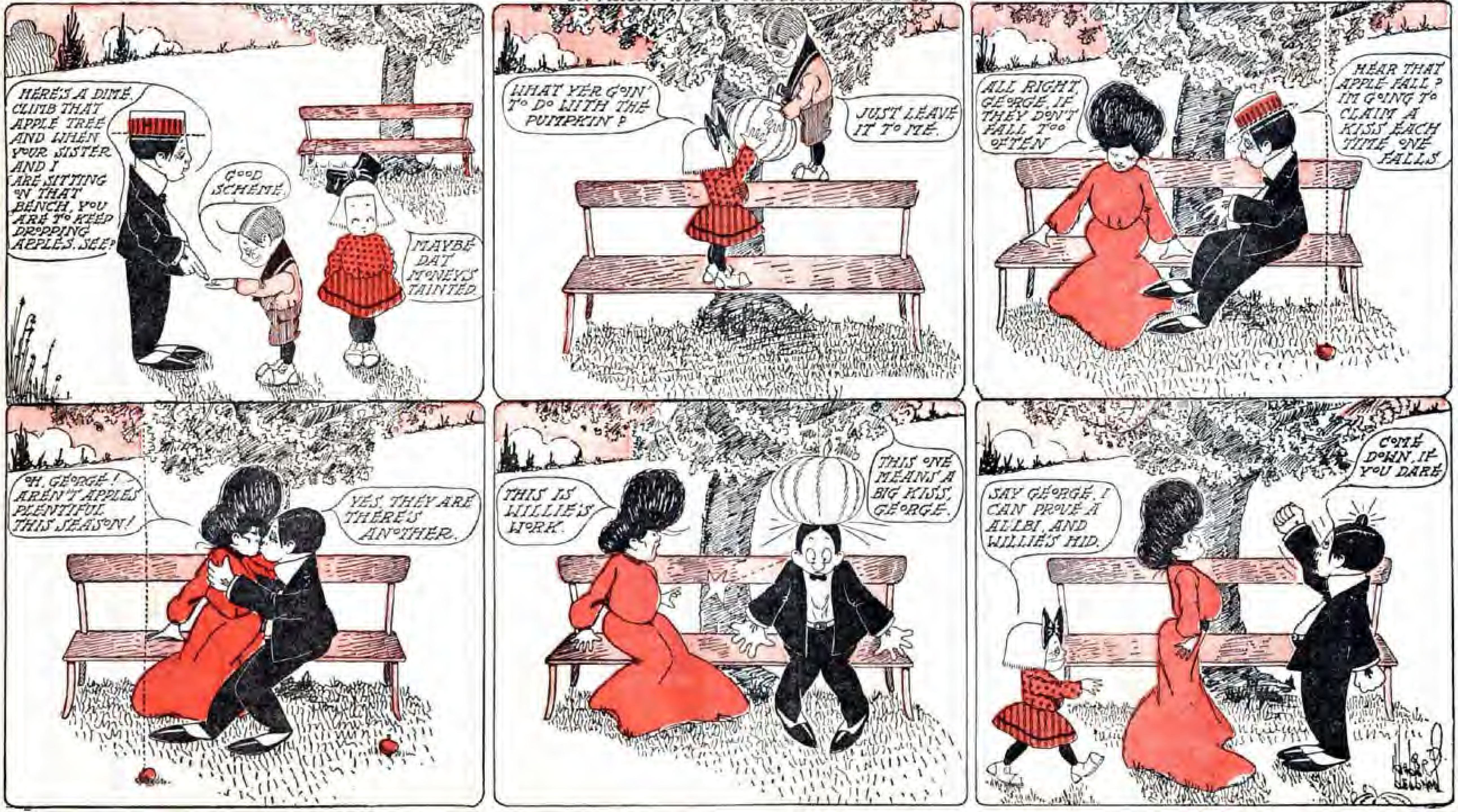
HERE'S A DIME, CLIMB THAT APPLE TREE AND WHEN YOUR SISTER AND I ARE SITTING ON THAT BENCH, YOU ARE TO KEEP DROPPING APPLES. SEE?
GOOD SCHEME.
MAYBE DAT MONEY'S TAINTED.
WHAT YER GOIN' TO DO WITH THE PUMPKIN?
JUST LEAVE IT TO ME.
ALL RIGHT, GEORGE, IF THEY DON'T FALL TOO OFTEN
HEAR THAT APPLE-FALL? IM GOING TO CLAIM A KISS EACH TIME ONE FALLS.
OH, GEORGE! AREN'T APPLES PLENTIFUL THIS SEASON!
YES, THEY ARE THERE'S ANOTHER.
THIS IS WILLIE'S WORK.
THIS ONE MEANS A BIG KISS, GEORGE.
SAY GEORGE, I CAN PROVE A ALIBI, AND WILLIE'S HID.
COME DOWN, IF YOU DARE

OH, WHERE, OH, WHERE HAS THAT WILLIE BOY GONE?

CAN YOU FIND HIM IN THE LAST PICTURE?

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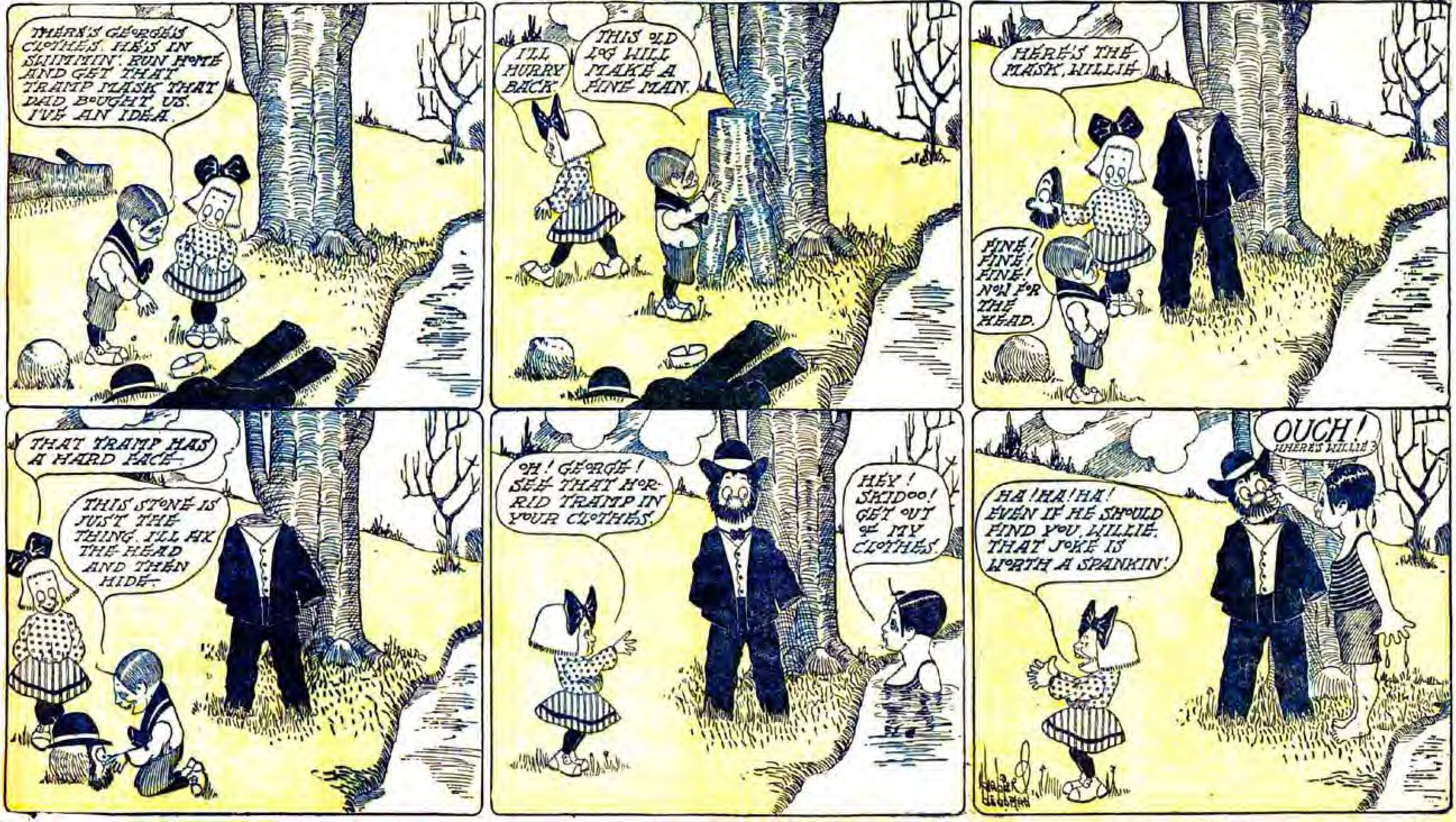
THERE'S GEORGE'S CLOTHES. HE'S IN SWIMMIN'. RUN HOME AND GET THAT TRAMP MASK THAT DAD BOUGHT US. I'VE AN IDEA.
I'LL HURRY BACK.
THIS OLD LOG WILL MAKE A FINE MAN.
HERE'S THE MASK, WILLIE.
FINE! FINE! FINE! NOW FOR THE HEAD.
THAT TRAMP HAS A HARD FACE.
THIS STONE IS JUST THE THING. I'LL FIX THE HEAD AND THEN HIDE.
OH! GEORGE! SEE THAT HORRID TRAMP IN YOUR CLOTHES.
HEY! SKIDOO! GET OUT OF MY CLOTHES.
OUCH!
WHERE'S WILLIE?
HA! HA! HA! EVEN IF HE SHOULD FIND YOU, WILLIE, THAT JOKE IS WORTH A SPANKIN'.

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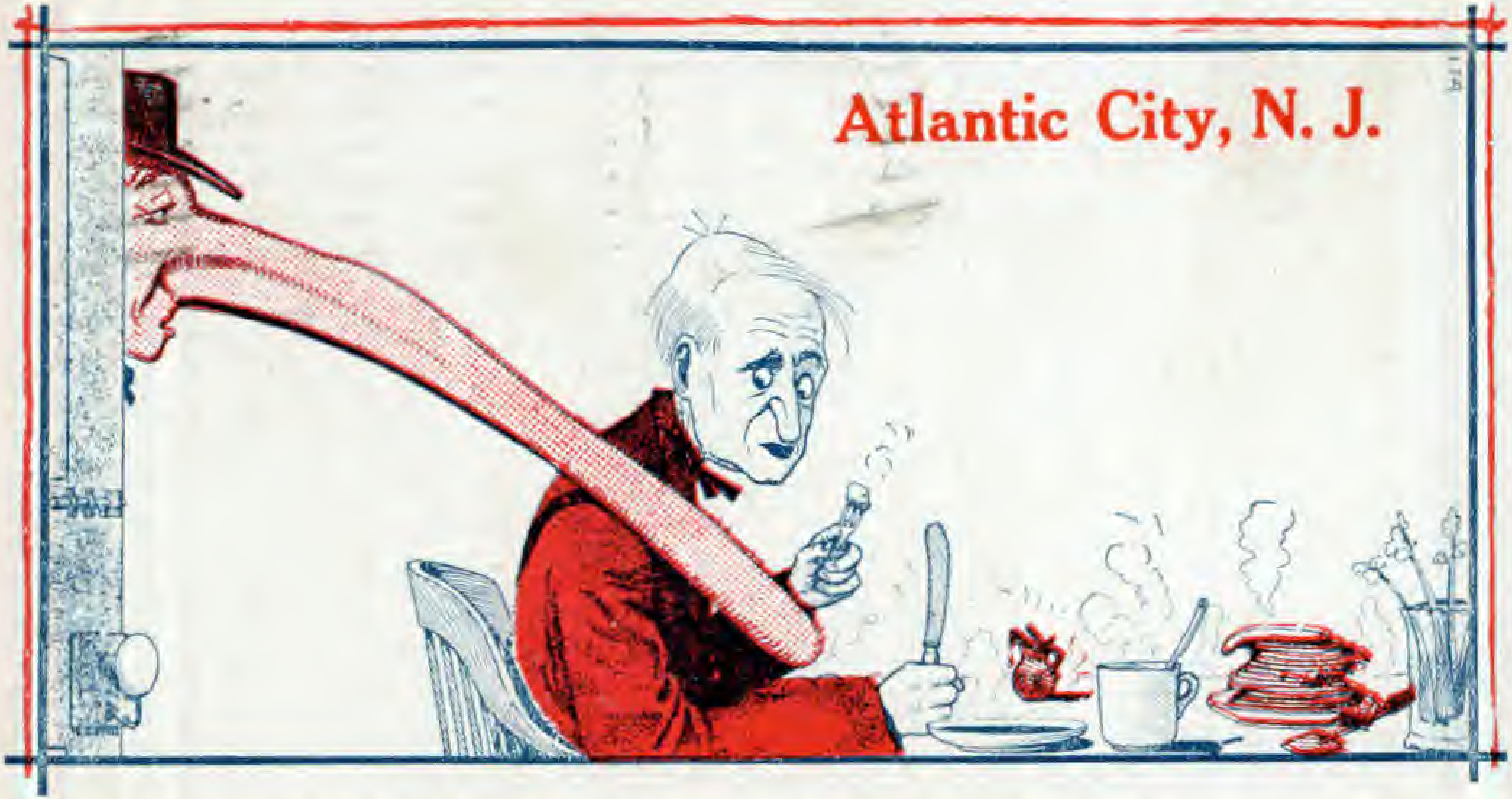
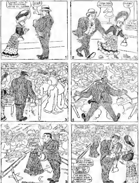

Atlantic City, N. J.

Don't want to be Nosey—but, would like to know how you are?

SAMSON
THE STRONG MAN


I WANT YOU TO GO SHOPPING WITH ME, SAMMY
HIH!
I CAN SEE ME FINISH
HURRY UP
TO THE BARGAIN COUNTER
1
2
3
4
5
6

"SWAPPING SILAS" COMES TO TOWN

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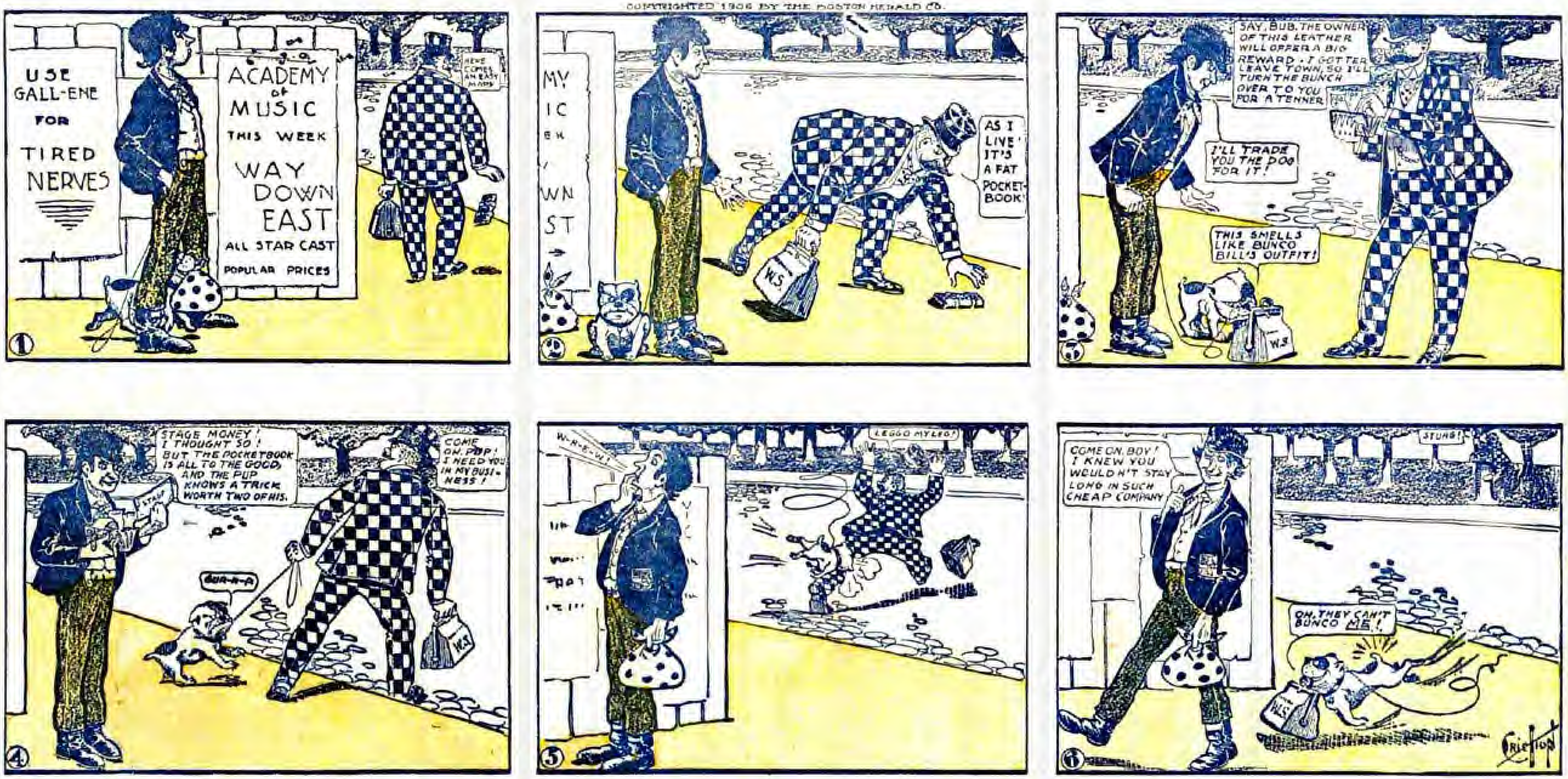
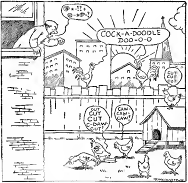

①
USE GALL-ENE FOR TIRED NERVES
ACADEMY of MUSIC THIS WEEK WAY DOWN EAST ALL STAR CAST POPULAR PRICES
HERE COMES AN EASY MARK
②
MY IC EK WN ST
AS I LIVE! IT'S A FAT POCKET-BOOK!
W.S.
③
SAY, BUB, THE OWNER OF THIS LEATHER WILL OFFER A BIG REWARD. I GOTTER LEAVE TOWN, SO I'LL TURN THE BUNCH OVER TO YOU FOR A TENNER
I'LL TRADE YOU THE DOG FOR IT!
THIS SMELLS LIKE BUNCO BILL'S OUTFIT!
W.S
④
STAGE MONEY! I THOUGHT SO! BUT THE POCKETBOOK IS ALL TO THE GOOD, AND THE PUP KNOWS A TRICK WORTH TWO OF HIS.
STAGE
COME ON, PUP! I NEED YOU IN MY BUSINESS!
GRR-R-R
W.S
⑤
W-H-E-W!
LEGGO MY LEG!
⑥
COME ON, BOY! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T STAY LONG IN SUCH CHEAP COMPANY
STUNG!
OH, THEY CAN'T BUNCO ME!
W.S
Crichton

WHY IS IT


COCK-A-DOODLE DOO-O-O
CUT CUT CUT
CUT CUT CUT C-DAW-CUT!
CAW-CAW-CAW!

THAT IT IS ALWAYS ON SUNDAY MORNING WHEN YOU WANT TO SLEEP LATE, THAT YOUR NEIGHBOR'S CHICKENS, AFTER A WEEK OF QUIET GET TOGETHER FOR A LITTLE CLOSE HARMONY?

WAS THERE EVER A BOY LIKE
BARNEY BLUE?

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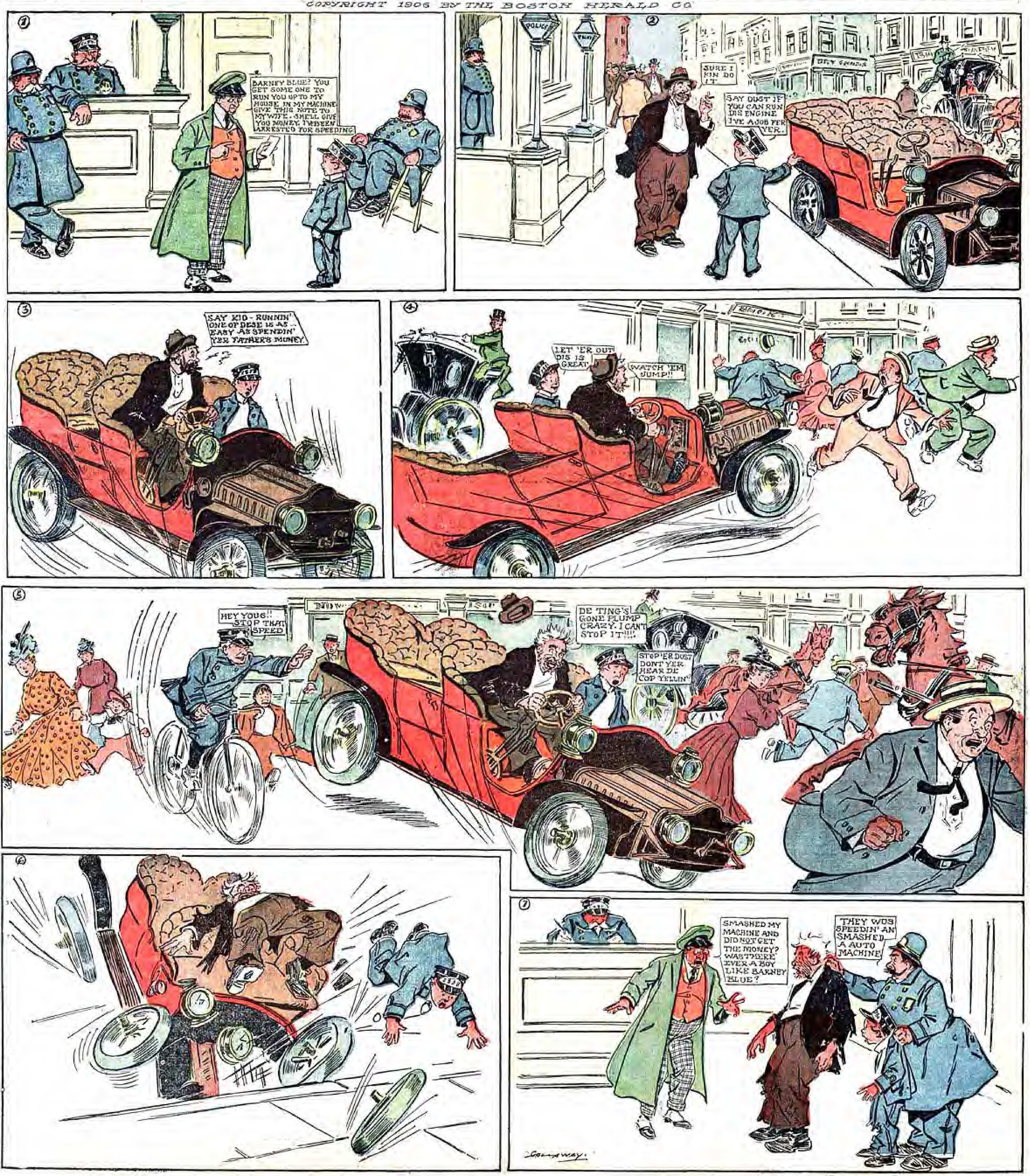
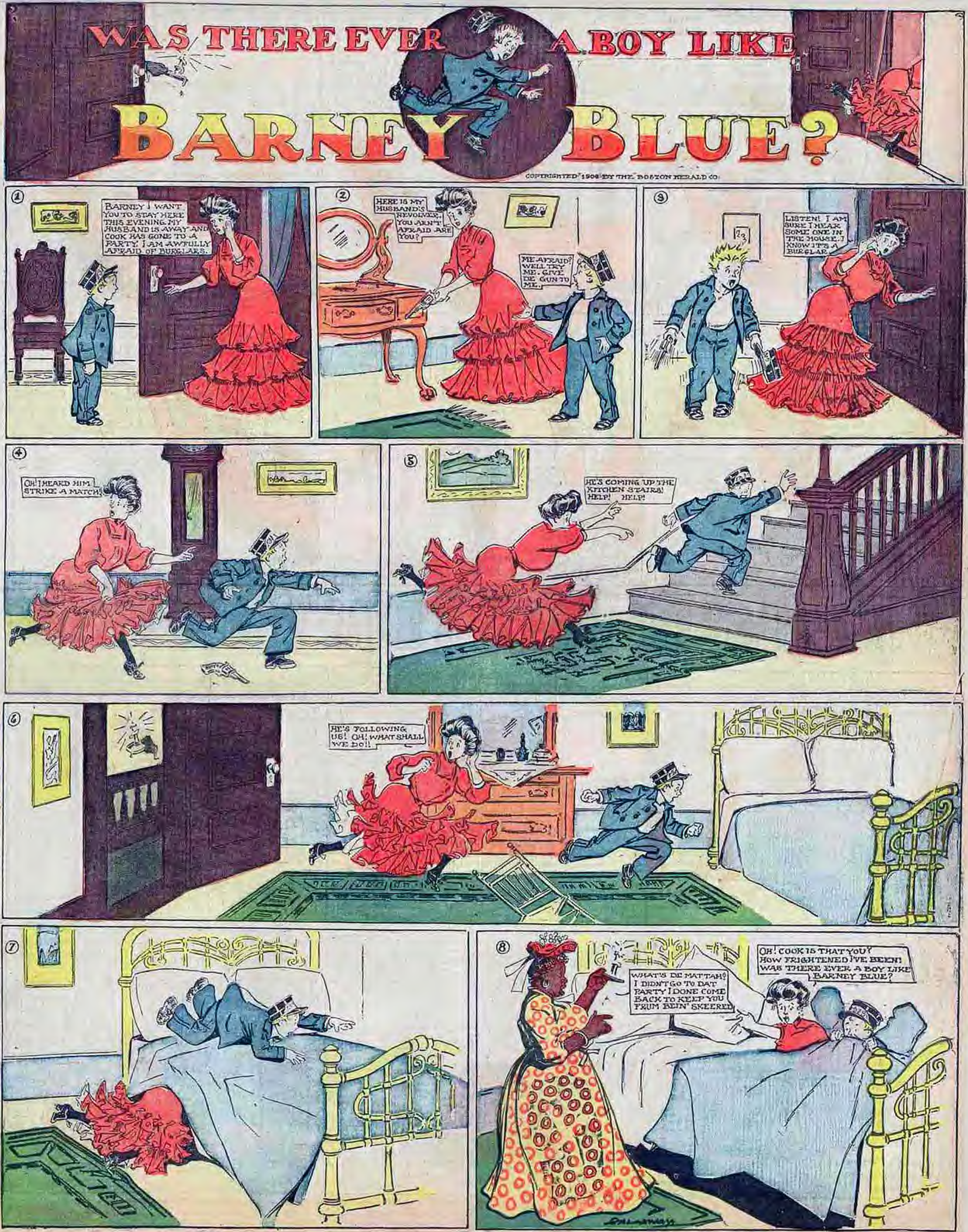

①
BARNEY BLUE? YOU GET SOME ONE TO RUN YOU UP TO MY HOUSE IN MY MACHINE - GIVE THIS NOTE TO MY WIFE. SHE'LL GIVE YOU MONEY. I'VE BEEN ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING
②
POLICE
SURE I KIN DO IT.
SAY DUST IF YOU CAN RUN DIS ENGINE I'VE A JOB FER YER.
③
SAY KID - RUNNIN' ONE OF DESE IS AS - EASY AS SPENDIN' YER FATHER'S MONEY.
④
LET 'ER OUT DIS IS GREAT
WATCH 'EM JUMP!!
⑤
HEY YOUS!! STOP THAT SPEED
DE TING'S GONE PLUMP CRAZY. I CAN'T STOP IT!!!!
STOP 'ER DUST DONT YER HEAR DE COP YELLIN'
⑥
⑦
SMASHED MY MACHINE AND DID NOT GET THE MONEY? WAS THERE EVER A BOY LIKE BARNEY BLUE?
THEY WOS SPEEDIN' AN SMASHED A AUTO MACHINE
GALLAWAY


WAS THERE EVER A BOY LIKE
BARNEY BLUE?
①
BARNEY I WANT YOU TO STAY HERE THIS EVENING. MY HUSBAND IS AWAY AND COOK HAS GONE TO A PARTY. I AM AWFULLY AFRAID OF BURGLARS.
②
HERE IS MY HUSBAND'S REVOLVER. YOU AIN'T AFRAID ARE YOU?
ME AFRAID? WELL TRY ME. GIVE DE GUN TO ME.
③
LISTEN! I AM SURE I HEAR SOME ONE IN THE HOUSE. I KNOW IT'S A BURGLAR.
④
OH! I HEARD HIM STRIKE A MATCH!
⑤
HE'S COMING UP THE KITCHEN STAIRS! HELP! HELP!
⑥
HE'S FOLLOWING US! OH! WHAT SHALL WE DO!!
⑦
⑧
WHAT'S DE MATTAH? I DIDN'T GO TO DAT PARTY I DONE COME BACK TO KEEP YOU FRUM BEIN' SKEERED
OH! COOK IS THAT YOU? HOW FRIGHTENED I'VE BEEN! WAS THERE EVER A BOY LIKE BARNEY BLUE?

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Brer Rabbit & the Gold Mine

By Joel Chandler Harris
Pictures by J. M. Condé

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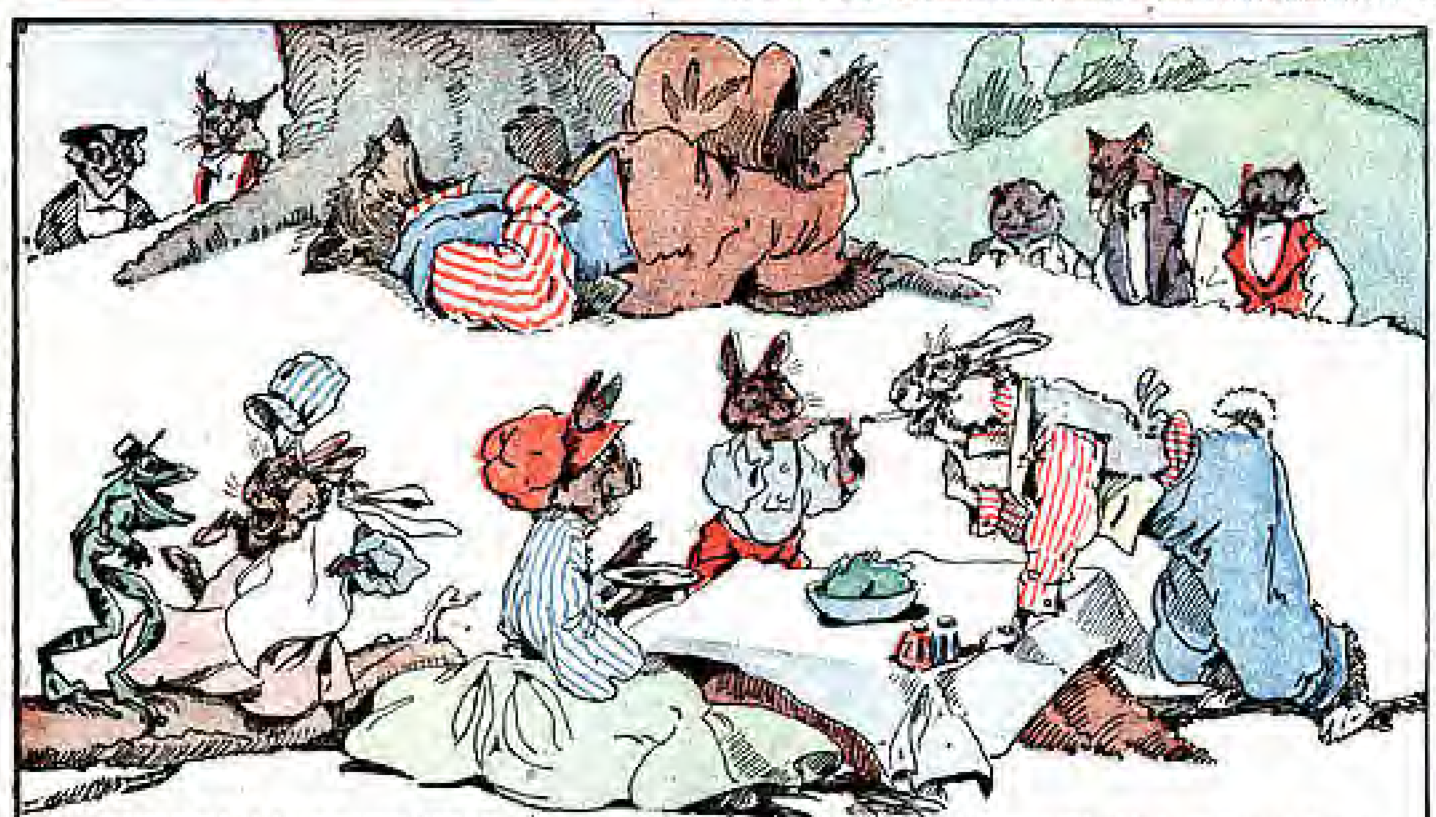
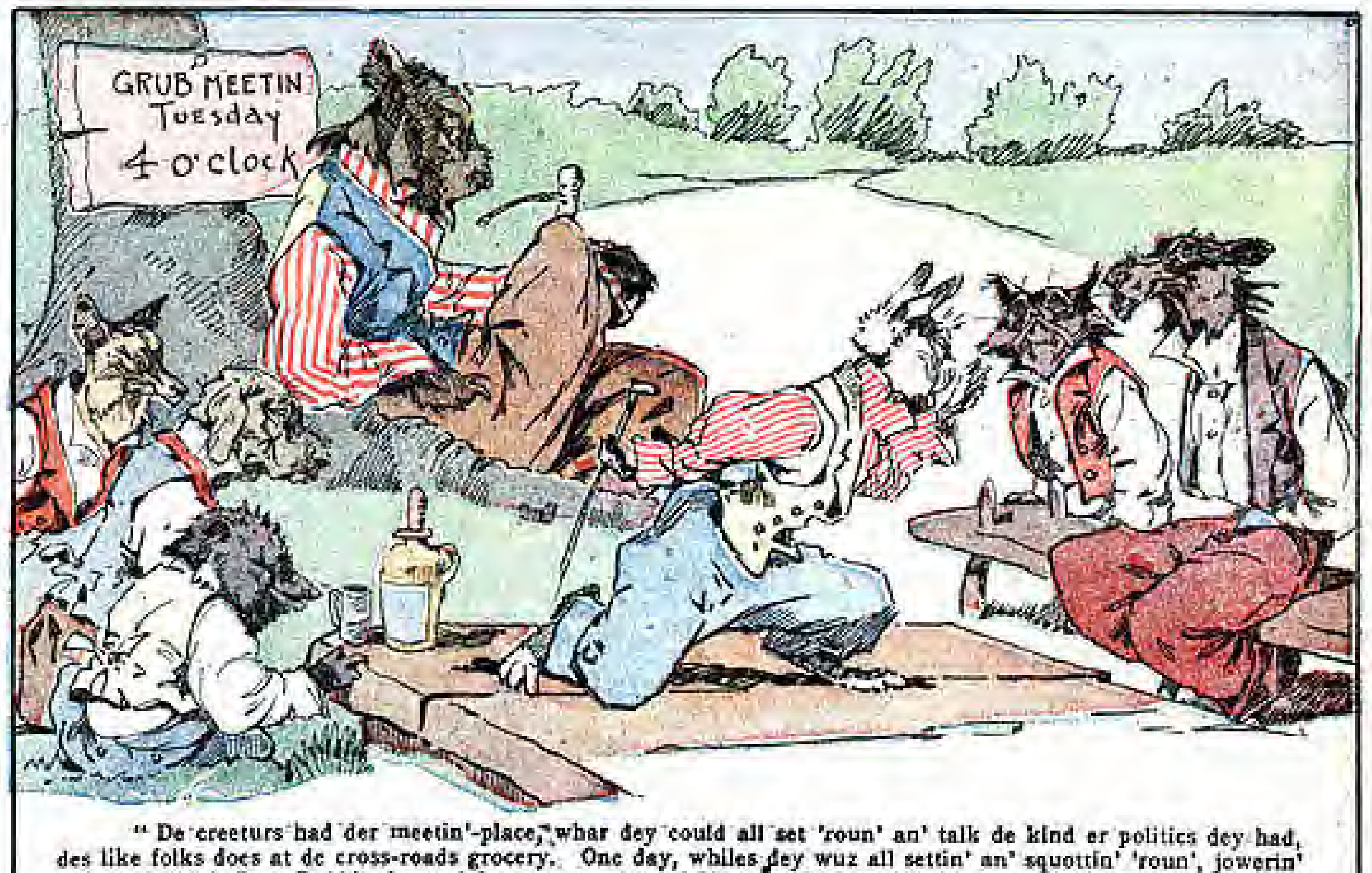
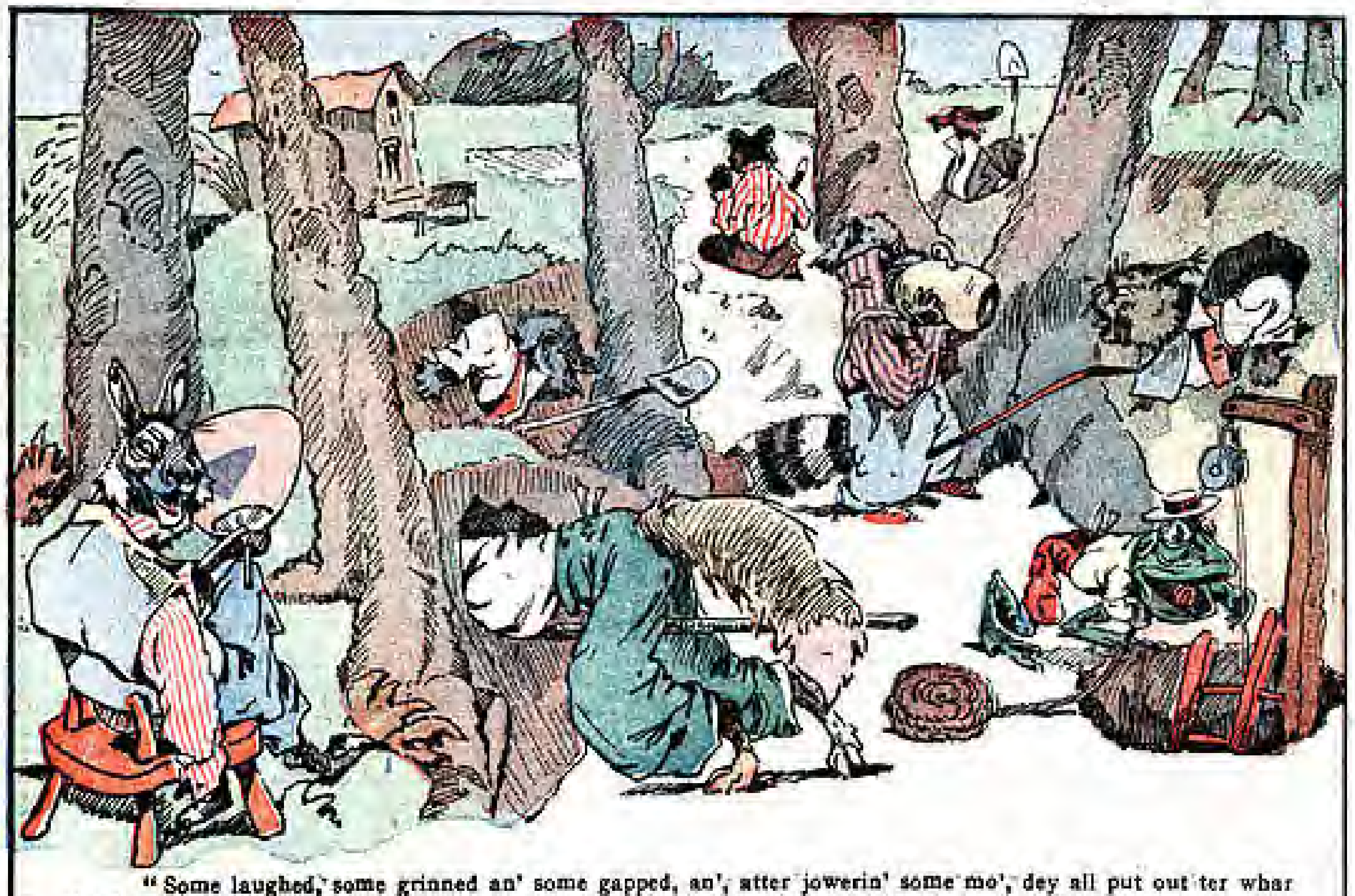


THERE had been silence in the cabin for a long ten minutes, and Uncle Remus, looking up, saw a threat of sleep in the little boy's eyes. Whereupon he plunged headlong into a story without a word of explanation.

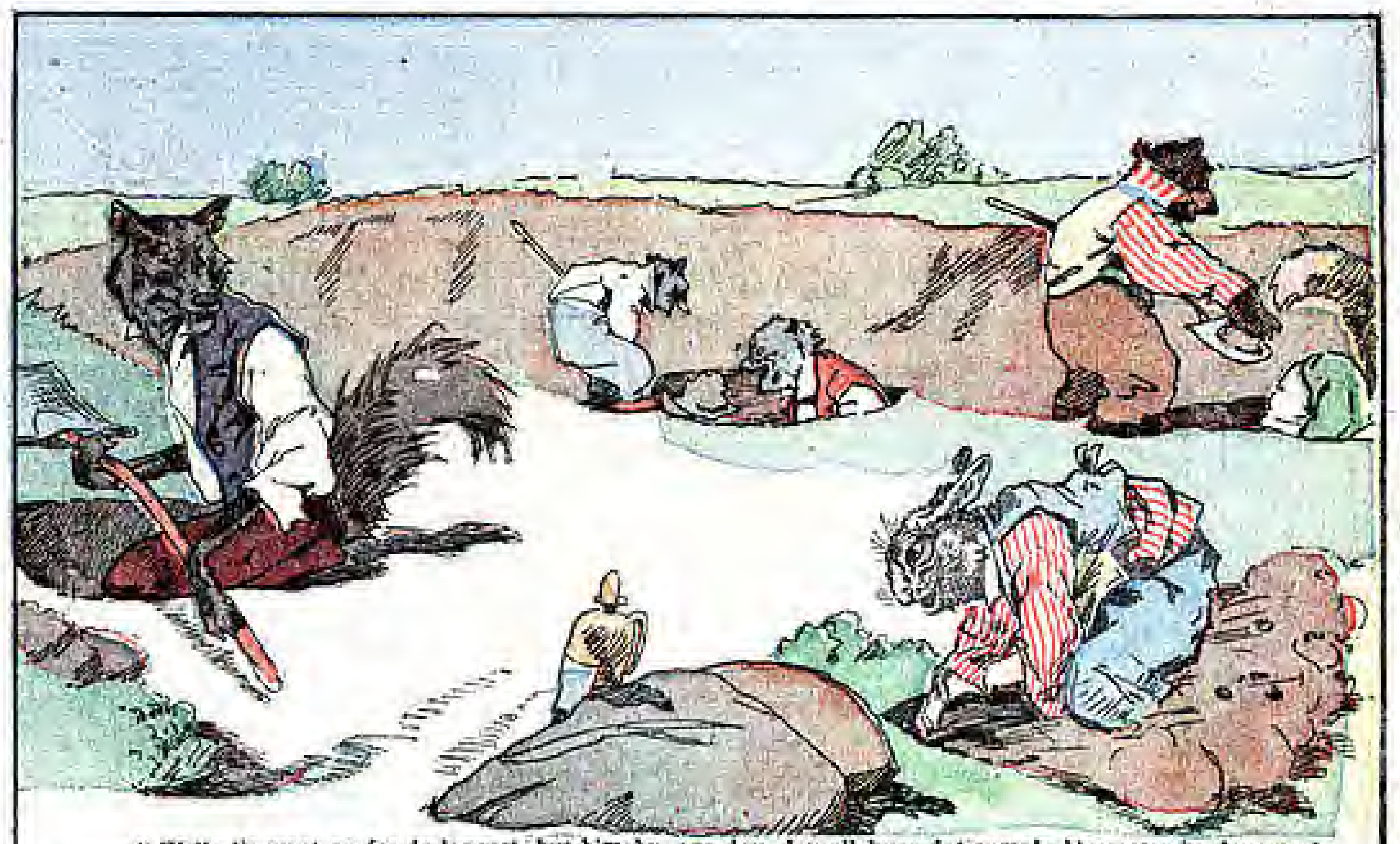
"Well, suh, one year it fell out dat de craps wuz burnt up. A dry drouth had done de work, an' ef you'd 'a' struck a match anywhar in dat settlement, de whole county would 'a' blazed up. Ol' man Hongriness des natchally tuck of his cloze an' went paradin' 'bout eve'ywhar, an' de creeturs got bony an' skinny. Ol' Brer B'ar done better dan any un um, kaze all he hatter do wuz go ter sleep an' live off'n his own fat; an' Brer Rabbit an' his ol' 'oman had put some calamus root by, an' saved up some sugar-cane dat dey fin' lyin' 'roun' loose, an' *dey* got 'long purty well. But de balance er de creeturs wuz dat ga'nt dat dey ain't got over it down ter dis day.



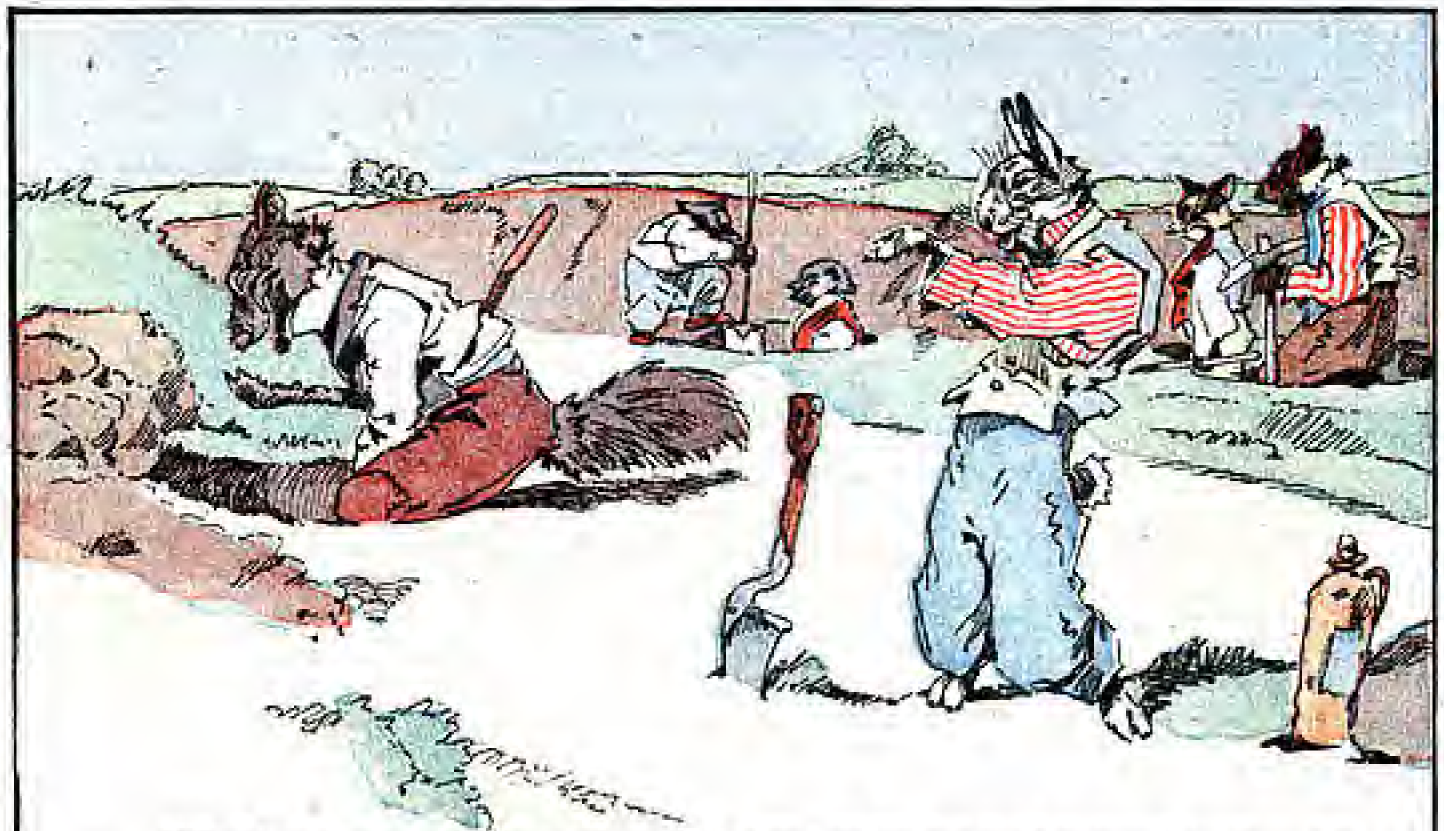
"De creeturs had der meetin'-place, whar dey could all set 'roun' an' talk de kind er politics dey had, des like folks does at de cross-roads grocery. One day, whiles dey wuz all settin' an' squottin' 'roun', jowerin' an' confabbin', Brer Rabbit, he up 'n' say, sezee, dat ol' Mammy-Bammy-Big-Money tol' his great gran'daddy dat dar wuz a mighty big an' fat gol' mine in deze parts, an' he say dat he wouldn't be 'tall 'stonished ef 'twant some'rs close ter Brer B'ar's house. Brer B'ar, he growled, he did, an' say dat de gol' mine better not let him fin' it, kaze atter he got done wid it, dey won't be no gol' mine dar.



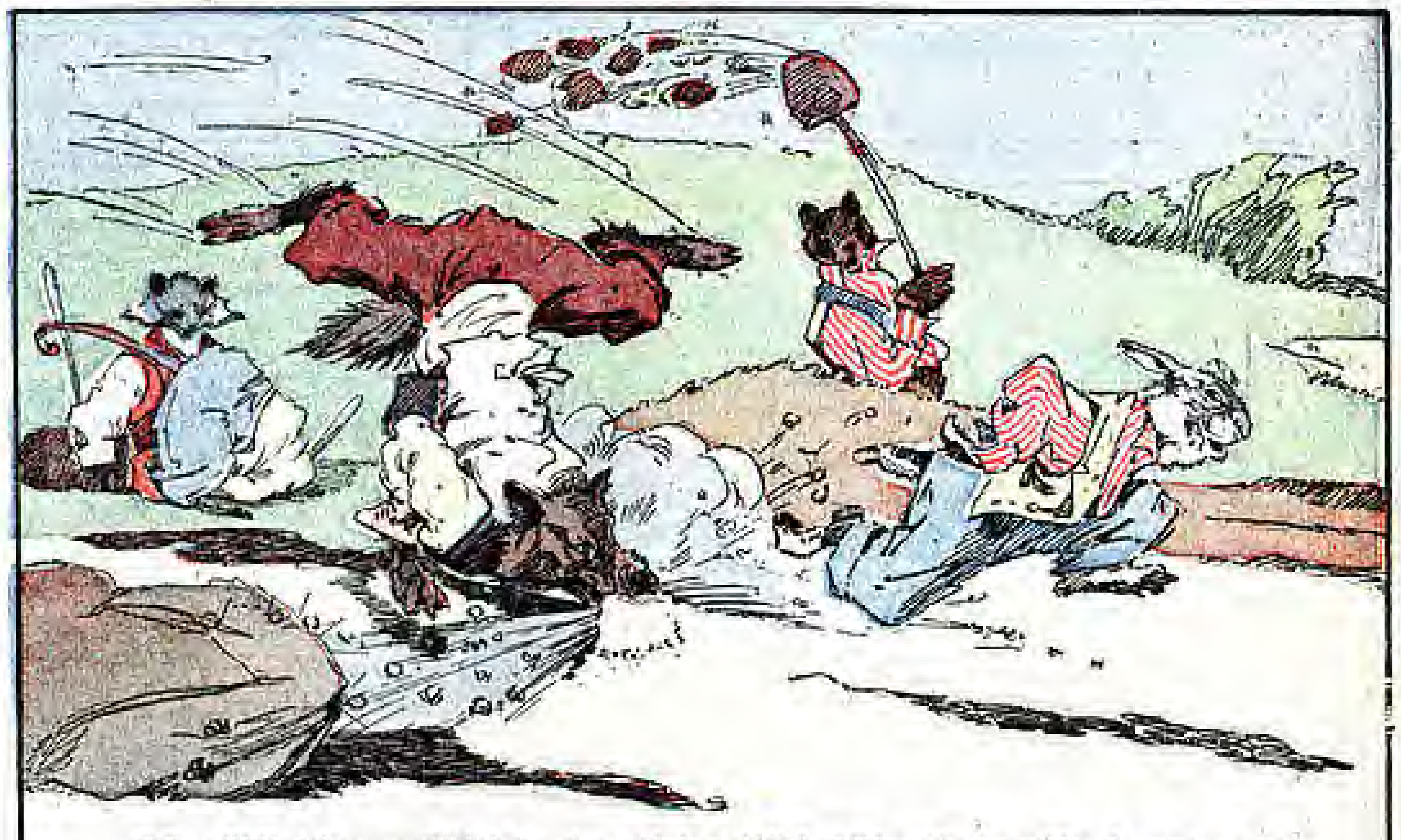
"Some laughed, some grinned an' some gapped, an', atter jowerin' some mo', dey all put out ter whar der famblies wuz livin' at; but I boun' you dey ain't fergit 'bout dat gol' mine, kaze, fum dat time on, go whar you mought, you'd ketch some er de creeturs diggin' an' grabblin' in de groun', some in de fields, some in de woods, an' some in de big road; an' dey wuz so weak an' hongry dat dey kin skacely grabble fer fallin' down.



"Well, dis went on fer de longest, but bimeby, one day, dey all 'gree dat sump'n bleeze ter be done, an' dey say dey'll all take one big hunt fer de gol' mine, an' den quit. Dey hunted in gangs, wid de gangs not fur fum one an'er, an' it so happen dat Brer Rabbit wuz in de gang wid Brer Wolf, an' he know'd dat he hatter keep his eyes wide open. All de creeturs hatter dig in diffunt places, an' whiles Brer Rabbit want much uv a grabbler, he had a way er makin' de yuthers b'lieve dat he wuz de best er de lot. So he made a heap er motion like he wuz t'arin' up de yeth. Dey ain't been gwine on dis away long fo' Brer Wolf holler out,



"'Run here, Brer Rabbit! I done foun' it!' Brer B'ar an' Brer Fox wuz bofe diggin' close by, an' Brer Rabbit kinder wunk one eye at de elements; he say, sezee, 'Glad I is fer yo' sake, Brer Wolf; git yo' gol' an' 'joy yo'se'f!' Brer Wolf say, 'Come git some, Brer Rabbit! Come git some!' Ol' Brer Rabbit 'spon', 'I'll take de leavin's, Brer Wolf; you take what you want, an' den when you done got 'nough I'll get de leetle bit I want.' Brer Wolf say, 'I wanter show you sump'n.' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'My eyes ain't big fer nothin'.' Brer Wolf say, 'I got a secret I wanter tell you.' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'My y'ears ain't long fer nothin'. Des stan' dar, an' do yo' whisperin', Brer Wolf, an' I'll hear eve'y word you say.'



"Brer Wolf ain't say nothin', but make out he's grabblin', an' den, all of a sudden, he made a dash at Brer Rabbit, but when he git whar Brer Rabbit wuz at, Brer Rabbit ain't dar no mo'; he done gone. Weak an' hongry ez he is, Brer Wolf know dat he can't ketch Brer Rabbit, an' so he holler out, 'What's yo' hurry, Brer Rabbit? Whar you gwine?' Brer Rabbit holler back, 'I'm gwine home atter a bag fer ter tote de gol', you gwine leave me! So long, Brer Wolf; I wish you mighty well!' an' wid dat he put out fer home."

MONOPOLY LODGE RAIDED BY THE POLICE

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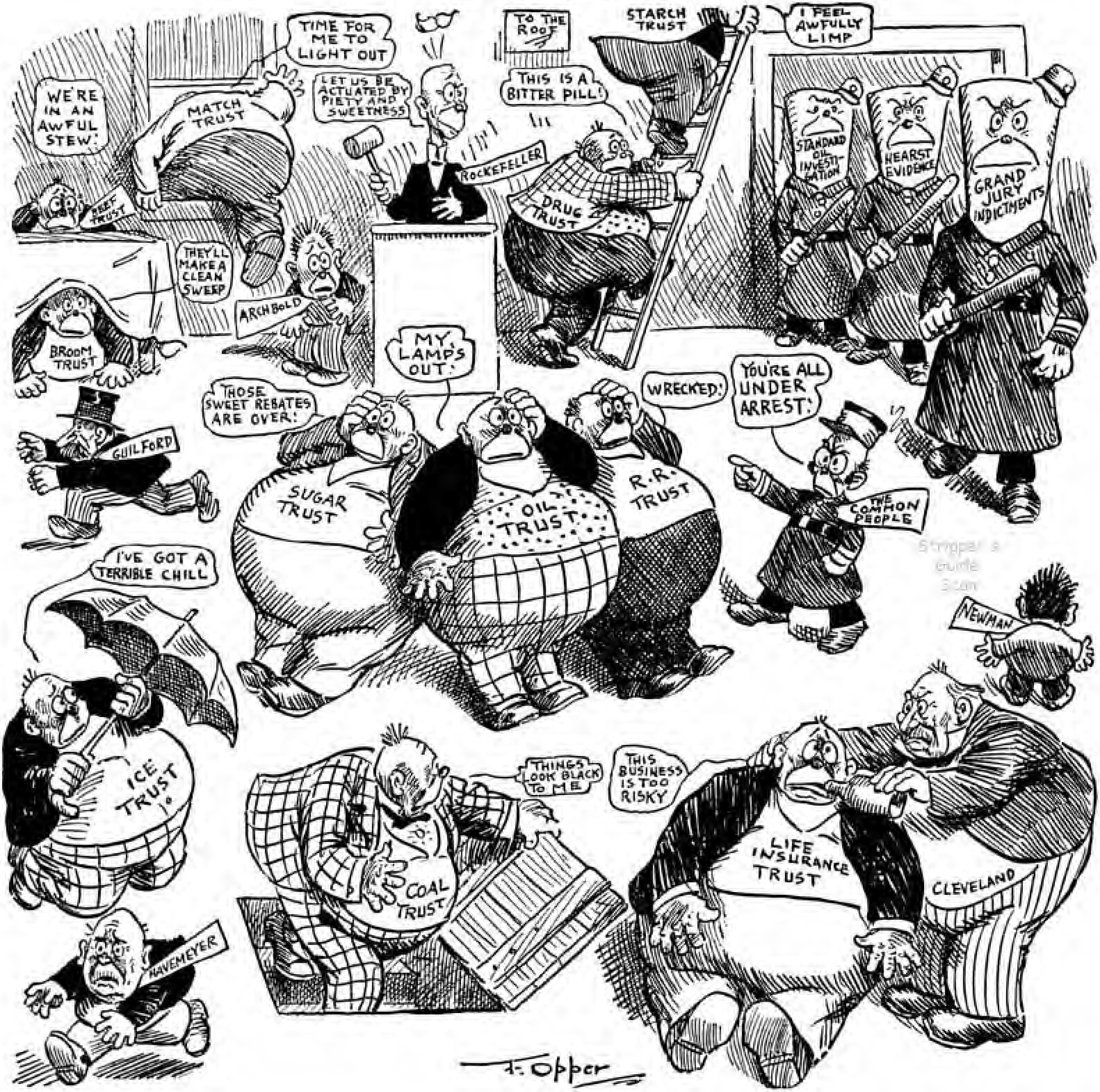
WE'RE IN AN AWFUL STEW!
BEEF TRUST
MATCH TRUST
TIME FOR ME TO LIGHT OUT
LET US BE ACTUATED BY PIETY AND SWEETNESS
ROCKEFELLER
TO THE ROOF
THIS IS A BITTER PILL!
DRUG TRUST
STARCH TRUST
I FEEL AWFULLY LIMP
STANDARD OIL INVESTIGATION
HEARST EVIDENCE
GRAND JURY INDICTMENTS
THEY'LL MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP
ARCHBOLD
BROOM TRUST
MY LAMPS OUT!
THOSE SWEET REBATES ARE OVER!
WRECKED!
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
GUILFORD
SUGAR TRUST
OIL TRUST
R.R. TRUST
THE COMMON PEOPLE
NEWMAN
I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE CHILL
ICE TRUST
THINGS LOOK BLACK TO ME
COAL TRUST
THIS BUSINESS IS TOO RISKY
LIFE INSURANCE TRUST
CLEVELAND
HAVEMEYER
F. Opper

Stripper's Guide Scan

PETER POPPLE THE PRIZE PILGRIM.

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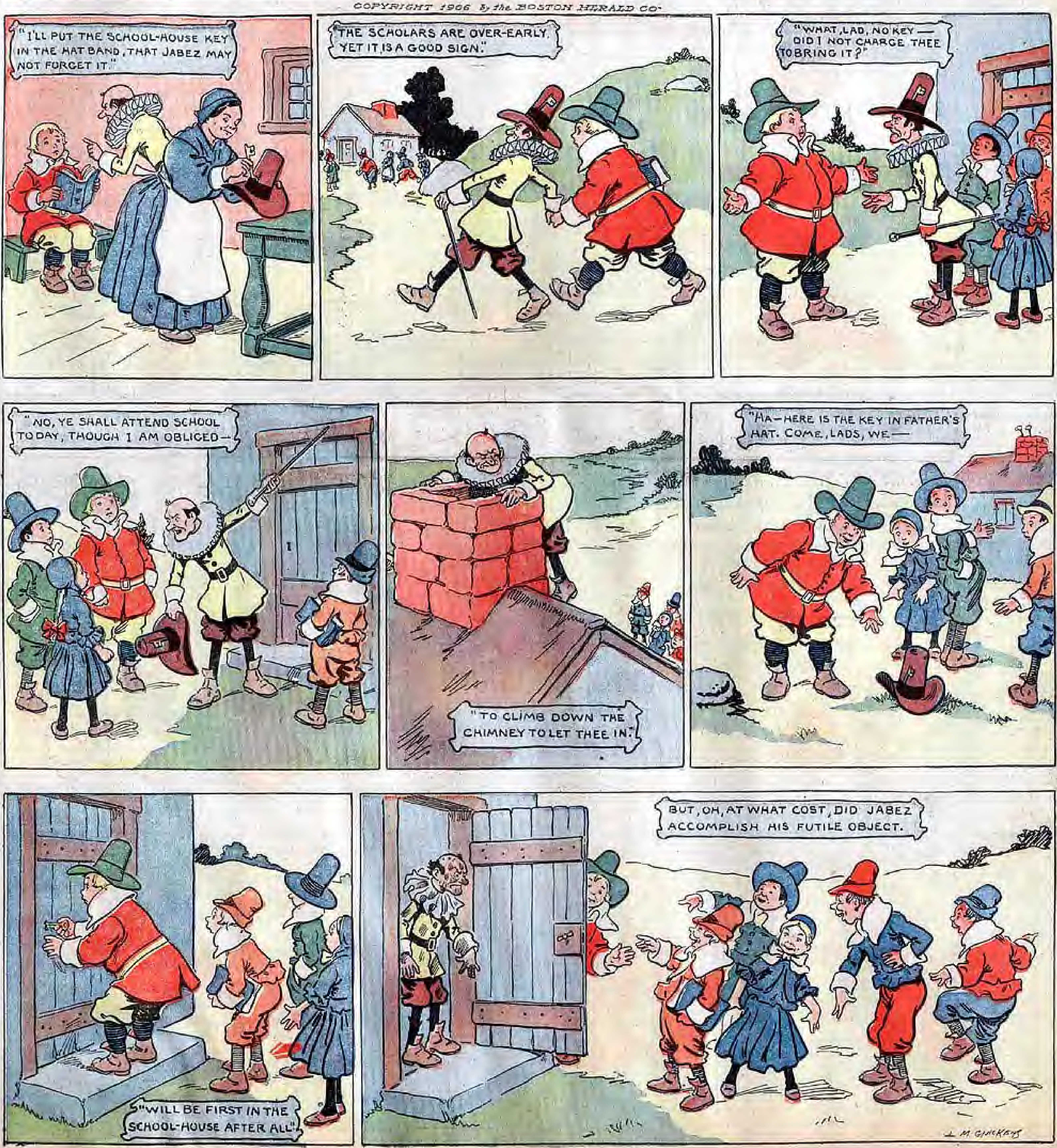
"I'LL PUT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE KEY IN THE HAT BAND, THAT JABEZ MAY NOT FORGET IT."
THE SCHOLARS ARE OVER-EARLY. YET IT IS A GOOD SIGN."
"WHAT, LAD, NO KEY — DID I NOT CHARGE THEE TO BRING IT?"
"NO, YE SHALL ATTEND SCHOOL TODAY, THOUGH I AM OBLIGED—
"TO CLIMB DOWN THE CHIMNEY TO LET THEE IN."
"HA—HERE IS THE KEY IN FATHER'S HAT. COME, LADS, WE—
"WILL BE FIRST IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AFTER ALL."
BUT, OH, AT WHAT COST, DID JABEZ ACCOMPLISH HIS FUTILE OBJECT.
L. M. GLACKENS

Ship Ahoy! Nearly $400 for the Treasure Hunt!

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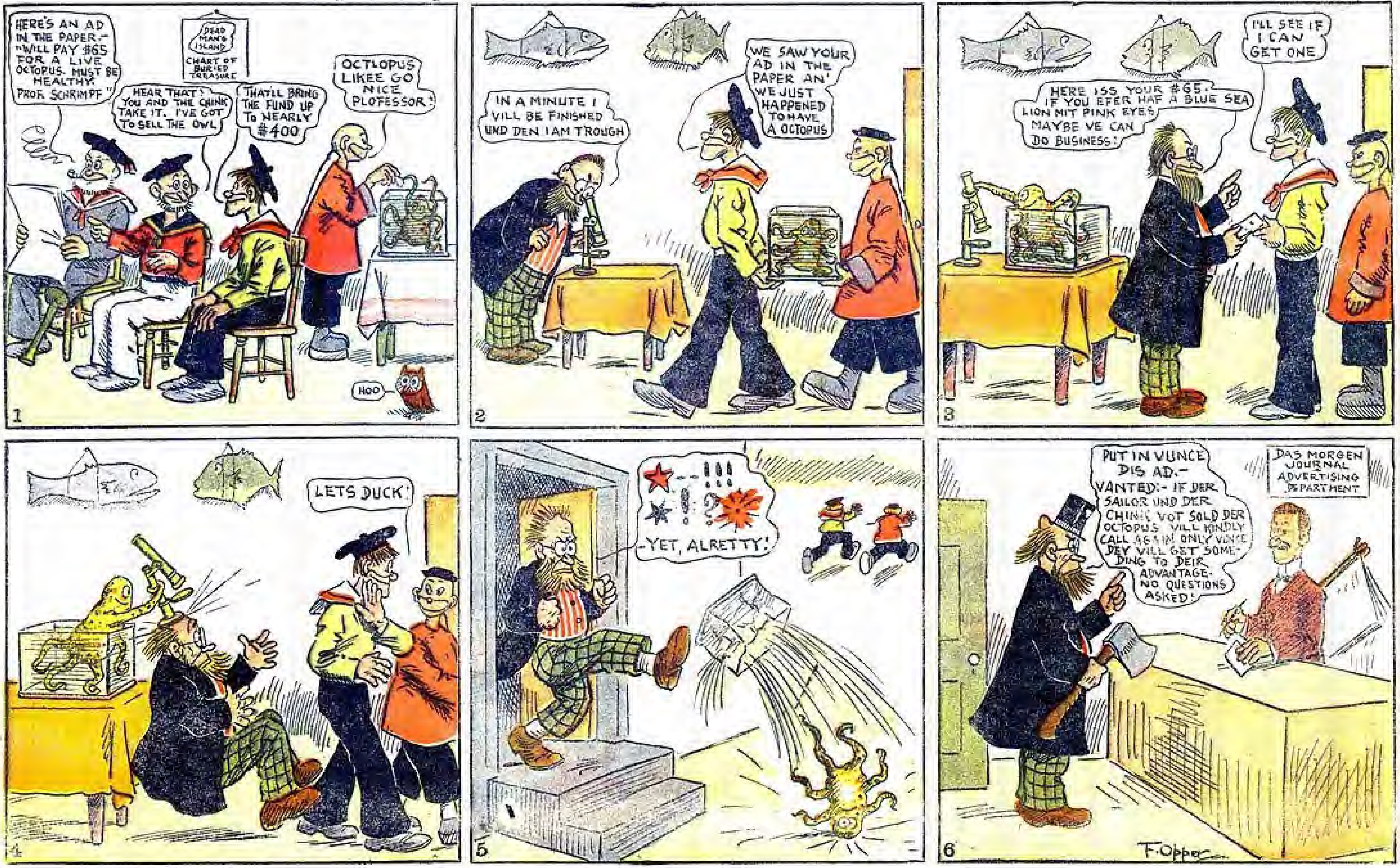
1
HERE'S AN AD IN THE PAPER.— "WILL PAY $65 FOR A LIVE OCTOPUS. MUST BE HEALTHY. PROF. SCHRIMPF"
DEAD MAN'S ISLAND
CHART OF BURIED TREASURE
HEAR THAT! YOU AND THE CHINK TAKE IT. I'VE GOT TO SELL THE OWL
THAT'LL BRING THE FUND UP TO NEARLY $400
OCTLOPUS LIKEE GO NICE PLOFESSOR!
HOO
2
IN A MINUTE I VILL BE FINISHED UND DEN I AM TROUGH
WE SAW YOUR AD IN THE PAPER AN' WE JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE A OCTOPUS
3
HERE ISS YOUR $65.- IF YOU EFER HAF A BLUE SEA LION MIT PINK EYES MAYBE VE CAN DO BUSINESS!
I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET ONE
4
LETS DUCK!
5
-YET, ALRETTY!
6
PUT IN VUNCE DIS AD.- VANTED:- IF DER SAILOR UND DER CHINK VOT SOLD DER OCTOPUS VILL KINDLY CALL AGAIN ONLY VUNCE DEY VILL GET SOMEDING TO DEIR ADVANTAGE. NO QUESTIONS ASKED!
DAS MORGEN JOURNAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
F. Opper

VAL THE VENTRILOQUIST

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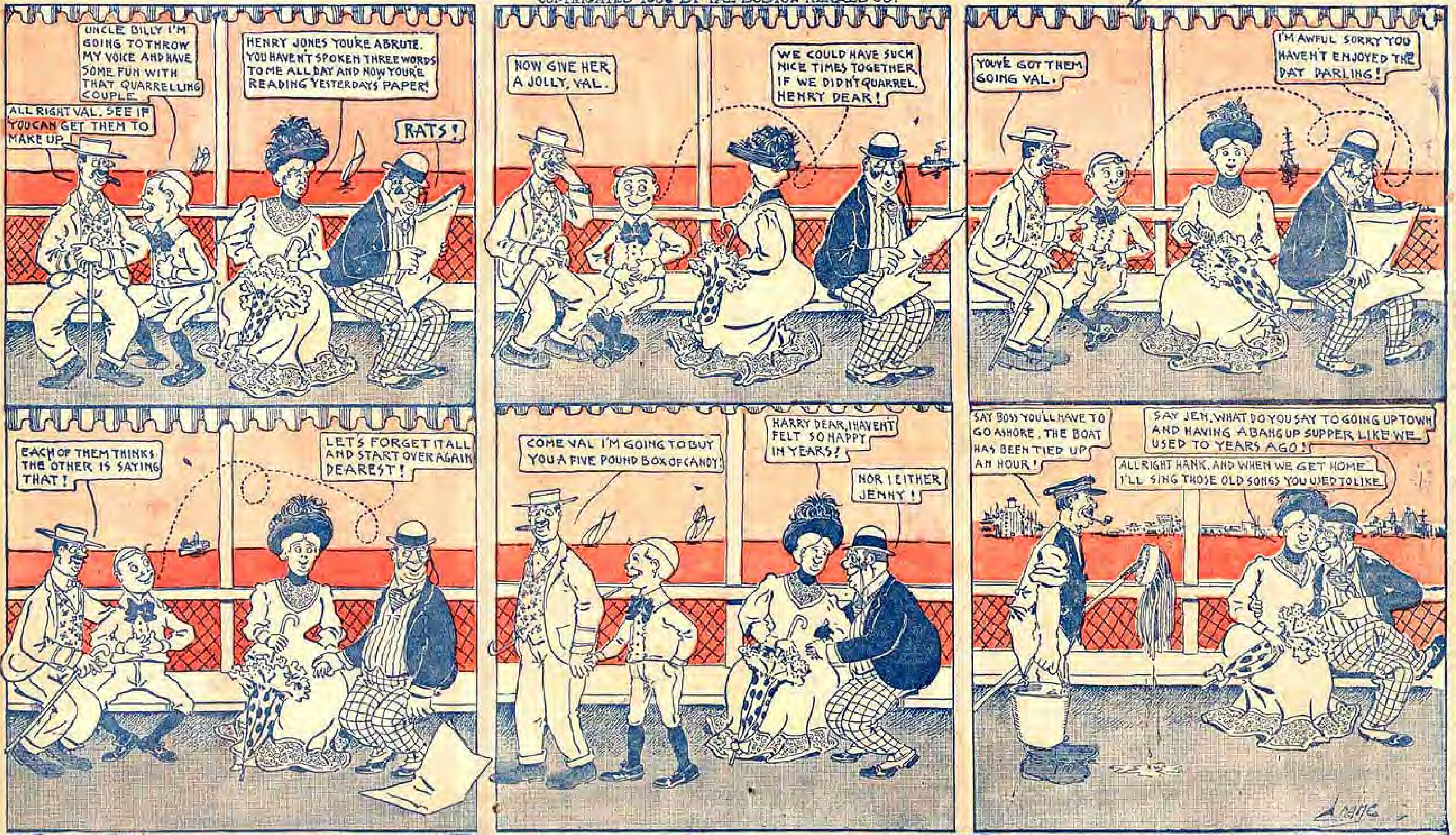
UNCLE BILLY I'M GOING TO THROW MY VOICE AND HAVE SOME FUN WITH THAT QUARRELLING COUPLE
ALL RIGHT VAL. SEE IF YOU CAN GET THEM TO MAKE UP.
HENRY JONES YOU'RE A BRUTE. YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN THREE WORDS TO ME ALL DAY AND NOW YOU'RE READING YESTERDAY'S PAPER!
RATS!
NOW GIVE HER A JOLLY, VAL.
WE COULD HAVE SUCH NICE TIMES TOGETHER IF WE DIDN'T QUARREL, HENRY DEAR!
YOU'VE GOT THEM GOING VAL.
I'M AWFUL SORRY YOU HAVEN'T ENJOYED THE DAY DARLING!
EACH OF THEM THINKS THE OTHER IS SAYING THAT!
LET'S FORGET IT ALL AND START OVER AGAIN DEAREST!
COME VAL I'M GOING TO BUY YOU A FIVE POUND BOX OF CANDY!
HARRY DEAR, I HAVEN'T FELT SO HAPPY IN YEARS!
NOR I EITHER JENNY!
SAY BOSS YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ASHORE. THE BOAT HAS BEEN TIED UP AN HOUR!
SAY JEN, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO GOING UP TOWN AND HAVING A BANG UP SUPPER LIKE WE USED TO YEARS AGO!
ALL RIGHT HANK, AND WHEN WE GET HOME I'LL SING THOSE OLD SONGS YOU USED TO LIKE.

VAL THE VENTRILOQUIST

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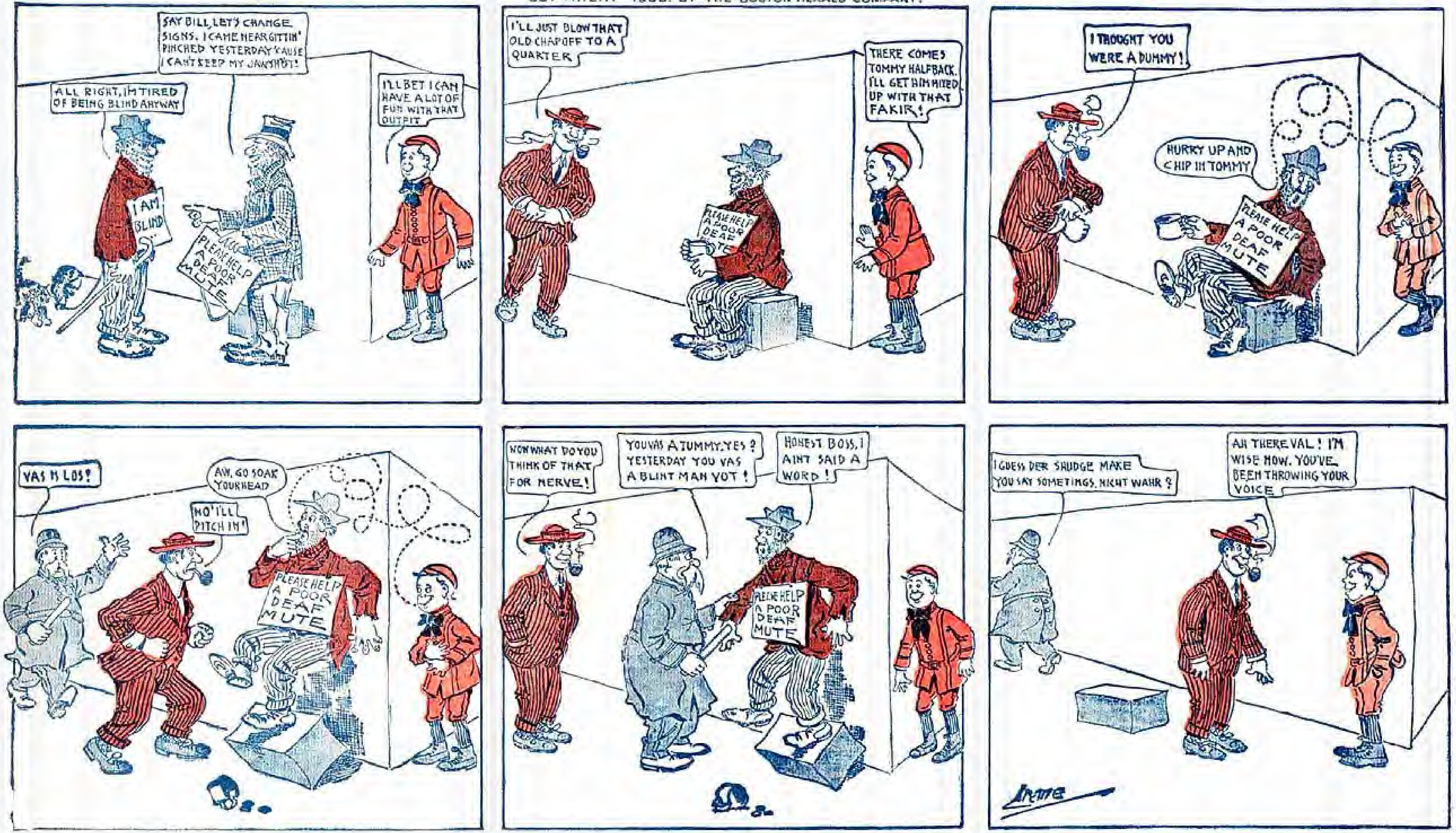
SAY BILL, LET'S CHANGE SIGNS. I CAME NEAR GITTIN' PINCHED YESTERDAY 'CAUSE I CAN'T KEEP MY JAW SHUT!
ALL RIGHT, I'M TIRED OF BEING BLIND ANYWAY
I'LL BET I CAN HAVE A LOT OF FUN WITH THAT OUTFIT
I AM BLIND
PLEASE HELP A POOR DEAF MUTE
I'LL JUST BLOW THAT OLD CHAP OFF TO A QUARTER
THERE COMES TOMMY HALFBACK. I'LL GET HIM MIXED UP WITH THAT FAKIR!
PLEASE HELP A POOR DEAF MUTE
I TROUGHT YOU WERE A DUMMY!
HURRY UP AND CHIP IN TOMMY
PLEASE HELP A POOR DEAF MUTE
VAS IS LOS?
NO I'LL PITCH IN!
AW, GO SOAK YOUR HEAD
PLEASE HELP A POOR DEAF MUTE
NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR NERVE!
YOU VAS A DUMMY, YES? YESTERDAY YOU VAS A BLINT MAN YOT!
HONEST BOSS, I AINT SAID A WORD!
PLEASE HELP A POOR DEAF MUTE
I GUESS DER SHUDGE MAKE YOU SAY SOMETINGS, NICHT WAHR?
AH THERE VAL! I'M WISE NOW. YOU'VE BEEN THROWING YOUR VOICE

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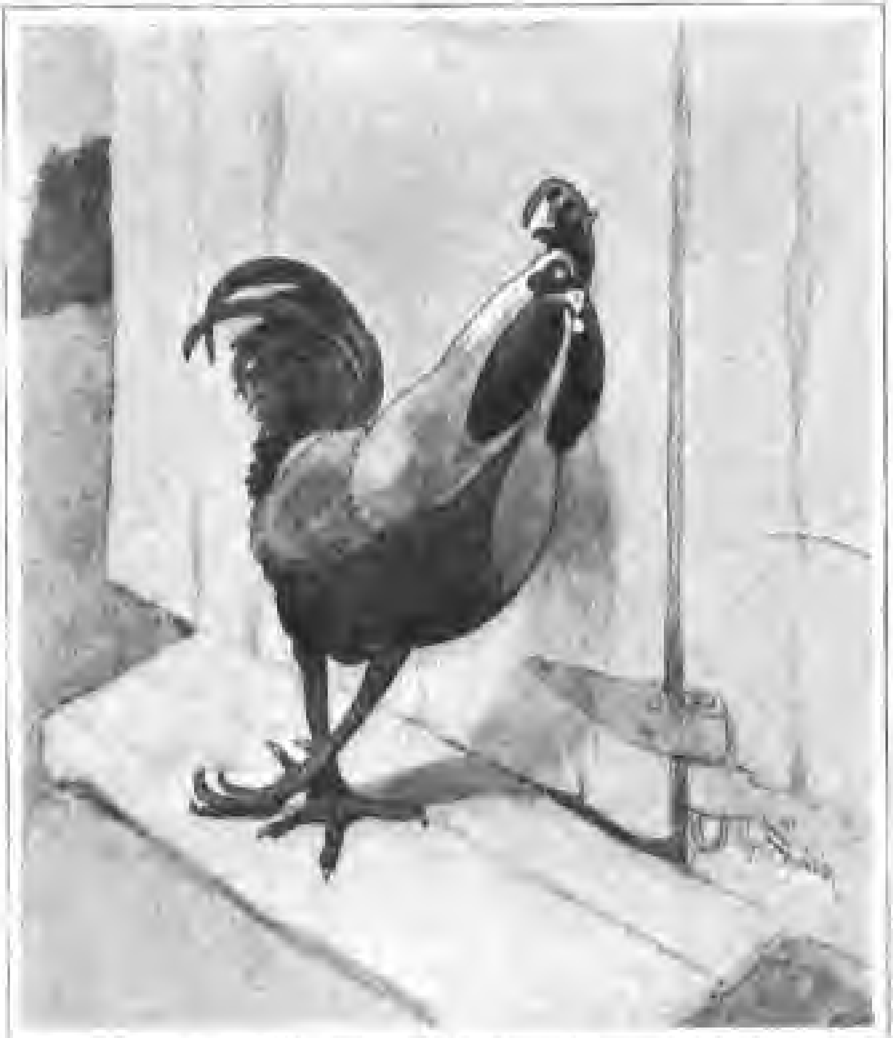

"WHAT'S THE USE, ANYWAY? NOTHING BUT
AN EGG YESTERDAY AND A FEATHER
DUSTER TO-MORROW."

After Mark Fenderson.

Reproduction in Color, 13 by 15 in.

50 cents

ANIMALDOM

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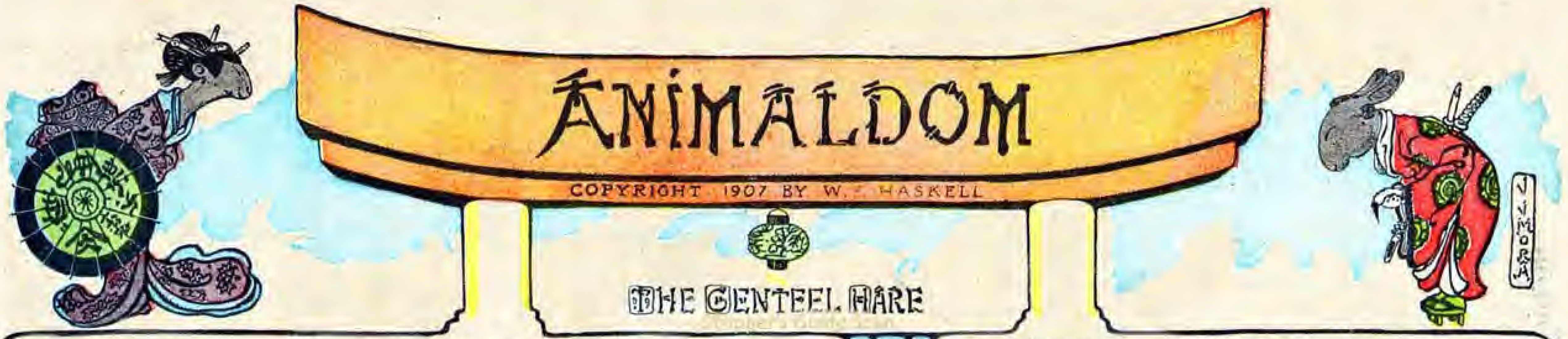
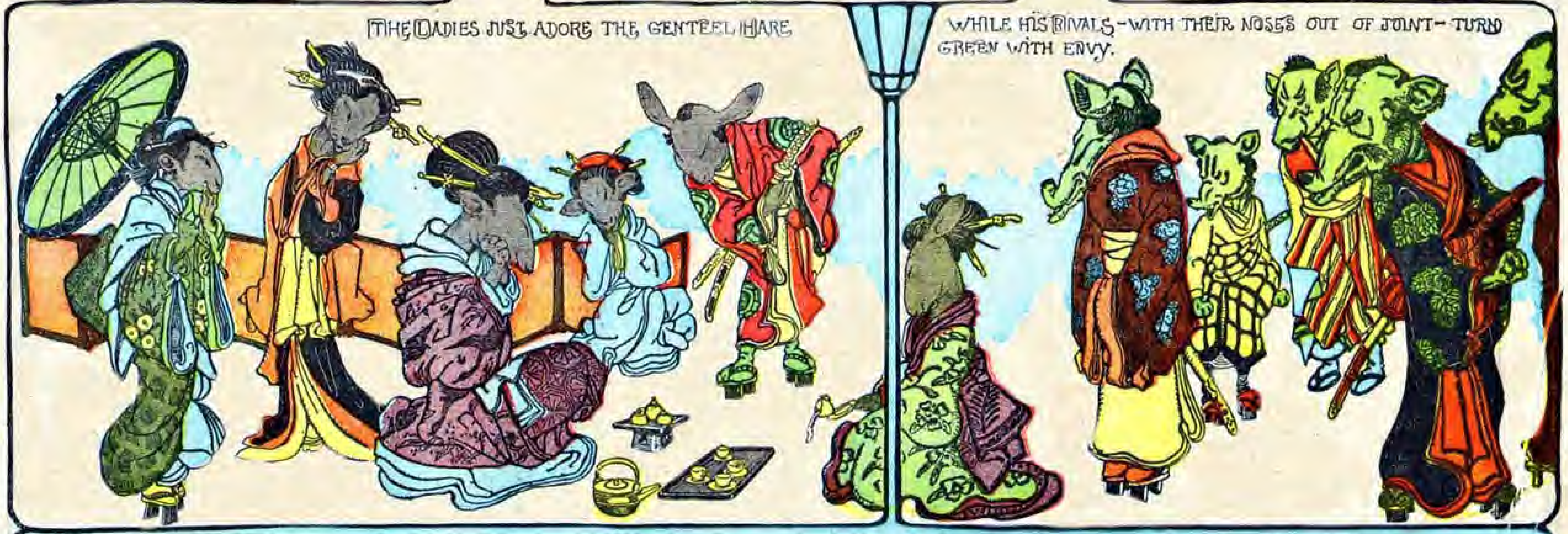
THE GENTEEL HARE




THE LADIES JUST ADORE THE GENTEEL HARE
WHILE HIS RIVALS—WITH THEIR NOSES OUT OF JOINT—TURN GREEN WITH ENVY.

In distant, flowery Nippon
Once lived a sprightly Hare,
The pink of Jap propriety;
Genteel and debonair.

At all the Teas and Sociables
The Ladies thought that he
With ways so graceful, simply was
As lovely as could be.

* * *

Now all the other Lads about,
To come right to the point,
Were green with envy, as he put
Their noses out of joint.

Then they conspired; and just to get
Revenge they hired a Bruiser,
A great, big, muscled Tapir Brute,
A much-feared Jungle cruiser.

* * *

The Tapir quickly found the Hare,
Whom grossly he insulted,
Reviling him so vilely that
A challenge soon resulted.

The Treacherous Ones, applauding much
With acclamations loud,
Laughed in their sleeves when he picked out
His second from their crowd.

This Party said a wrestling match
Would make the Duel fair.
Imagine such a thing as that—
A Tapir with a Hare!

But just the same, the Hare was game,
A first-class fighting man.
His clothes he doffed, and while all scoffed
The cruel fight began.

The Tapir charged to grasp his foe
And finish him right there—
He flourished out a wild embrace,
But only hugged the air.

In anger then he bellowed loud,
And wickedly he plunged;
He pitched, he fumed, he whirled about;
He rushed, he groaned, he lunged.

Meanwhile, the Hare just hopped about,
The ground he'd scarcely tread
As 'twixt the Bully's legs he'd whisk
Or bound clear o'er his head.

The Tapir ruined both his eyes
In watching Mr. Hare;
He almost twisted off his head
And yelled it wasn't fair.

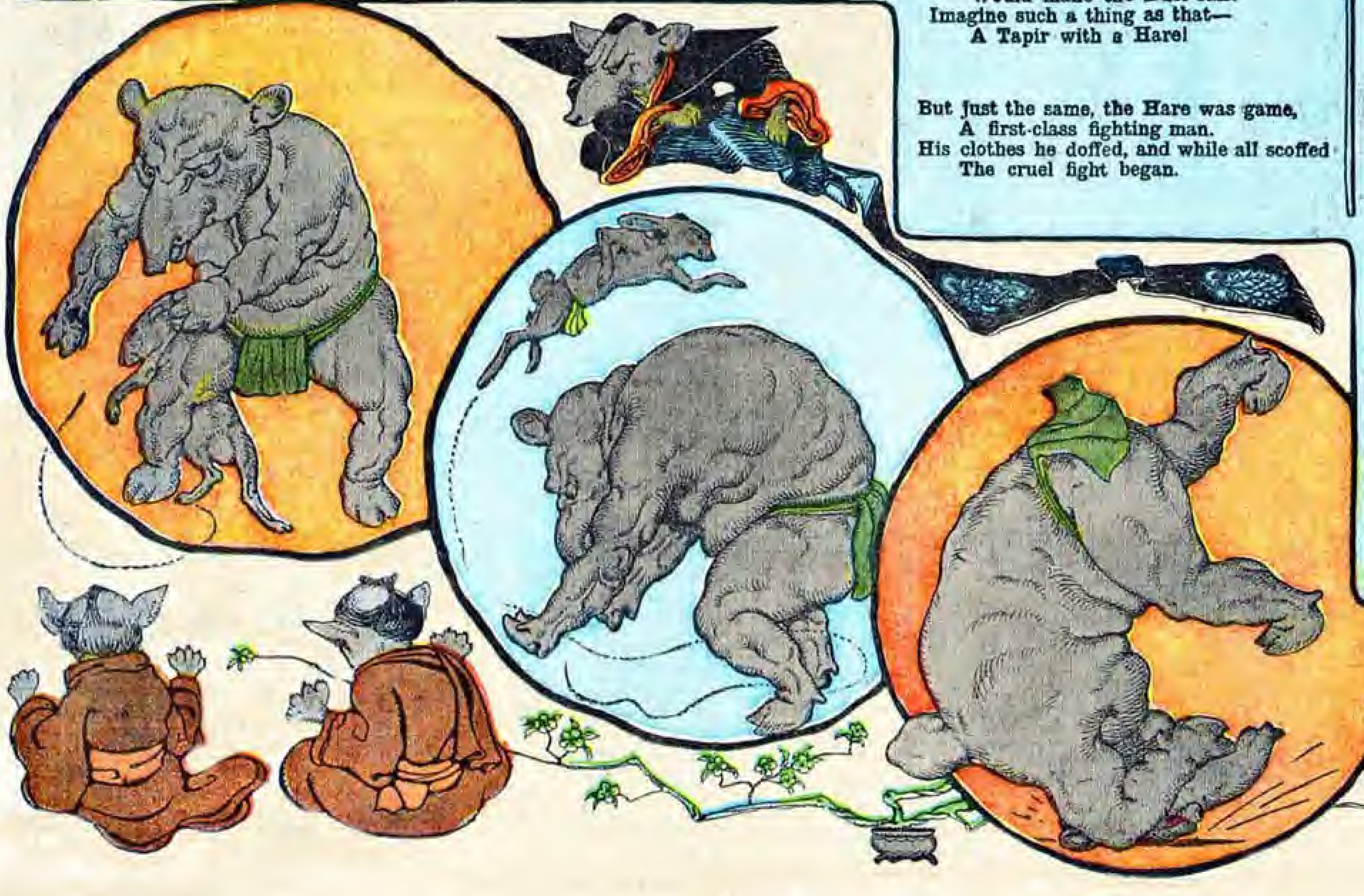
The Hare then tripped him—down he came
And moaning there he lay,
With such a bump upon his head
He'd not a word to say.

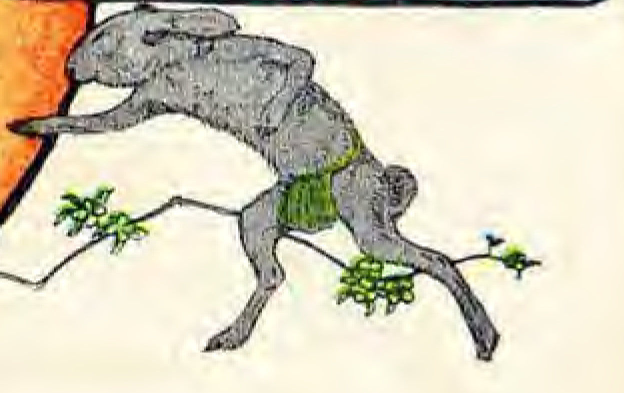
Now, this I'll add: Enormous Strength
Won't always win the fight,
For often Brainy Strategy
Does more than Brutal Might.

J. J. MORA.

* * *

Stripper's Guide Scan





Animaldom

Stripper's Guide Scan

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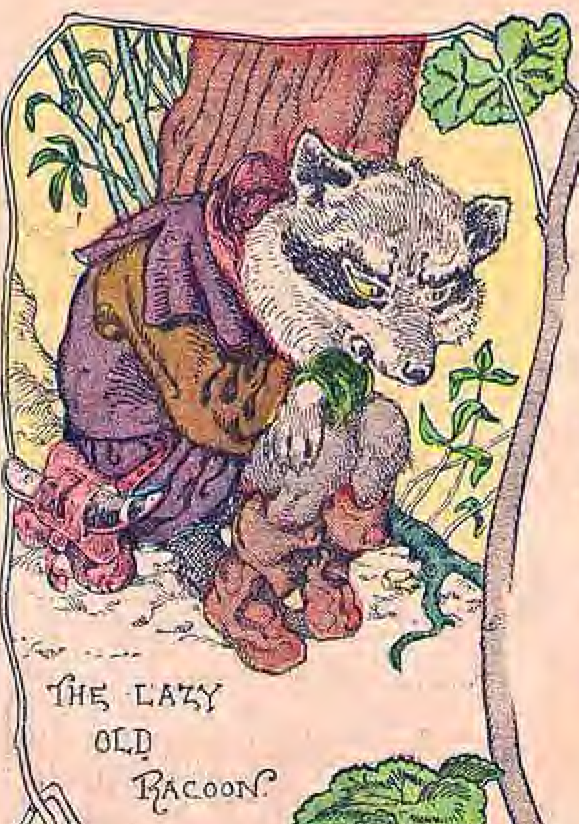
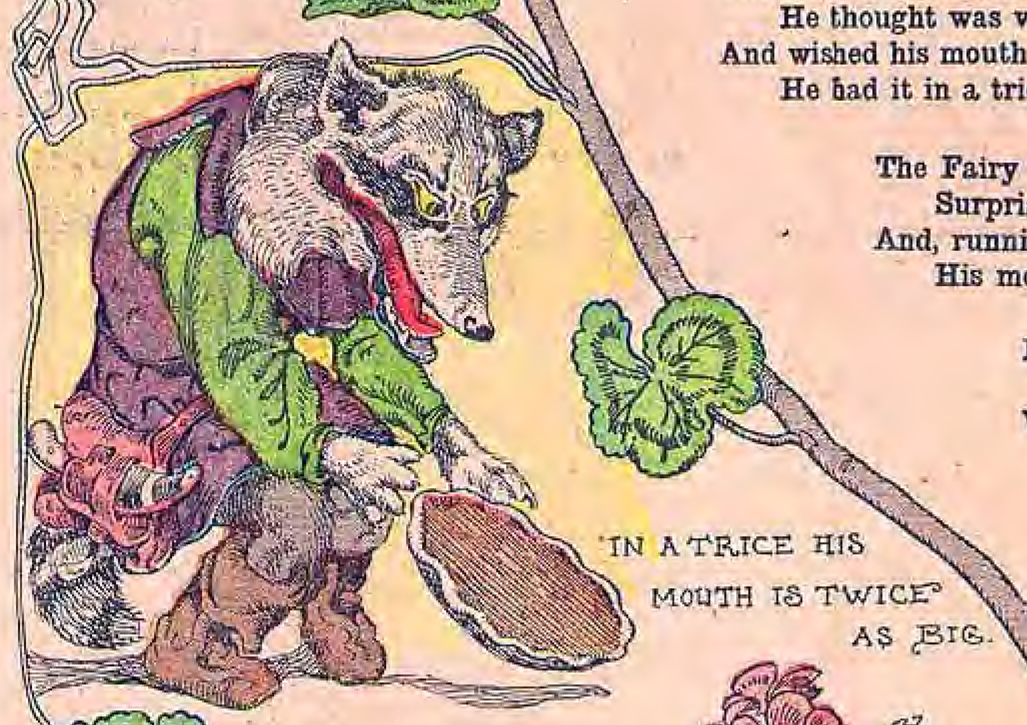
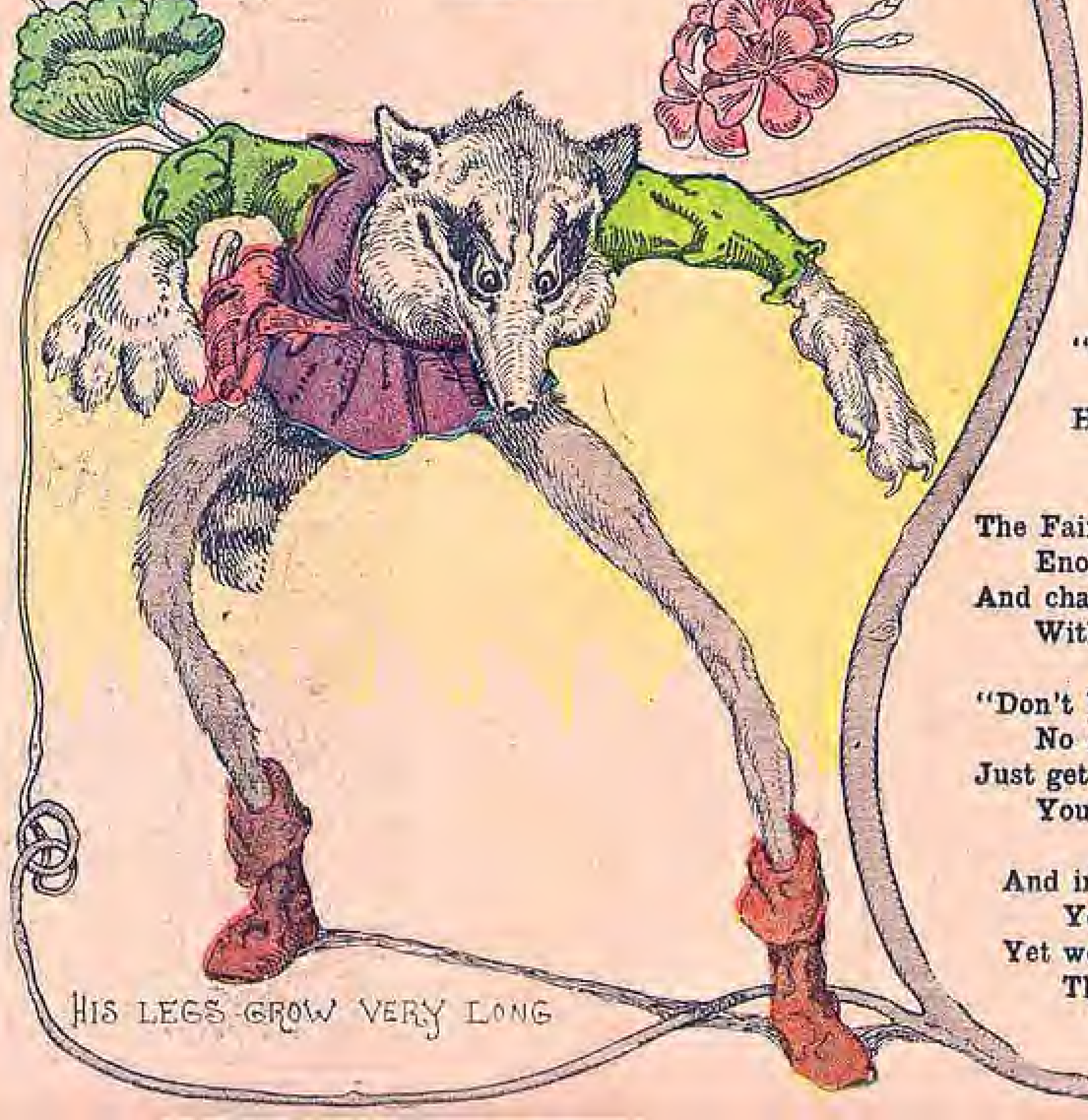
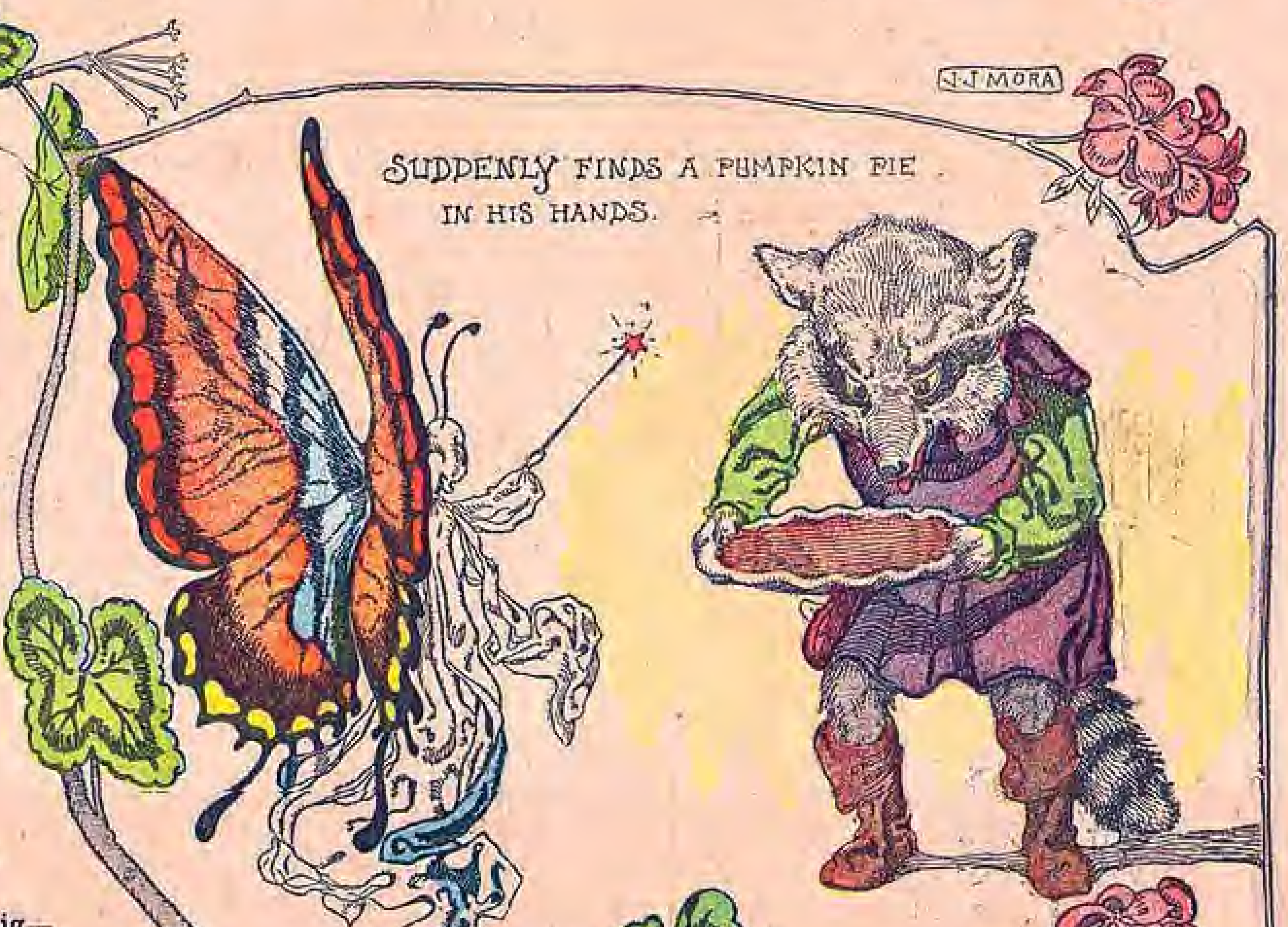
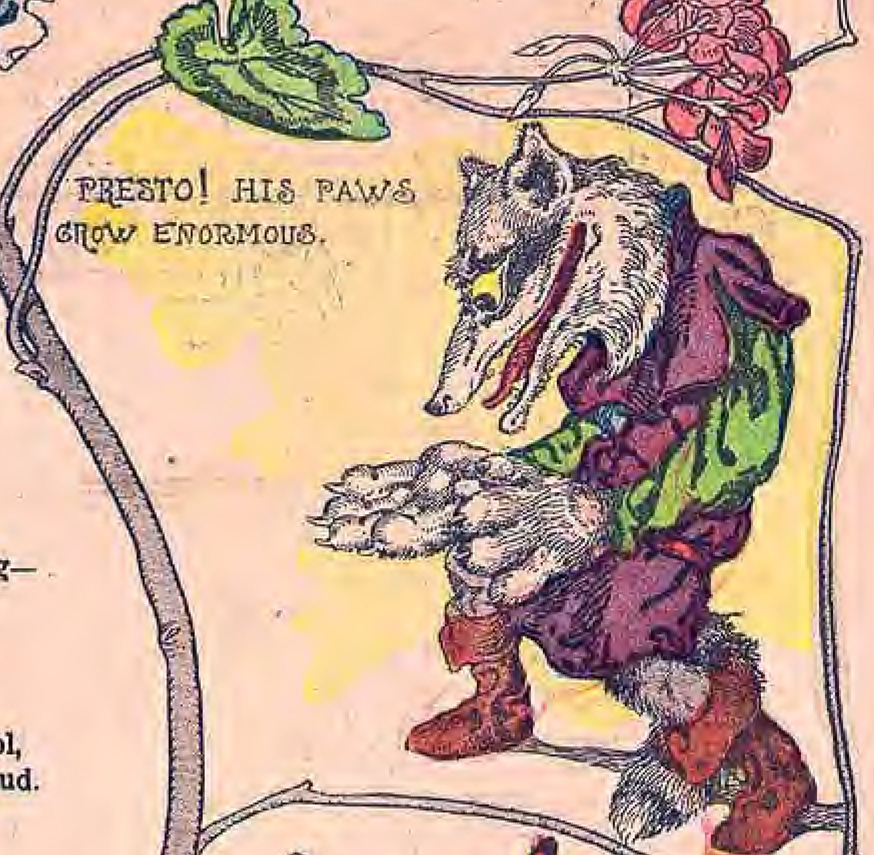
The Granted Wishes.

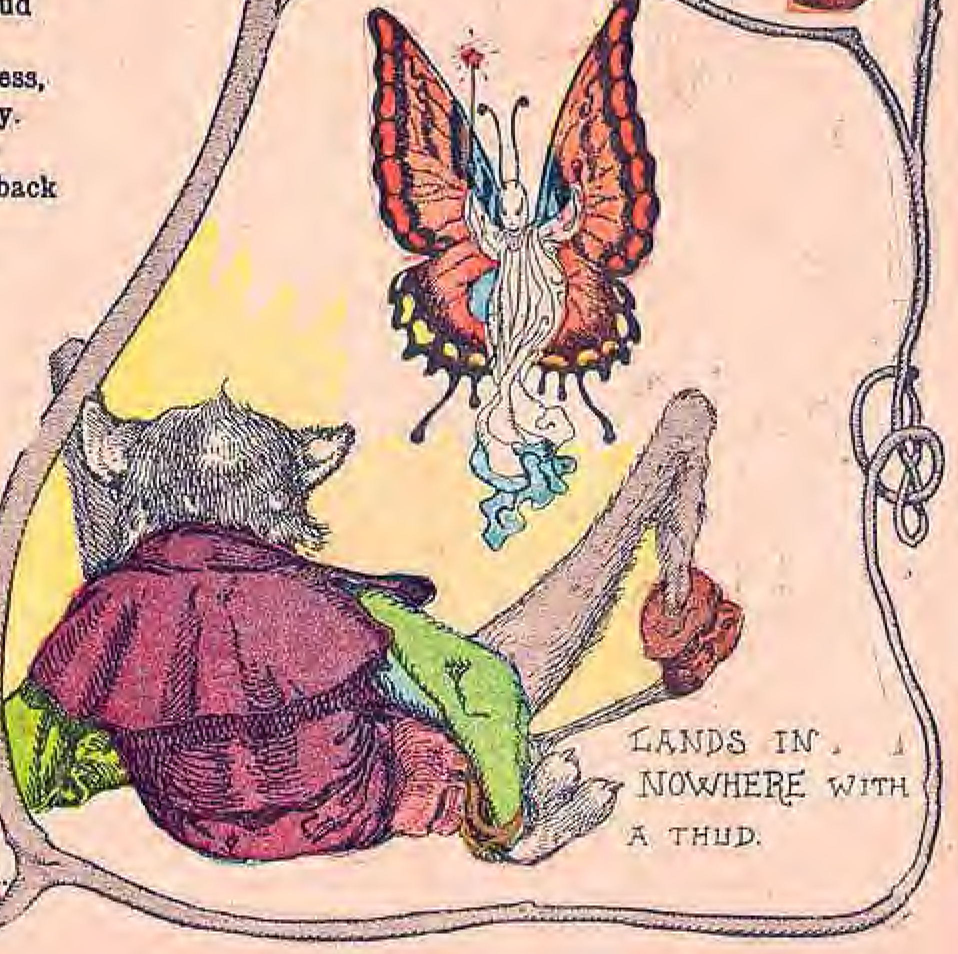

THE LAZY OLD RACOON.


IN A TRICE HIS MOUTH IS TWICE AS BIG.


HIS LEGS GROW VERY LONG


J. J. MORA
SUDDENLY FINDS A PUMPKIN PIE IN HIS HANDS.


PRESTO! HIS PAWS GROW ENORMOUS.


LANDS IN NOWHERE WITH A THUD.

A lazy, shiftless, old Racoon
Sat huddled on a tree,
Complaining that his luck had e'er
Been poor as poor could be.

His mutterings were heard that day
By a Fairy Butterfly,
Who smiled at them and then resolved
On him a joke to try.

"Look here, good friend, don't feel so blue"
And then went on to say
That all the things that he might wish
Would turn out true that day.

She touched him with her wand, and then
For Pumpkin Pie he wished;
When—Goodness Gracious!—there it was
By magic surely dished.

The Pie, so golden, large and warm,
He thought was very nice,
And wished his mouth was twice as big—
He had it in a trice!

The Fairy laughed at him for joy;
Surprised he felt his jaws,
And, running off, he tried to hide
His mouth up with his paws.

But they were small and wouldn't do;
He wished they might be great
When—Presto Chango—there they were!
He didn't have to wait.

Away he scurried e'er so fast;
To him it seemed quite slow,
And wished his legs were very long—
The next thing they were so!

"I just wish I was nowhere!"
In shame he cried aloud,
And, loosing foothold and control,
Was whirled 'round in a cloud.

He landed Nowhere with a thud
After his journey airy,
And, looking up in helplessness,
Before him saw the Fairy.

"Oh, I'll be good! Please change me back
Just as I was before,"
He cried; "I'll make no idle wish
Or grumble any more."

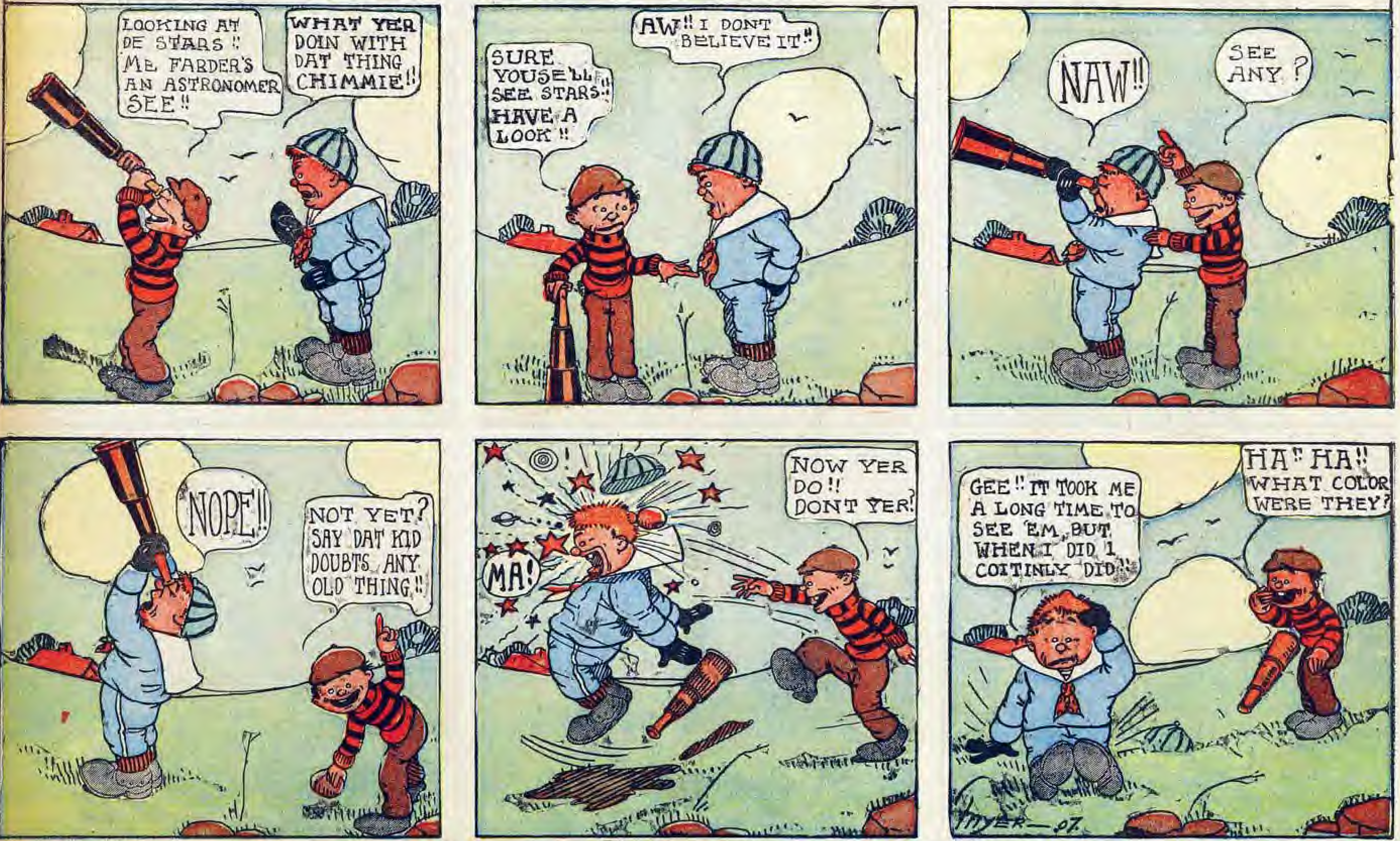
The Fairy smiled. "You are a sight!
Enough you've had today."
And changed him back the way he'd been,
With one thing more to say:

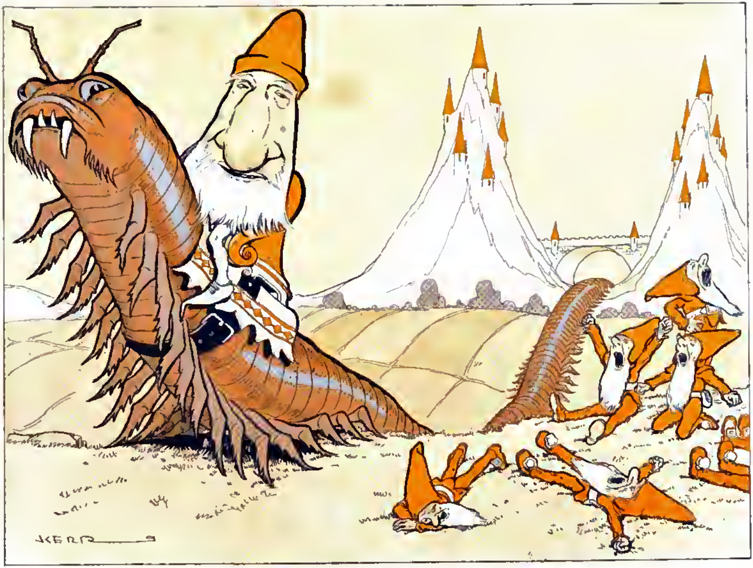
"Don't be a Growler, and assert
No luck you've ever had.
Just get to work, and you will find
Your lot will not be bad."

And in this there's a lot of Truth;
You'll win out if you try;
Yet wouldn't I just like to know
That Fairy Butterfly!

J. J. MORA.

DOUBTING THOMAS MIXES UP WITH A FEW PLANETS


WHAT YER DOIN WITH DAT THING CHIMMIE!!
LOOKING AT DE STARS!! ME FARDER'S AN ASTRONOMER SEE!!
AW!! I DONT BELIEVE IT!!
SURE YOUSE'LL SEE STARS!! HAVE A LOOK!!
SEE ANY?
NAW!!
NOPE!!
NOT YET? SAY DAT KID DOUBTS ANY OLD THING!!
MA!
NOW YER DO!! DONT YER!
HA!! HA!! WHAT COLOR WERE THEY?
GEE!! IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO SEE 'EM, BUT WHEN I DID I COITINLY DID!!
MYER—07.



All the gnomes were yawning now Page 89

HE JUST IMAGINED IT-THAT'S ALL!

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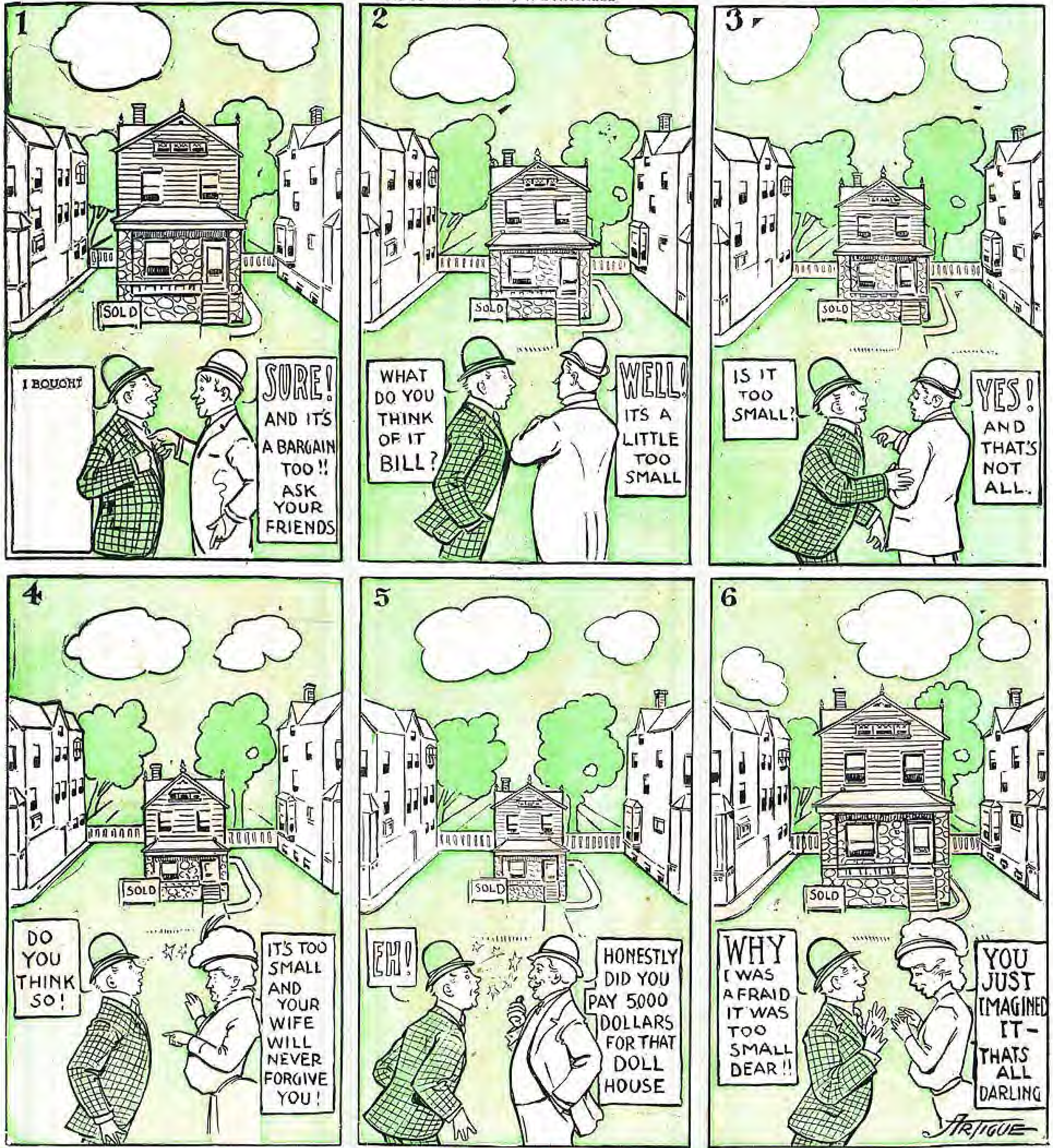
1
SOLD
I BOUGHT
SURE! AND IT'S A BARGAIN TOO!! ASK YOUR FRIENDS
2
SOLD
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT BILL?
WELL! ITS A LITTLE TOO SMALL
3
SOLD
IS IT TOO SMALL?
YES! AND THAT'S NOT ALL.
4
SOLD
DO YOU THINK SO!
IT'S TOO SMALL AND YOUR WIFE WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!
5
SOLD
EH!
HONESTLY DID YOU PAY 5,000 DOLLARS FOR THAT DOLL HOUSE
6
SOLD
WHY I WAS AFRAID IT WAS TOO SMALL DEAR!!
YOU JUST IMAGINED IT-THATS ALL DARLING
ARTIGUE

HE JUST IMAGINED IT-THAT'S ALL!

ARTIGUE

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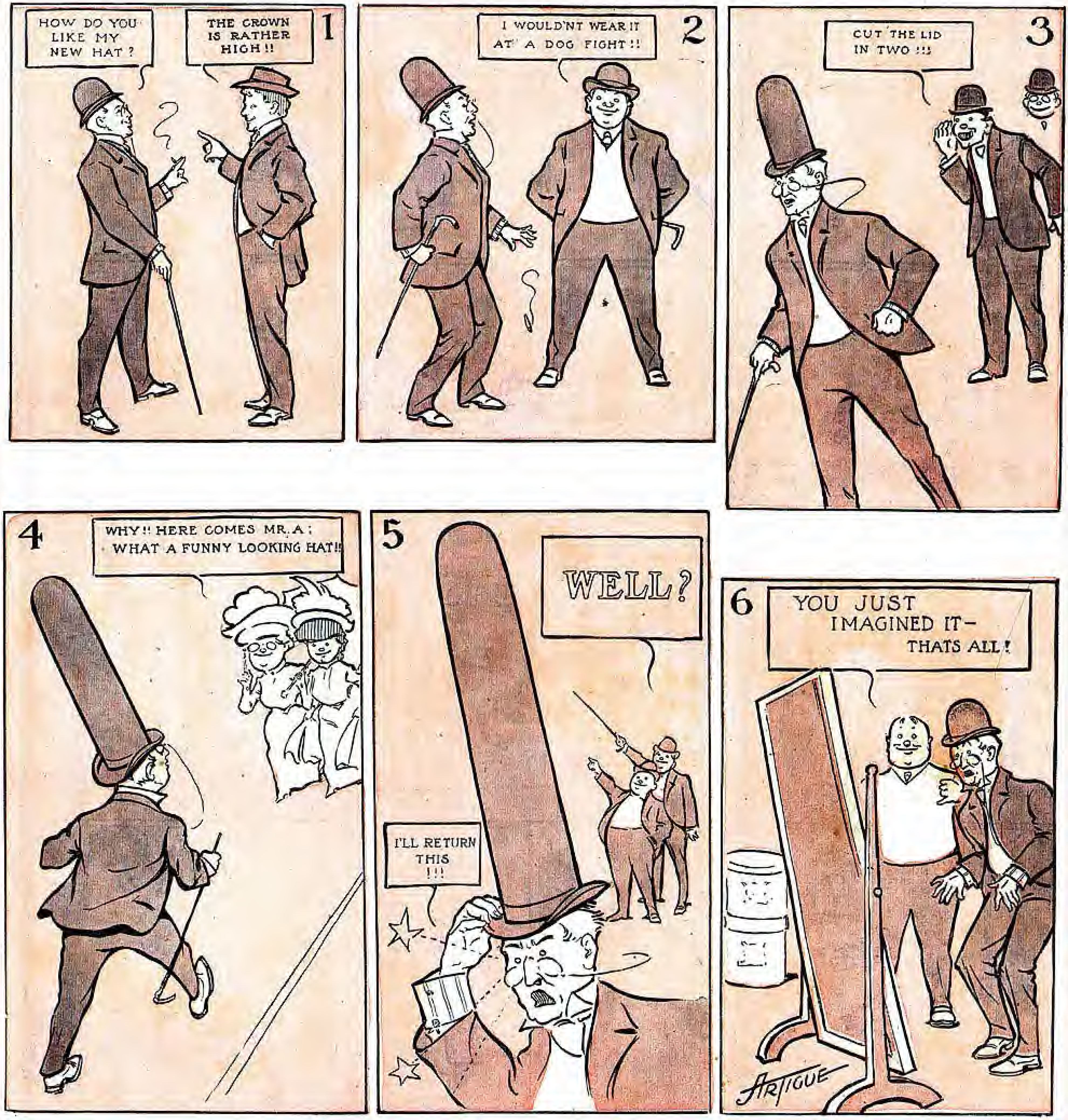
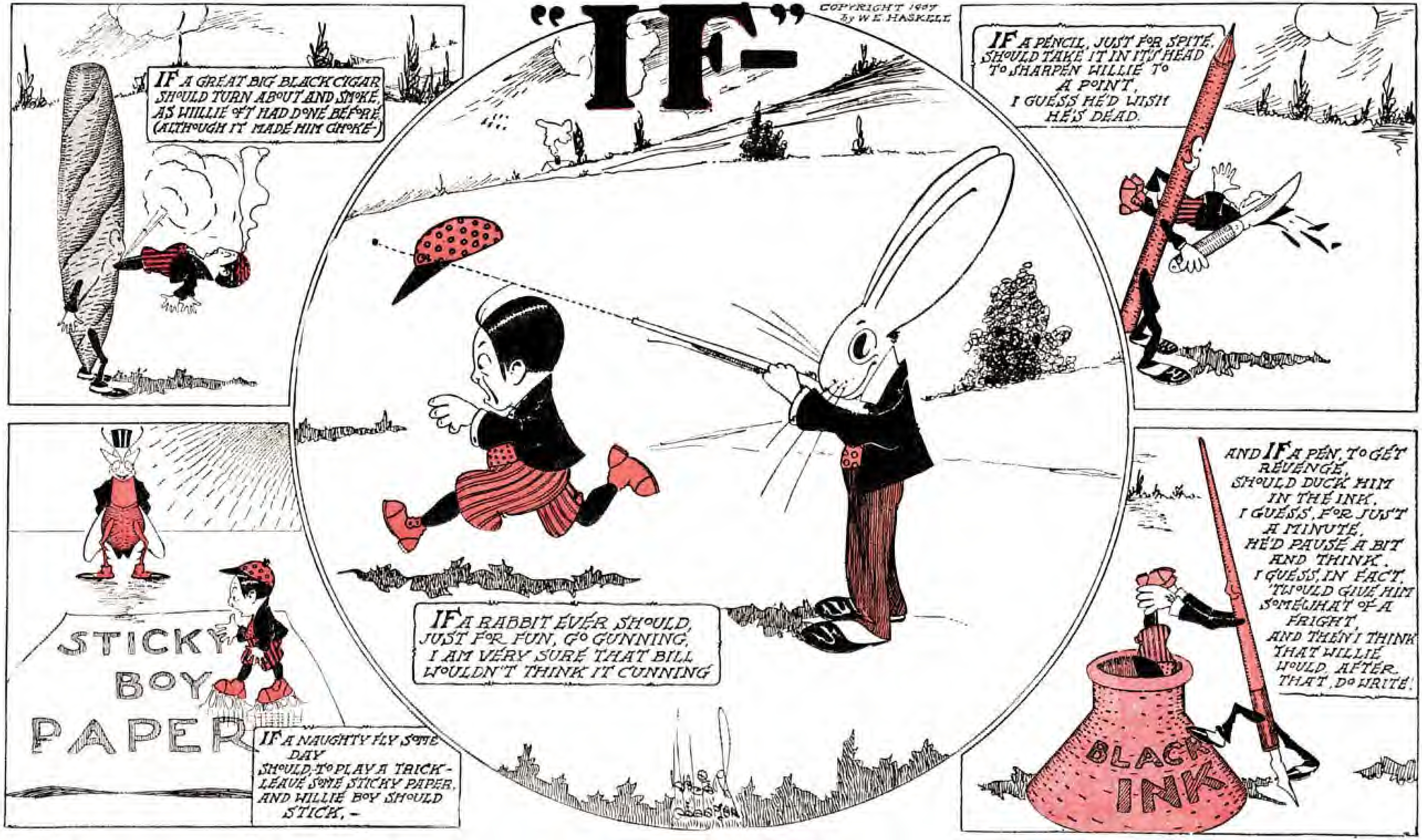

1
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT?
THE CROWN IS RATHER HIGH!!
2
I WOULD'NT WEAR IT AT A DOG FIGHT!!
3
CUT THE LID IN TWO!!!
4
WHY!! HERE COMES MR. A; WHAT A FUNNY LOOKING HAT!!
5
WELL?
I'LL RETURN THIS !!!
6
YOU JUST IMAGINED IT- THATS ALL!
ARTIGUE


"IF-"
COPYRIGHT 1907 by W. E. HASKELL
IF A GREAT BIG BLACK CIGAR SHOULD TURN ABOUT AND SMOKE, AS WILLIE OFT HAD DONE BEFORE (ALTHOUGH IT MADE HIM CHOKE-)
IF A RABBIT EVER SHOULD, JUST FOR FUN, GO GUNNING, I AM VERY SURE THAT BILL WOULDN'T THINK IT CUNNING
IF A PENCIL, JUST FOR SPITE, SHOULD TAKE IT IN IT'S HEAD TO SHARPEN WILLIE TO A POINT, I GUESS HE'D WISH HE'S DEAD.
STICKY BOY PAPER
IF A NAUGHTY FLY SOME DAY SHOULD, TO PLAY A TRICK - LEAVE SOME STICKY PAPER, AND WILLIE BOY SHOULD STICK, -
AND IF A PEN, TO GET REVENGE, SHOULD DUCK HIM IN THE INK, I GUESS, FOR JUST A MINUTE, HE'D PAUSE A BIT AND THINK. I GUESS, IN FACT, 'TWOULD GIVE HIM SOMEWHAT OF A FRIGHT, AND THEN I THINK THAT WILLIE WOULD, AFTER THAT, DO WRITE!
BLACK INK

J. M. Muggsby's Social Aspirations

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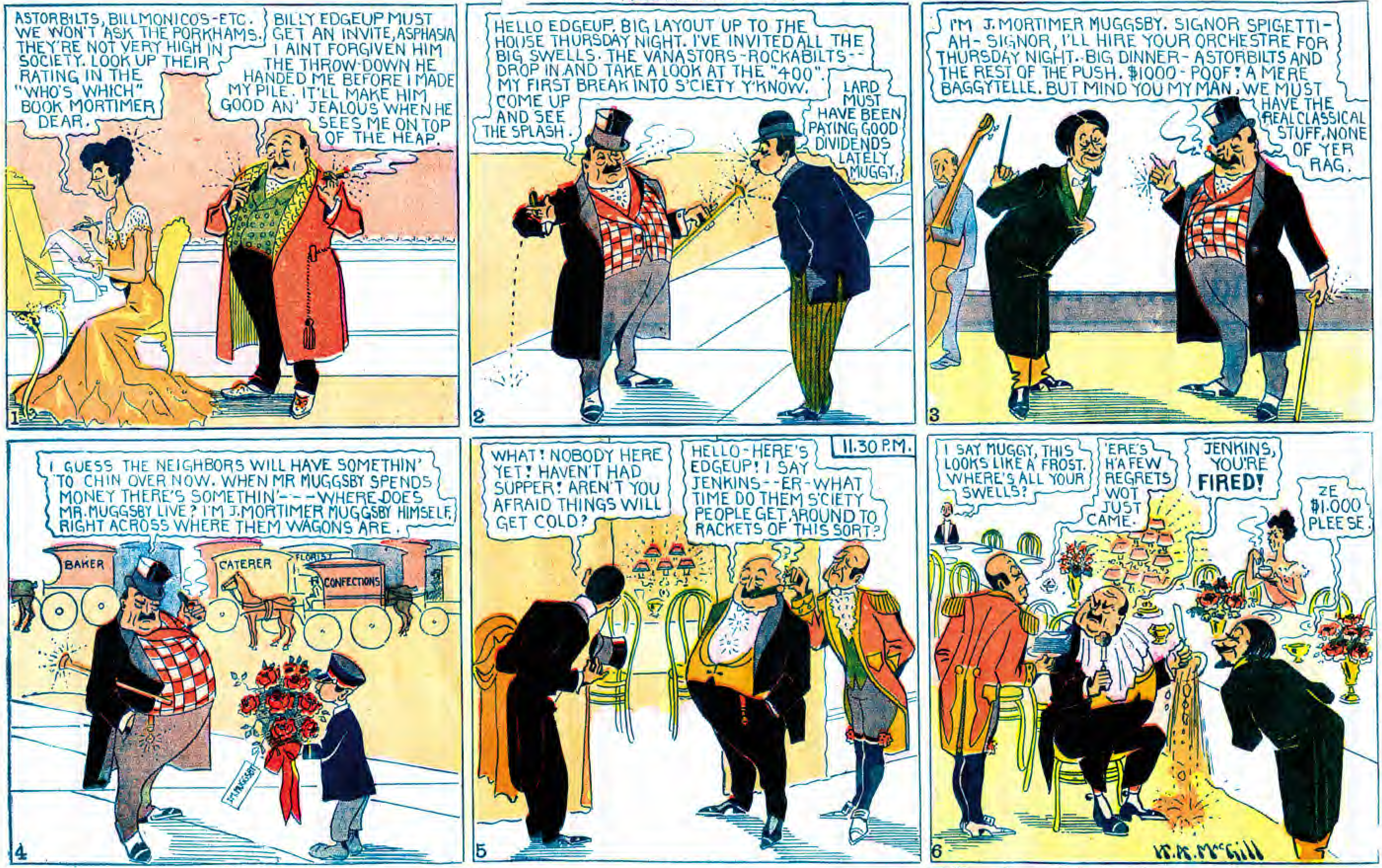
1
ASTORBILTS, BILLMONICOS - ETC. WE WON'T ASK THE PORKHAMS. THEY'RE NOT VERY HIGH IN SOCIETY. LOOK UP THEIR RATING IN THE "WHO'S WHICH" BOOK MORTIMER DEAR.
BILLY EDGEUP MUST GET AN INVITE, ASPHASIA I AINT FORGIVEN HIM THE THROW-DOWN HE HANDED ME BEFORE I MADE MY PILE. IT'LL MAKE HIM GOOD AN' JEALOUS WHEN HE SEES ME ON TOP OF THE HEAP.
2
HELLO EDGEUP. BIG LAYOUT UP TO THE HOUSE THURSDAY NIGHT. I'VE INVITED ALL THE BIG SWELLS. THE VANASTORS - ROCKABILTS -- DROP IN AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE "400". MY FIRST BREAK INTO S'CIETY Y'KNOW. COME UP AND SEE THE SPLASH.
LARD MUST HAVE BEEN PAYING GOOD DIVIDENDS LATELY MUGGY.
3
I'M J. MORTIMER MUGGSBY. SIGNOR SPIGETTI - AH - SIGNOR, I'LL HIRE YOUR ORCHESTRE FOR THURSDAY NIGHT. BIG DINNER - ASTORBILTS AND THE REST OF THE PUSH. $1000 - POOF! A MERE BAGGYTELLE. BUT MIND YOU MY MAN, WE MUST HAVE THE REAL CLASSICAL STUFF, NONE OF YER RAG.
4
I GUESS THE NEIGHBORS WILL HAVE SOMETHIN' TO CHIN OVER NOW. WHEN MR MUGGSBY SPENDS MONEY THERE'S SOMETHIN' --- WHERE DOES MR. MUGGSBY LIVE? I'M J. MORTIMER MUGGSBY HIMSELF. RIGHT ACROSS WHERE THEM WAGONS ARE.
BAKER
CATERER
FLORIST
CONFECTIONS
J.M. MUGGSBY
5
11.30 P.M.
WHAT! NOBODY HERE YET! HAVEN'T HAD SUPPER! AREN'T YOU AFRAID THINGS WILL GET COLD?
HELLO - HERE'S EDGEUP! I SAY JENKINS -- ER - WHAT TIME DO THEM S'CIETY PEOPLE GET AROUND TO RACKETS OF THIS SORT?
6
I SAY MUGGY, THIS LOOKS LIKE A FROST. WHERE'S ALL YOUR SWELLS?
'ERE'S H'A FEW REGRETS WOT JUST CAME.
JENKINS, YOU'RE FIRED!
ZE $1.000 PLEESE.
W.K. McGILL

THE LAD THAT LOVED A LADY!

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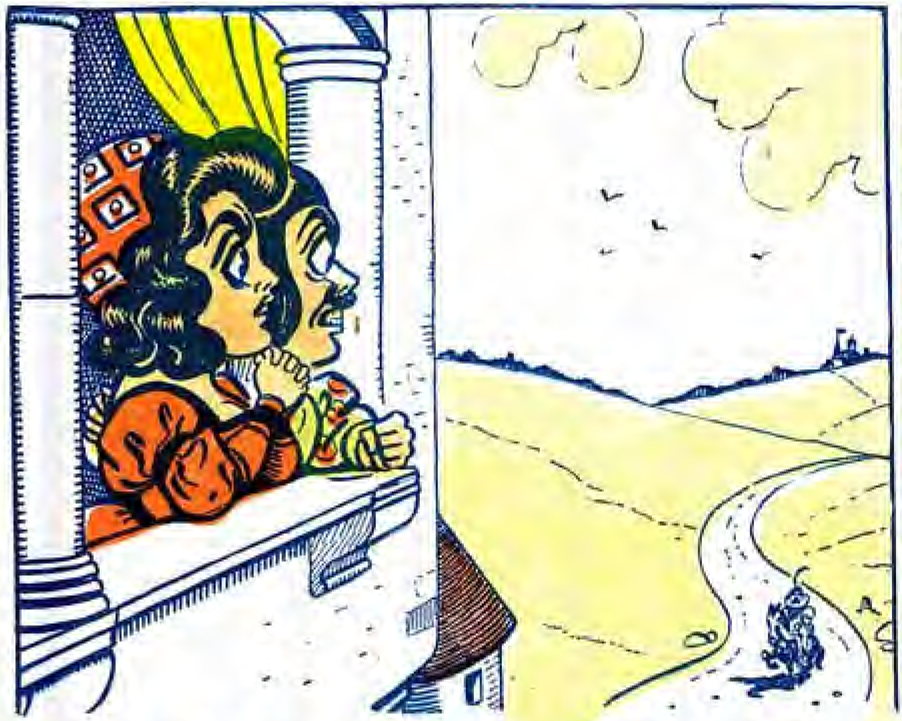
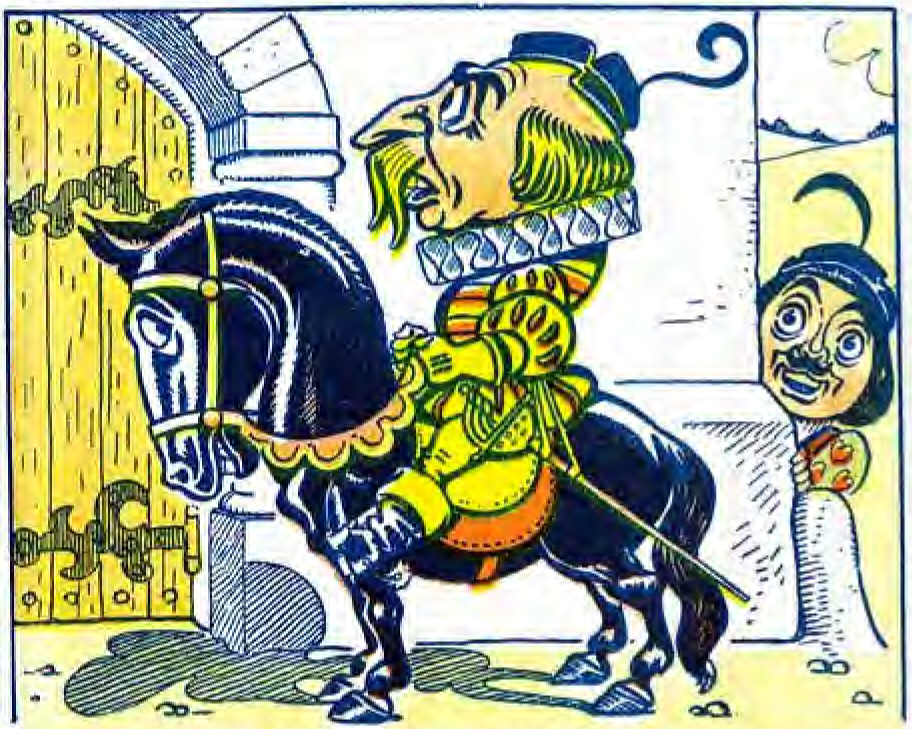


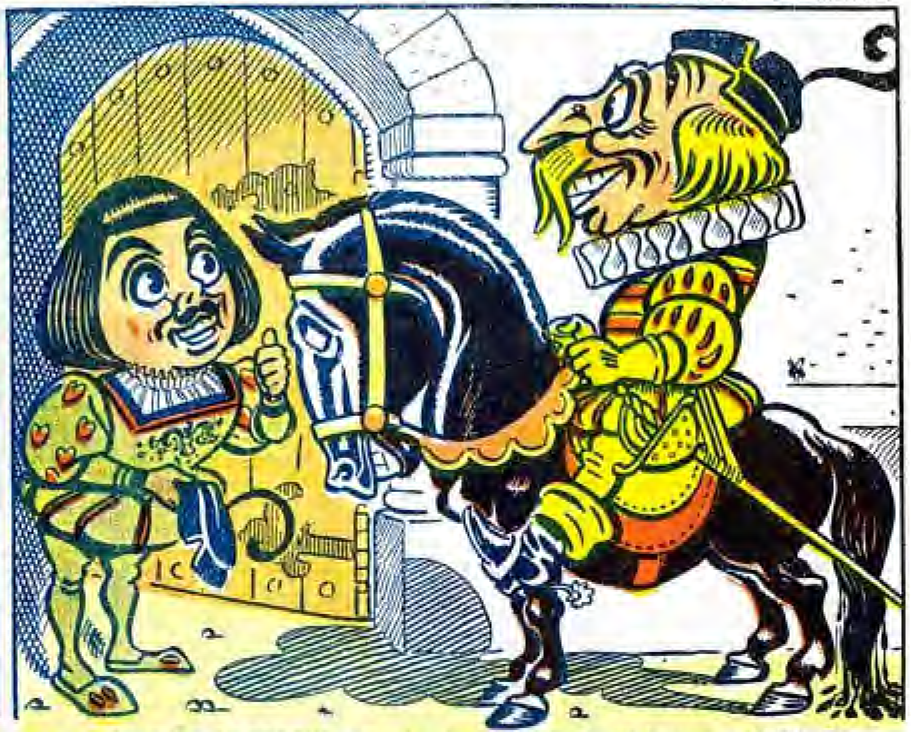
1. ISABEL: "Oh, Alonzo, look! See, the Duke of Giltrocks comes again to force his suit upon me. Oh, can't you get rid of him before he has a chance to make his proposal?"

ALONZO: "By my faith, I will. How I do not know, but my love for thee will find a way."



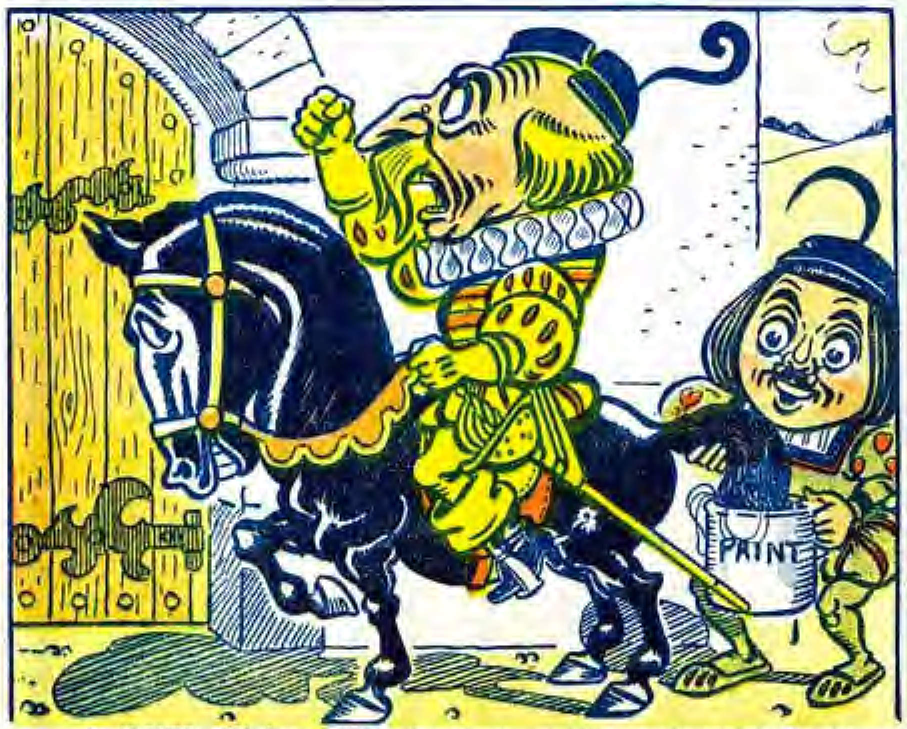
2. DUKE OF GILTROCKS: "Ho, within there! Warder, halberdier, varlets, open the gate to admit the valiant and courtly Duke of Giltrocks, suitor to the hand of thy mistress, fair Isabel!"

ALONZO: "By Venus! Methinks I see a method that will settle him."



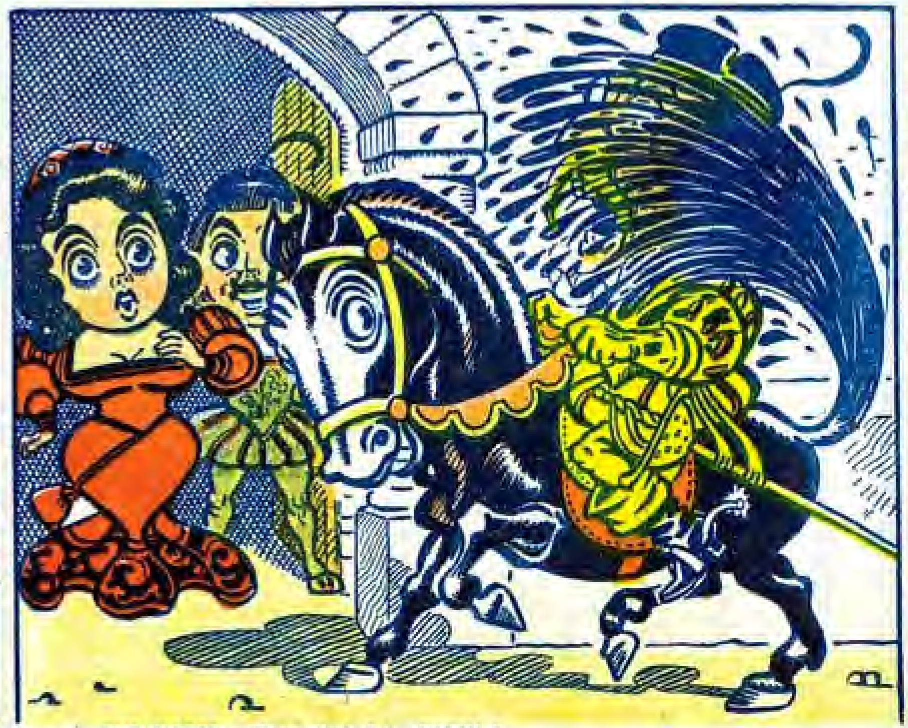
3. DUKE OF GILTROCKS: "Ho, ho, ho, HO! Dost not hear me within? By my halidome, thy tardiness and neglect I will this day report unto your master, the Earl. Open the gates, I say!"

ALONZO (aside): "This paint will not do a thing when the horse swishes his tail at a fly."



4. ALONZO: "We beg your Grace's patience. My fair mistress cometh, but she requests that you remain upon your beautiful charger, so that she may admire the noble beast and your dignified mien and bearing."

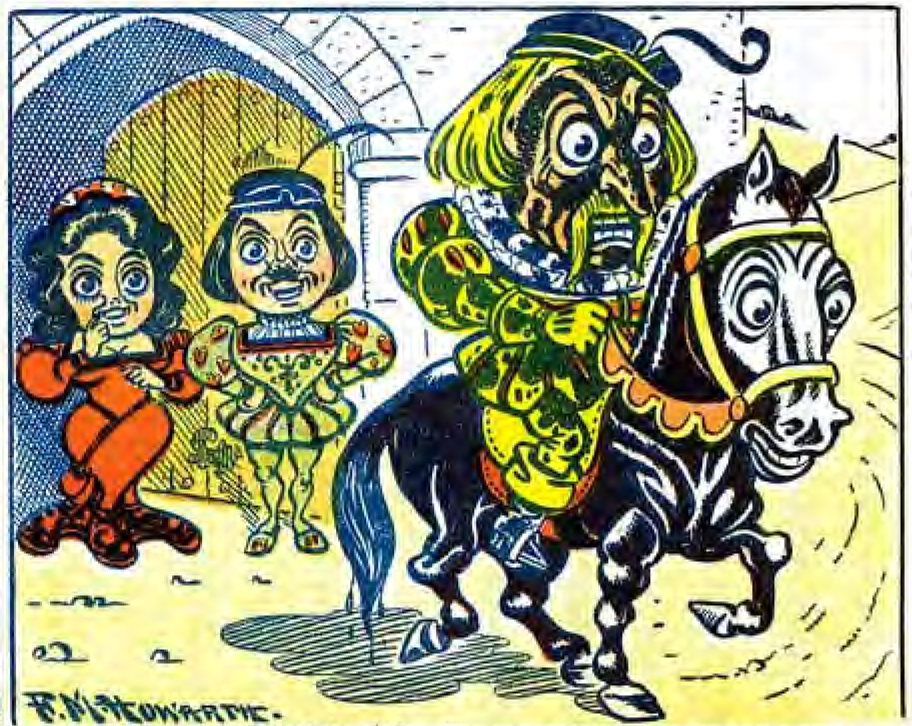
DUKE OF GILTROCKS: "Gadzooks! I believe I win her at last!"



5. THE HORSE: "Darn that fly! SWISH!"

DUKE OF GILTROCKS: "WEOW! The flood has come! Ye gods! I am undone!"

ISABEL: "By my faith, but the Duke carries a peculiar paint brush."



6. ISABEL: "Well, good day, Duke. Thy painting lesson was certainly a novel entertainment."

ALONZO: "Why not tarry, my lord? The Earl would be glad to see thee, I'm sure."

DUKE OF GILTROCKS: "By St. George! I'm bewitched, of a surety! S'death! If I find out the varlet who putteth these spells upon me!"

Hurrah! The Lad Married the Lady!

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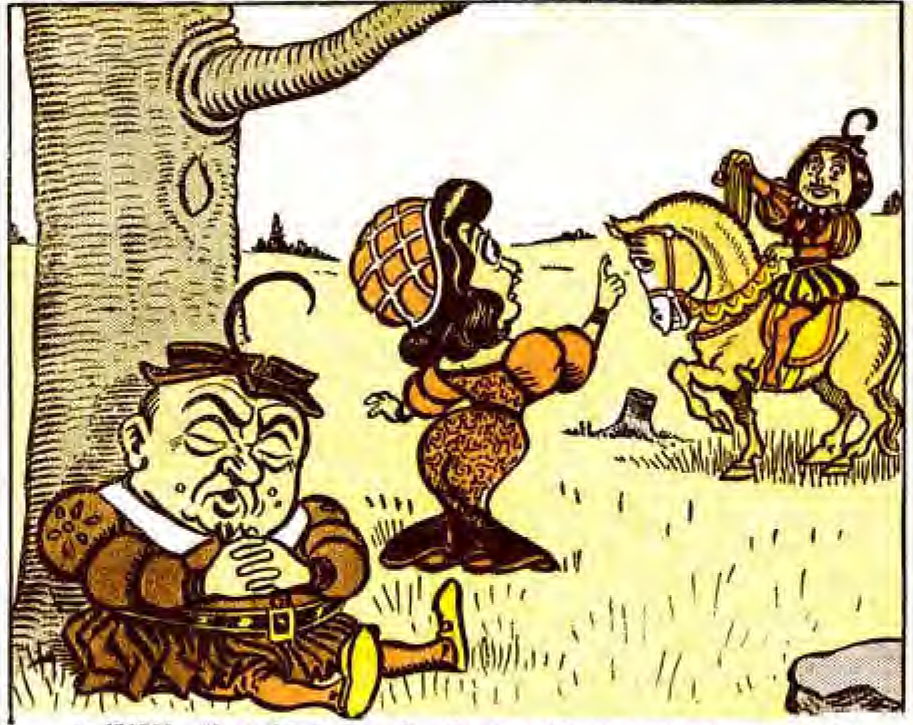
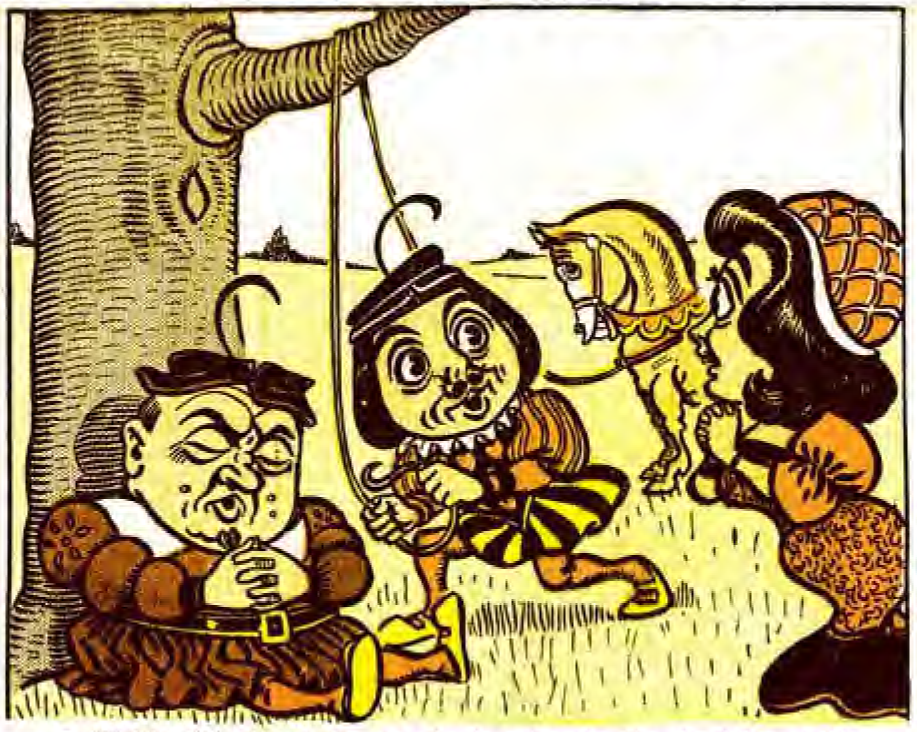


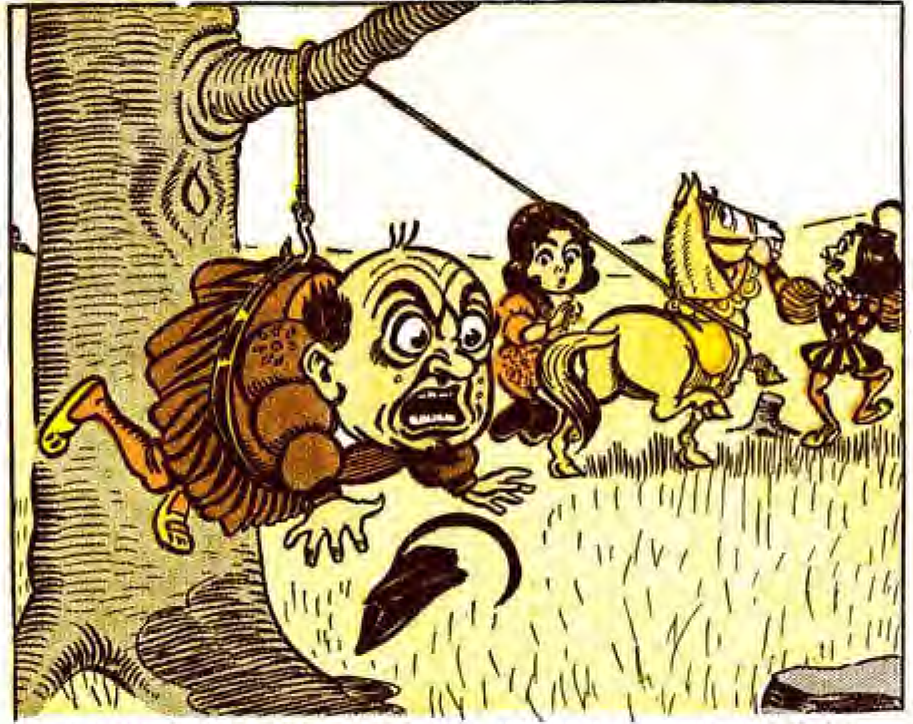
1. ISABEL: "S-s-s-sh! Popper sleepeth! Dear Alonzo, come not near. 'S faith! My father is in a bad humor, asleep or awake."

ALONZO: "By Venus, sweetheart, fear thou naught. I have here the tie that will soon bind us together."



2. ISABEL: "Oh, Alonzo, for my sake do not awake him, for father at this time is like unto a bear with a sore head."

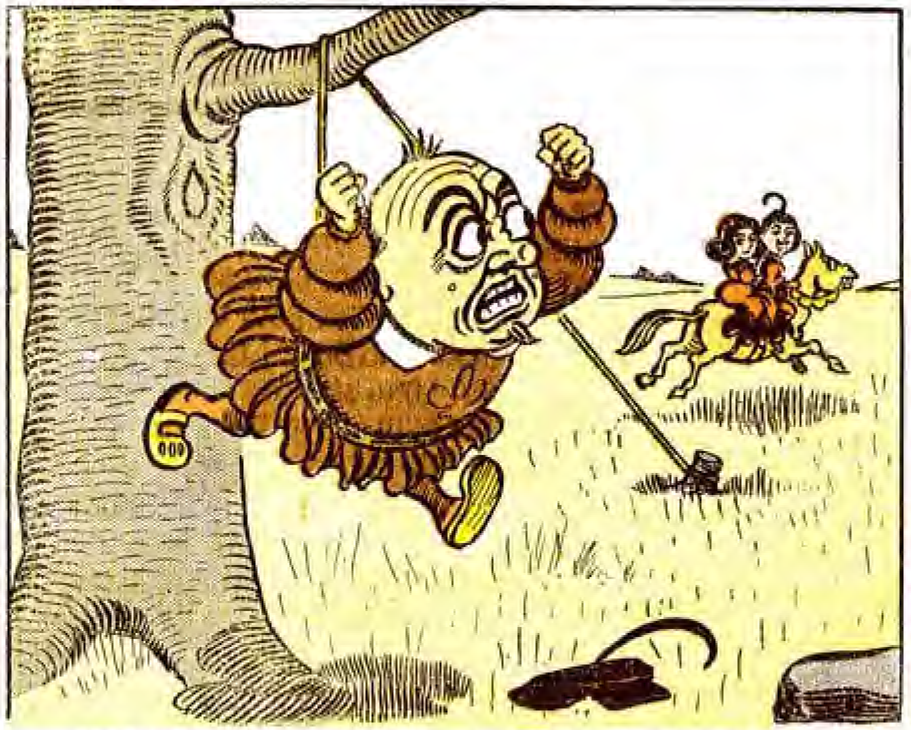
ALONZO: "Fear not, sweet one. I will give him the hook, and thus suspend his animosity until he has forsworn his dislike to me as a suitor."



3. ALONZO: "Step forth, my noble steed, step forth! Knowest thou well that love will find a way."

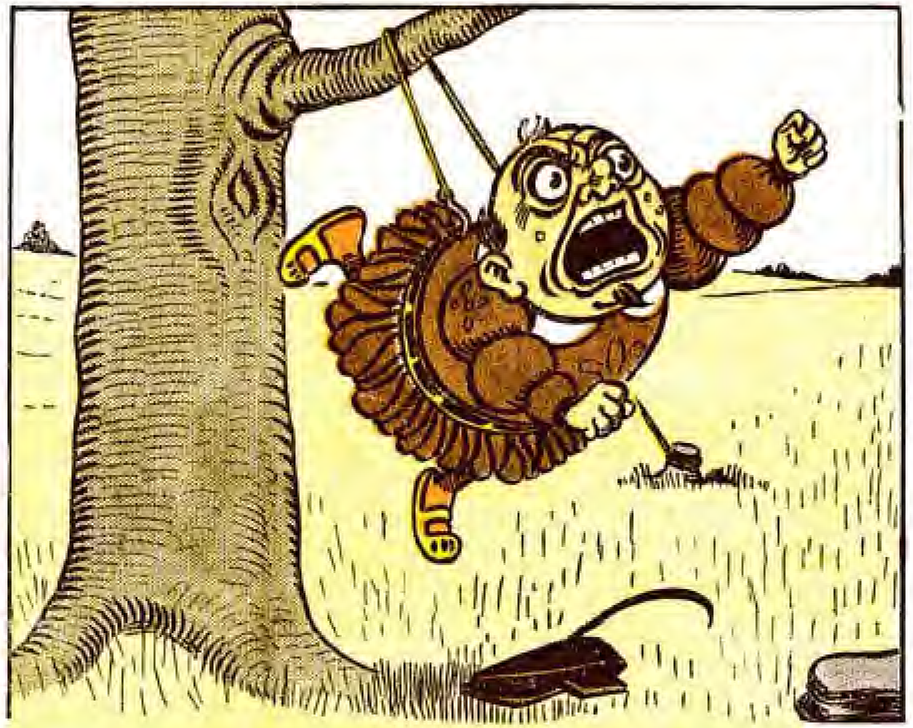
ISABEL: "Oh, Alonzo. be careful."

EARL OF SOURFACE: "By my halidom! 'S death! This elevation is beyond my comprehension."

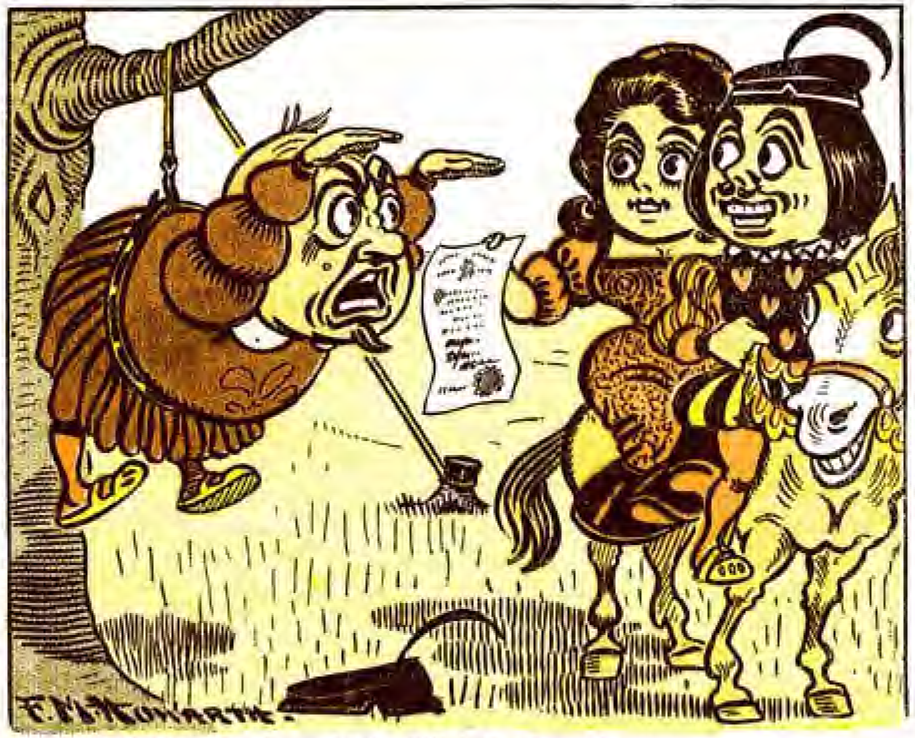


4. EARL OF SOURFACE: "'Ods wounds! 'Ods blood! I see your game! Let me down! I will have your life! Help! HELP! HELP!"

ALONZO: "Good bye, Popper! Good bye!"



5. EARL OF SOURFACE. "HELP! HIRELINGS! HALBERDIERS! Ye gods! On this desert waste and none to succor! OUTWITTED! OUTDONE!"



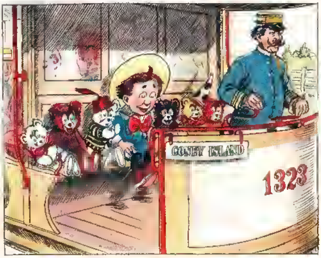
6. ALONZO (a few hours later): "All hail! Popper!"

ISABEL: "Yes, father, all is now settled. We are wedded. See my marriage certificate."

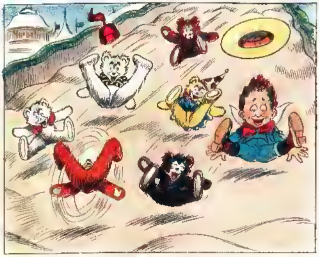
EARL OF SOURFACE: "Ye gods! Just let me down! 'Tis no use my kicking against the fates. Bless you, my children, bless you."

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

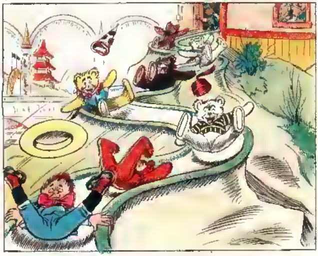
THEY "DO" CONEY ISLAND, SLIDE THE "BUMP-THE-BUMPS," EAT CORN AND CANDY AND THEN "GO BROKE"—WHICH IS NOT UNUSUAL AT CONEY.



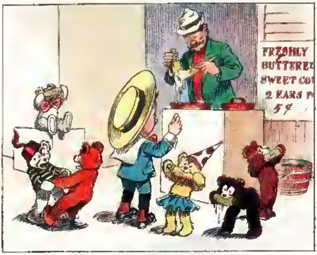
1. How happy now the Teddies are
Aboard a Coney Island car,
And speeding to the place renowned
Where gayety and noise abound!



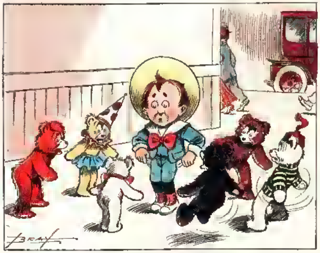
2. And first they try the "Bump-the-Bumps,"
A smooth hill full of funny humps.
O'er the lumps they slide with shrieks,
And laughingly land below in heaps.



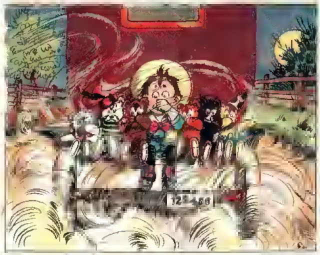
3. Then down the "Helter-Skelter" slide
John and the Teddies swiftly glide.
John turns a flip-flop, and the Teds
Do half the steep course on their heads.



4. And next they eat—such hungry imps!—
Cakes, candy, peanuts, whole fried shrimps.
And last upon sweet corn they fall,
And bolt it down, corn, cob and all.



5. And now the glorious day is done.
What loads and heaps and stacks of fun!
But why these looks disconsolate?
In the next verse we'll plainly state.



6. You see, as happens oft at Coney,
John and the Teds spent all their money.
In this sad state they have to steal
Their way home on an automobile.

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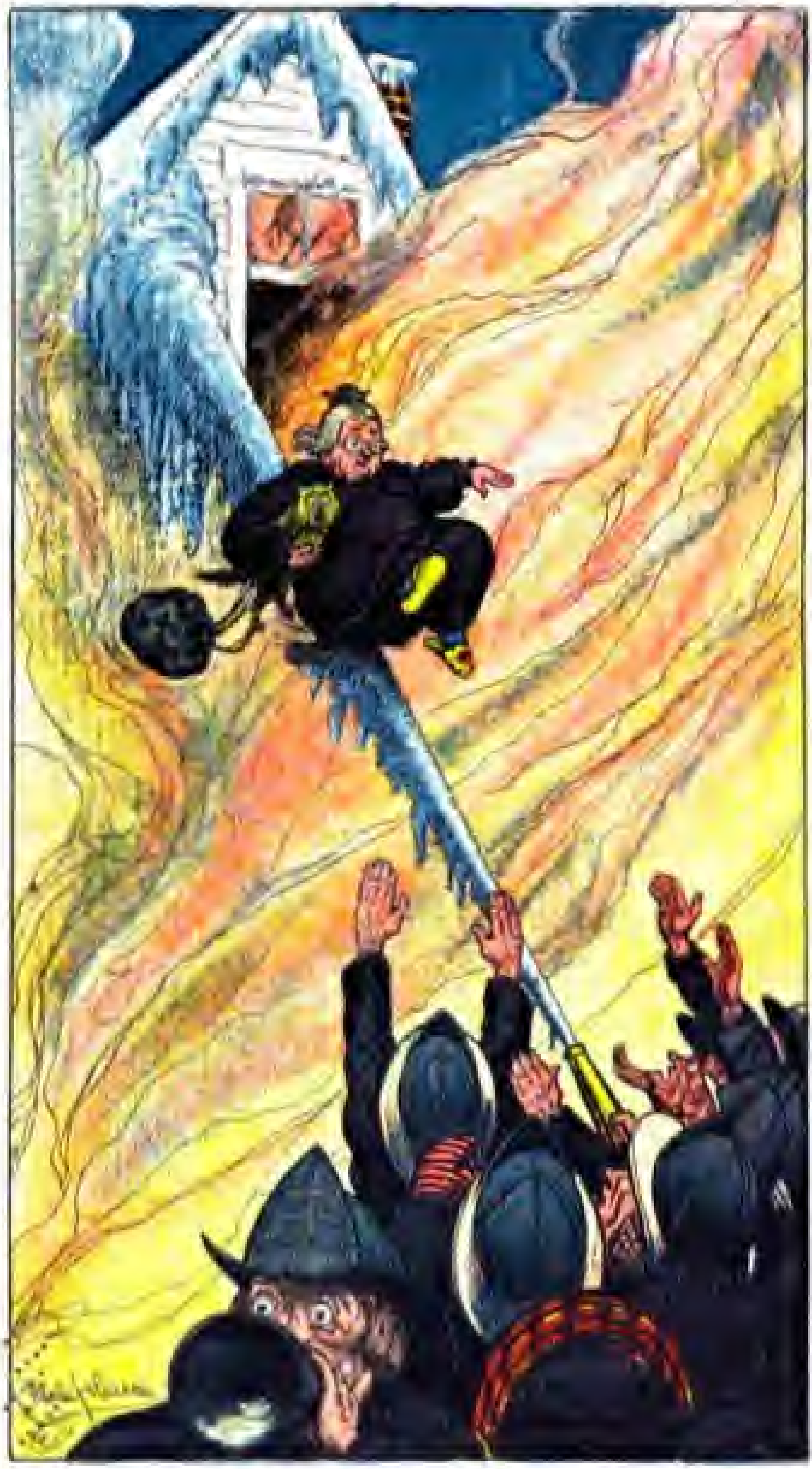
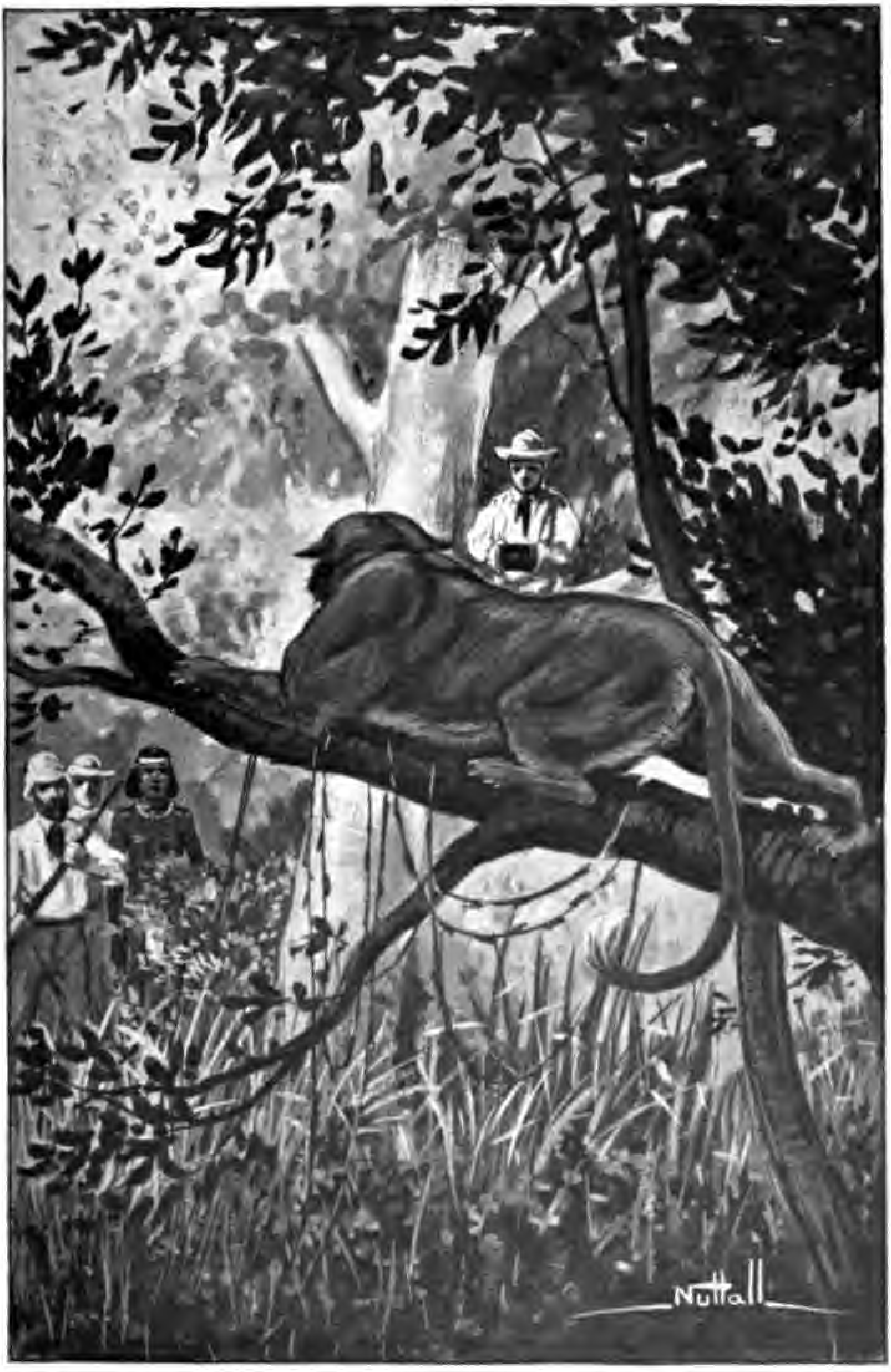


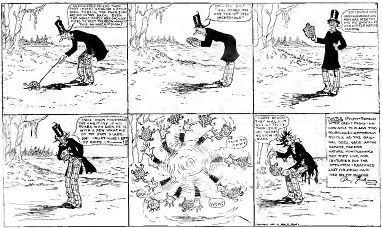
Slid down the frozen stream to friends and safety below.

THE YARN OF THE INVENTIVE VAMP.

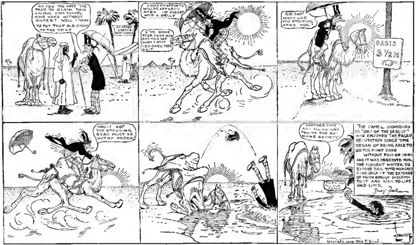


MARK WAS TAKING ONE CAMERA SHOT AFTER ANOTHER OF THE SAVAGE BEAST. — *Page 24.*

PROF. FAKEM THE NATURALIST


AH MY HUMBLE FRIEND THOU DOST INDEED REQUIRE A STOUT SHELL TO BEAR THE FAKES THAT ARE LAID ON THY BACK. EVEN THE WORLD ITSELF WAS ONCE SUPPOSED TO REST THEREON—WHAT'S THIS AN INSCRIPTION?
UM—M—UM" "BILL JONES FRIDAY THE 13th 1776" INCREDIBLE!
EVIDENTLY SOME UNSCRUPULOUS SEAMAN HAS BEEN TRYING HIS JACK KNIFE AT A LITTLE NATURE FAKING.
I WILL SOON FRUSTRATE THE AMBITIONS OF MR. JONES, WHO EVER HE IS, WITH A FEW WHACKS OF MY OWN BLADE—UM! I MUST HAVE LEFT MY KNIFE AT——!?
TAKE 'EM OFF!
OUCH!
WOW!
I HAVE HEARD THEY WILL NOT LET GO 'TIL IT THUNDERS AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF RAIN.
TURTLE (Soupus-Tortoneus) AFTER GREAT PAINS I AM NOW ABLE TO CLASS THIS FOUR-LEGGED AMPHIBIOUS REPTILE AS THE ORIGINAL SHELL GAME AMONG NATURE FAKERS NATURE MONTEBANKS SAY THEY LIVE FOR CENTURIES BUT THE SPECIMEN I EXAMINED LOST ITS HEAD AND DIED ON MY HANDS
Prof Fakem

PROF. FAKEM THE NATURALIST


SO YOU TOO HAVE THE FACE TO CLAIM THIS ANIMAL CAN TRAVEL NINE DAYS WITHOUT WATER? WELL I MEAN TO PUT THAT OLD STORY TO THE TEST
AL HASSEN LIVERY & BOARD STABLE
I HOPE MY EFFORTS WILL BE APPRECIATED I'M JARRED INTO A JELLY
I'VE GONE FOUR DAYS NOW AND THIS YAP HASN'T STOPPED ONCE FOR BAIT
GID DAP! WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING HERE FOR?
OASIS 3 1/2 M
WHOA! HO!! THE STEARING GEAR MUST BE OUT OF ORDER!
ANOTHER TIME AND I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY
I'LL FIX YOU YOU OLD FRAUD
THE CAMEL, DROMODARY OR "SHIP OF THE DESERT" HAS ENJOYED THE FALSE REPUTATION SINCE TIME BEGAN OF BEING ABLE TO GO FOR MANY DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR DRINK AND IT WAS RESERVED FOR THE PRESENT WRITER TO EXPOSE THIS TIME-HONORED FAKE, ONLY AT THE EXPENSE OF MUCH BODILY DISCOMFORT AND RISK TO LIFE AND LIMB.
Prof. Fakem
LOWRY

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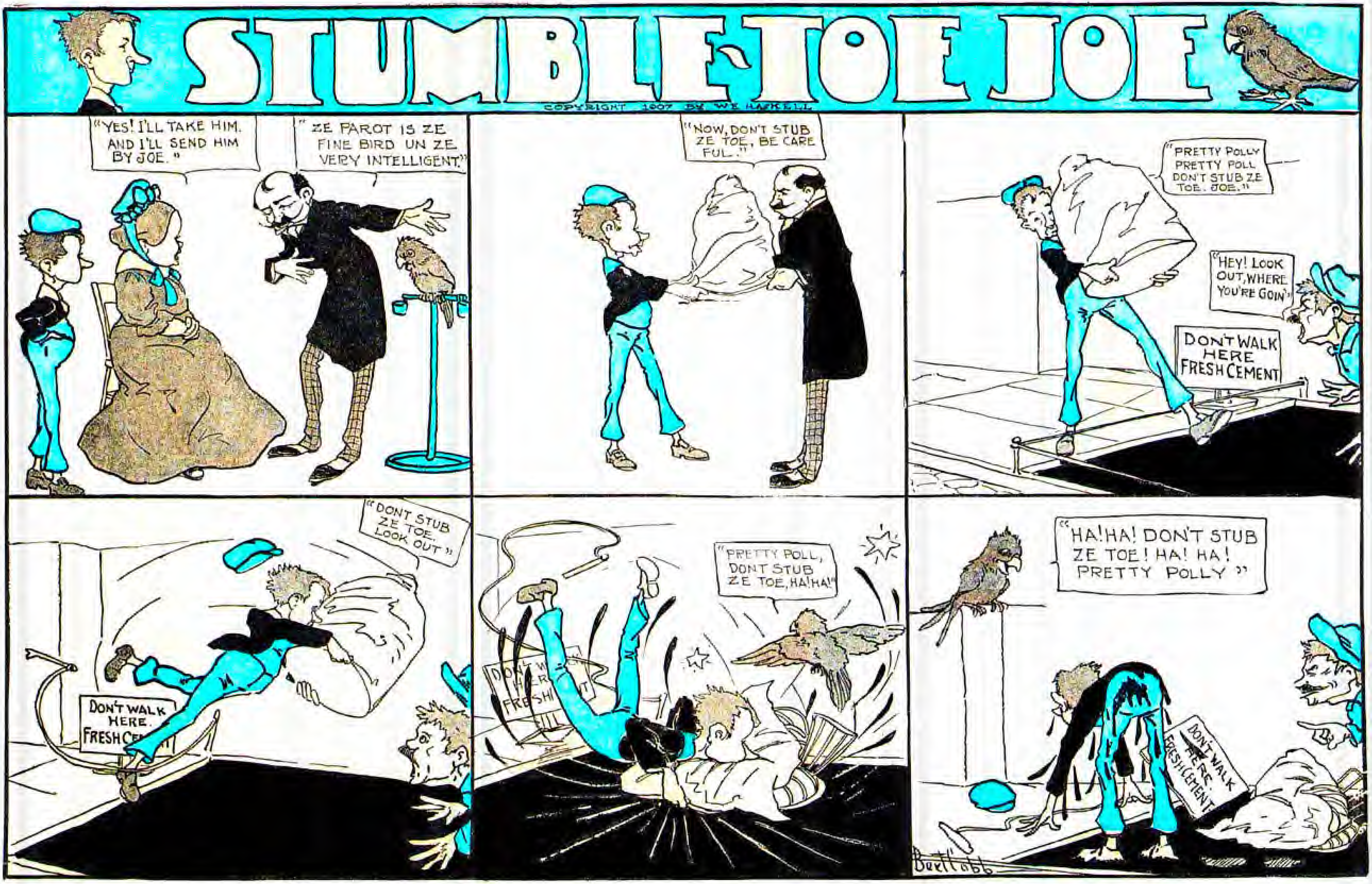
STUMBLE-TOE JOE
COPYRIGHT 1907 BY W.E. HASKELL
"YES! I'LL TAKE HIM. AND I'LL SEND HIM BY JOE."
"ZE PAROT IS ZE FINE BIRD UN ZE VERY INTELLIGENT."
"NOW, DON'T STUB ZE TOE, BE CARE FUL."
"PRETTY POLLY PRETTY POLL DON'T STUB ZE TOE. JOE."
"HEY! LOOK OUT, WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'"
DON'T WALK HERE FRESH CEMENT
"DONT STUB ZE TOE. LOOK OUT"
DON'T WALK HERE. FRESH CEMENT
DON'T WALK HERE FRESH CEMENT
"PRETTY POLL, DONT STUB ZE TOE, HA! HA!"
"HA! HA! DON'T STUB ZE TOE! HA! HA! PRETTY POLLY"
DON'T WALK HERE. FRESH CEMENT.
Bert Cobb

WHAT DICK DID

OR HOW MOTHERS WORRY

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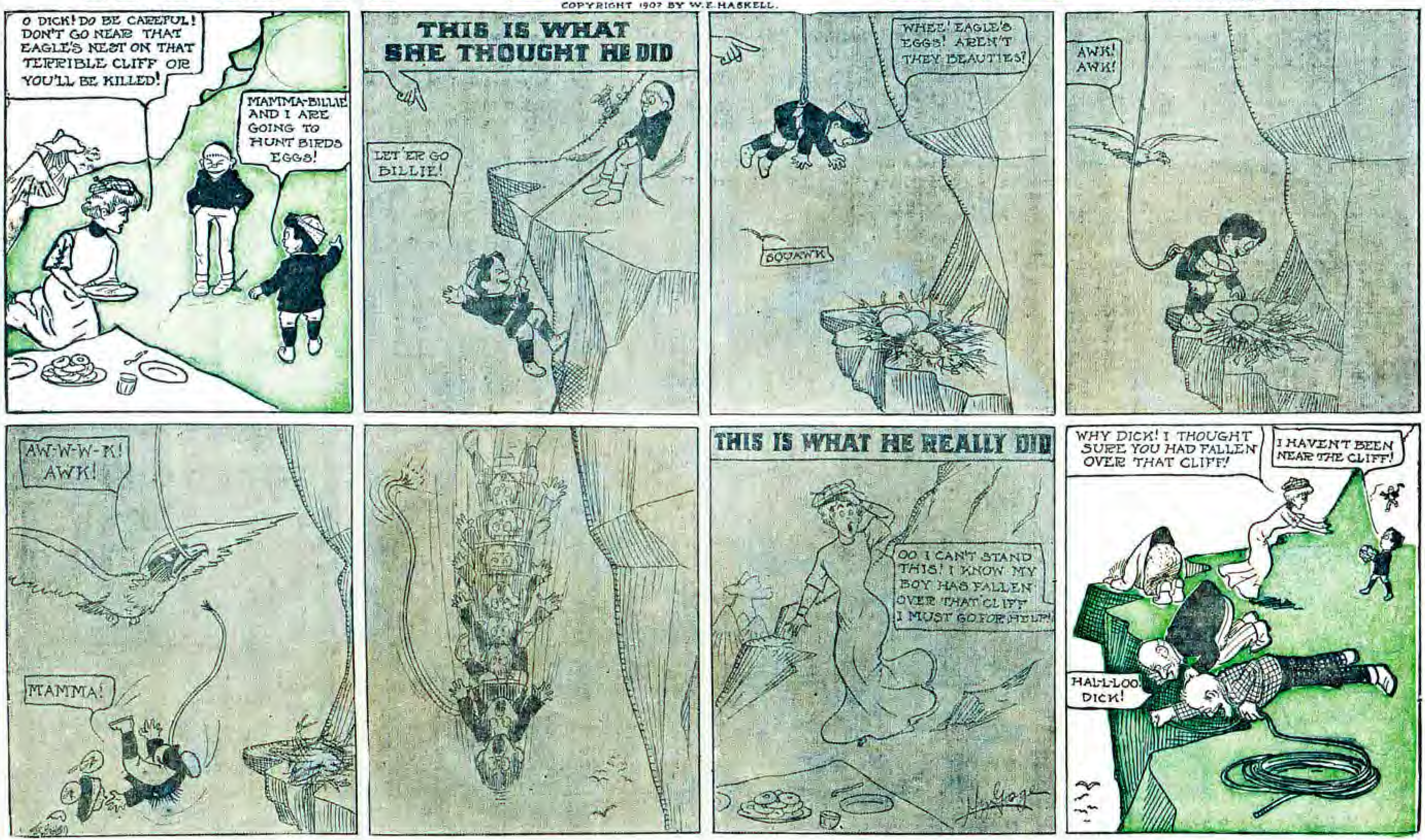
O DICK! DO BE CAREFUL! DON'T GO NEAR THAT EAGLE'S NEST ON THAT TERRIBLE CLIFF OR YOU'LL BE KILLED!
MAMMA-BILLIE AND I ARE GOING TO HUNT BIRDS EGGS!
THIS IS WHAT SHE THOUGHT HE DID
LET 'ER GO BILLIE!
WHEE! EAGLE'S EGGS! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIES!
SQUAWK
AWK! AWK!
AW-W-W-K! AWK!
MAMMA!
THIS IS WHAT HE REALLY DID
OO I CAN'T STAND THIS! I KNOW MY BOY HAS FALLEN OVER THAT CLIFF! I MUST GO FOR HELP!
WHY DICK! I THOUGHT SURE YOU HAD FALLEN OVER THAT CLIFF!
I HAVEN'T BEEN NEAR THE CLIFF!
HAL-L-LOO DICK!

WHAT DICK DID

OR HOW MOTHERS WORRY

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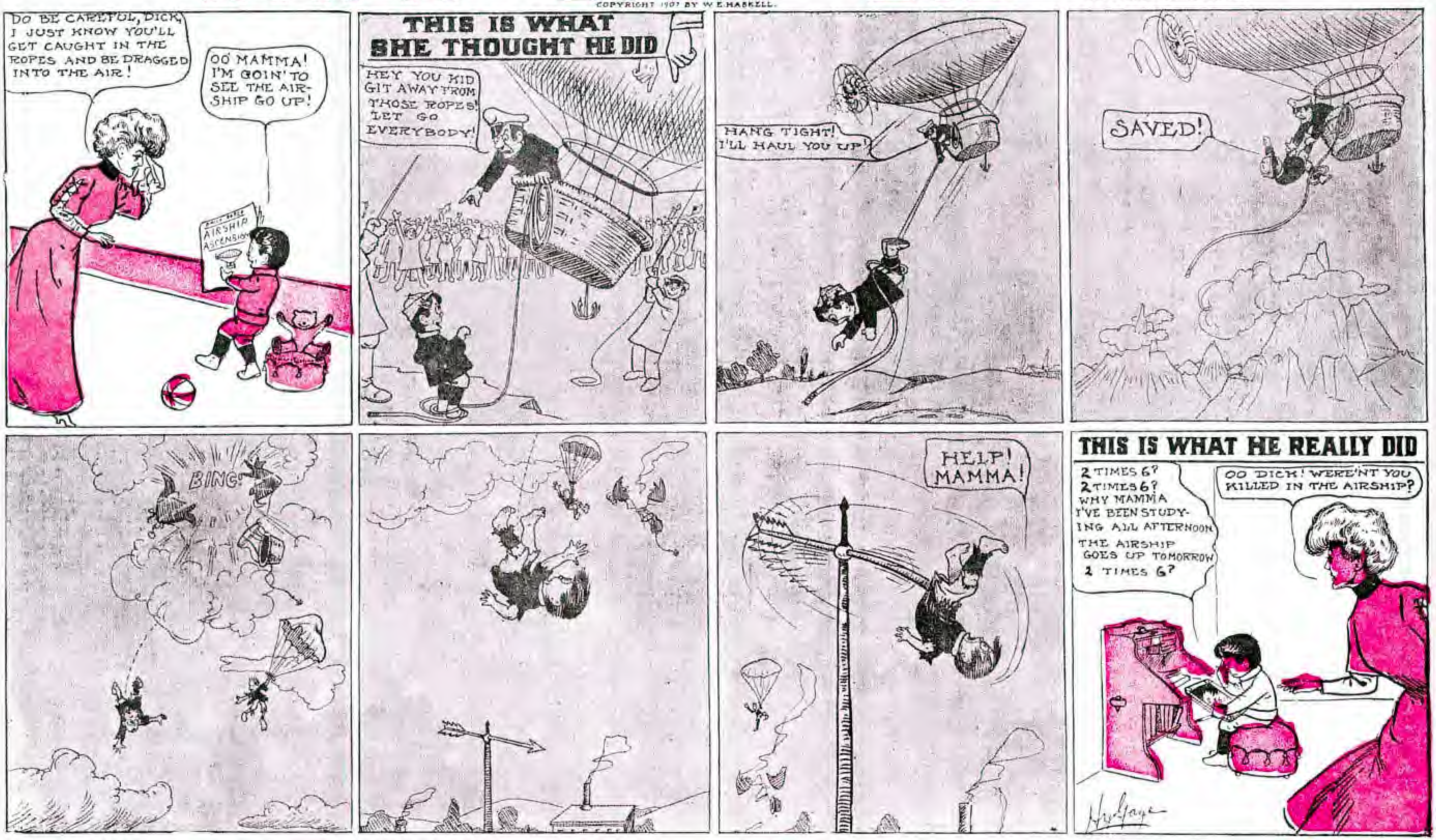
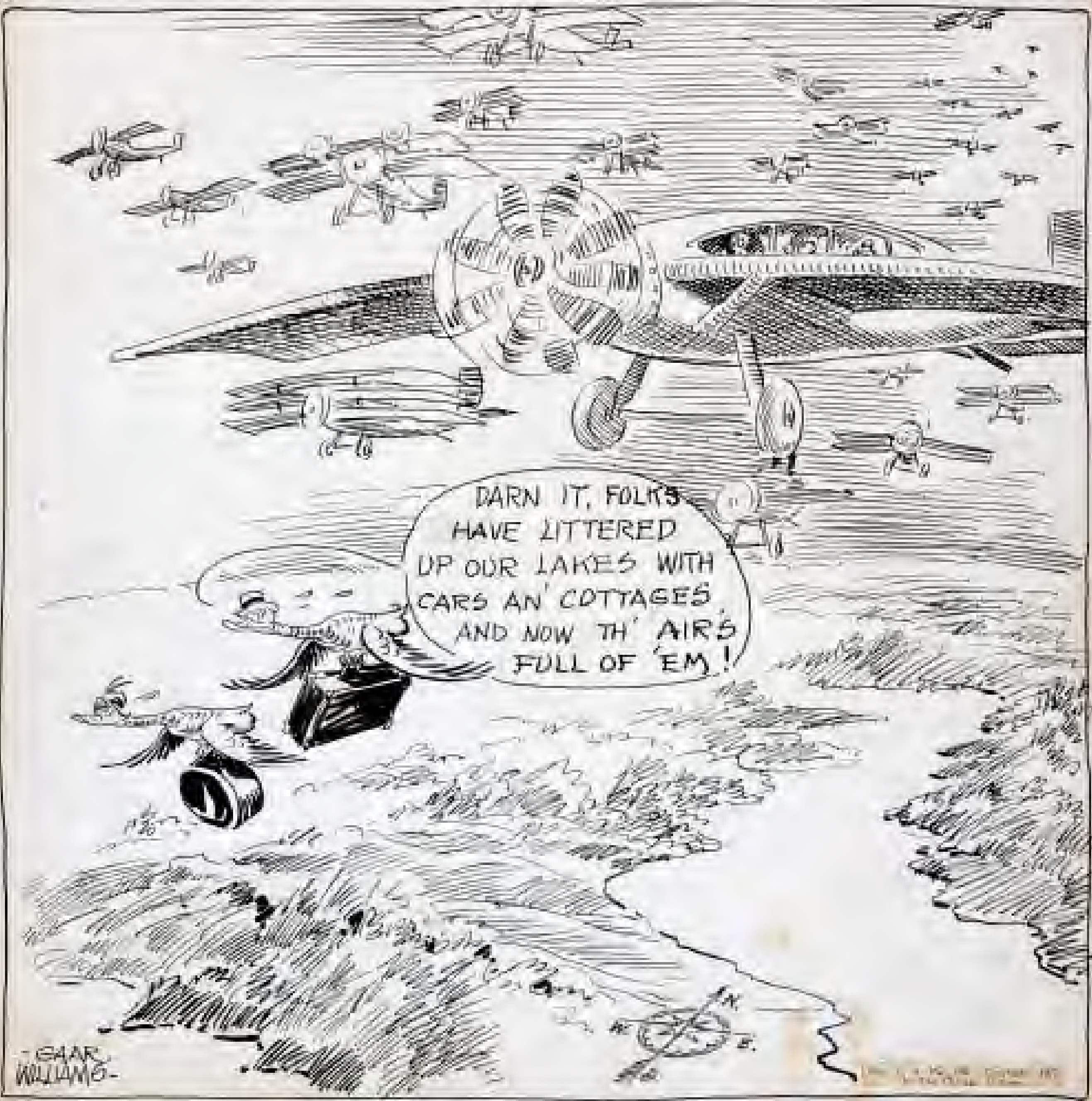
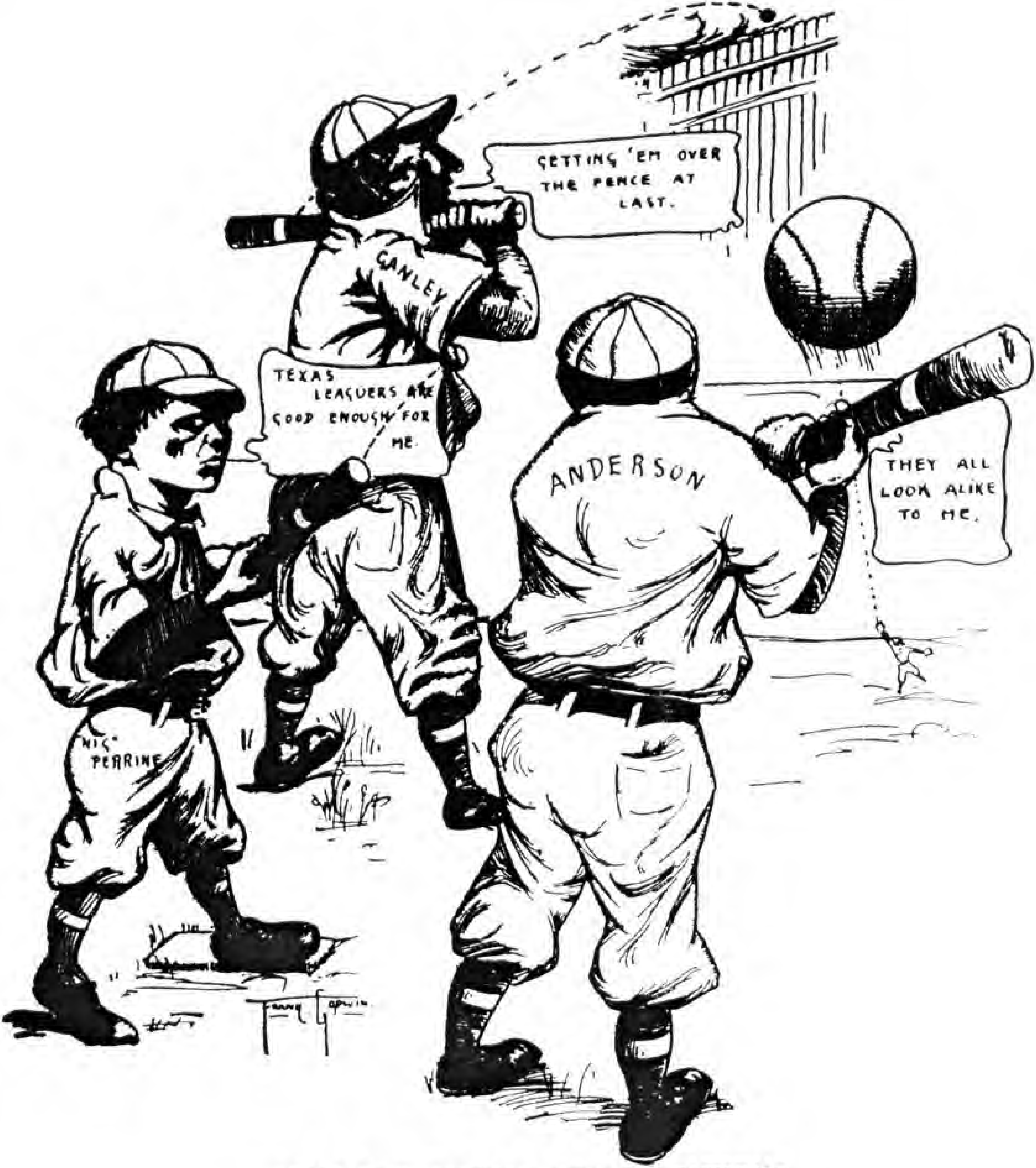

DO BE CAREFUL, DICK, I JUST KNOW YOU'LL GET CAUGHT IN THE ROPES AND BE DRAGGED INTO THE AIR!
OO MAMMA! I'M GOIN' TO SEE THE AIR-SHIP GO UP!
AIRSHIP ASCENSION
THIS IS WHAT SHE THOUGHT HE DID
HEY YOU KID GIT AWAY FROM THOSE ROPES! LET GO EVERYBODY!
HANG TIGHT! I'LL HAUL YOU UP!
SAVED!
BING!
HELP! MAMMA!
THIS IS WHAT HE REALLY DID
2 TIMES 6? 2 TIMES 6? WHY MAMMA I'VE BEEN STUDYING ALL AFTERNOON THE AIRSHIP GOES UP TOMORROW 2 TIMES 6?
OO DICK! WERE'NT YOU KILLED IN THE AIRSHIP?

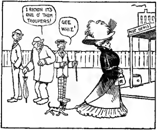

DARN IT, FOLKS HAVE LITTERED UP OUR LAKES WITH CARS AN' COTTAGES AND NOW TH' AIR'S FULL OF 'EM!
N.
W.
E.
-GAAR WILLIAMS-


GETTING 'EM OVER THE FENCE AT LAST.
GANLEY
TEXAS LEAGUERS ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE TO ME.
ANDERSON
"NIG" PERRINE

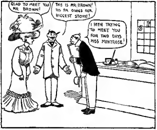
THREE GOOD "STICKERS" WITH THE NATIONALS.

Can You Beat That, Sadie?

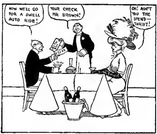
By R. W. Taylor


I RECKON IT'S ONE O' THEM TROUPERS!
GEE WHIZ!
POST OFFIS

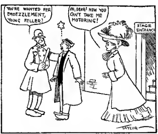
Them one week stands--say, kid, don't talk!
When you go out for a walk,
Lord! how them rubes does love to gawk!
Can you beat that, Sadie?


GLAD TO MEET YOU MR BROWN!
THIS IS MR BROWN! HIS PA OWNS OUR BIGGEST STORE!
I BEEN TRYING TO MEET YOU FOR TWO DAYS MISS MONTROSE!

Last week I met a Mr. Brown.
His pa's the biggest man in town
We had a swell time goin' roun'
Can you beat that, Sadie?


NOW WE'LL GO FOR A SWELL AUTO RIDE!
YOUR CHECK MR BROWN!
OH! AIN'T YOU THE SPEND-THRIFT!

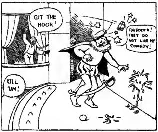
But he got in bad in papa's store—
Gee whiz! but I was good and sore!
They pinched him right at our stage door!
Say! Can you beat that, Sadie?


YOU'RE WANTED FER EMBEZZLEMENT, YOUNG FELLER!
OH, DEAR! NOW YOU CAN'T TAKE ME MOTORING!
STAGE ENTRANCE
TAYLOR

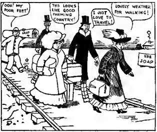
The hotel clerk'll introduce
Some lovely gents—but wot's the use?
Nine out of ten turns out a deuce!
Can you beat that, Sadie?

Can You Beat That, Sadie? ☆ ☆ ☆

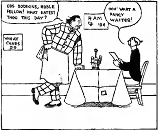
By R. W. Taylor


GIT THE HOOK!
FORSOOTH! THEY DO NOT LIKE MY COMEDY!
KILL 'UM!

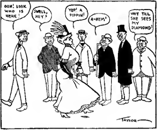
Well, our new show turned out a quince—
The audience mobbed the poor old prince!
He ducked and we ain't seen him since!
Can you beat that, Sadie?


OOH! MY POOR FEET!
THIS LOOKS LIKE GOOD FARMING COUNTRY!
I JUST LOVE TO TRAVEL!
LOVELY WEATHER FOR WALKING!
USE SOAP

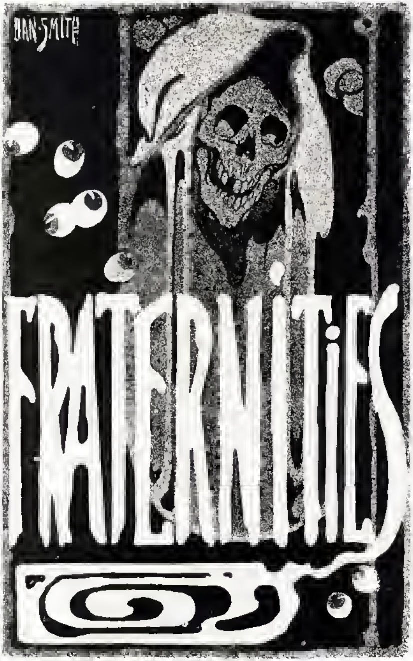
We closed last week at Rocky Glen;
Most of us walked to Panktown, Penn.,
Where the nearest pawn shop was, and then—
I hocked my fur coat, Sadie!


ODS BODIKINS, NOBLE FELLOW! WHAT EATEST THOU THIS DAY?
HAM & 10¢
OOH! WHAT A FANCY WAITER!
WHEAT CAKES 5¢

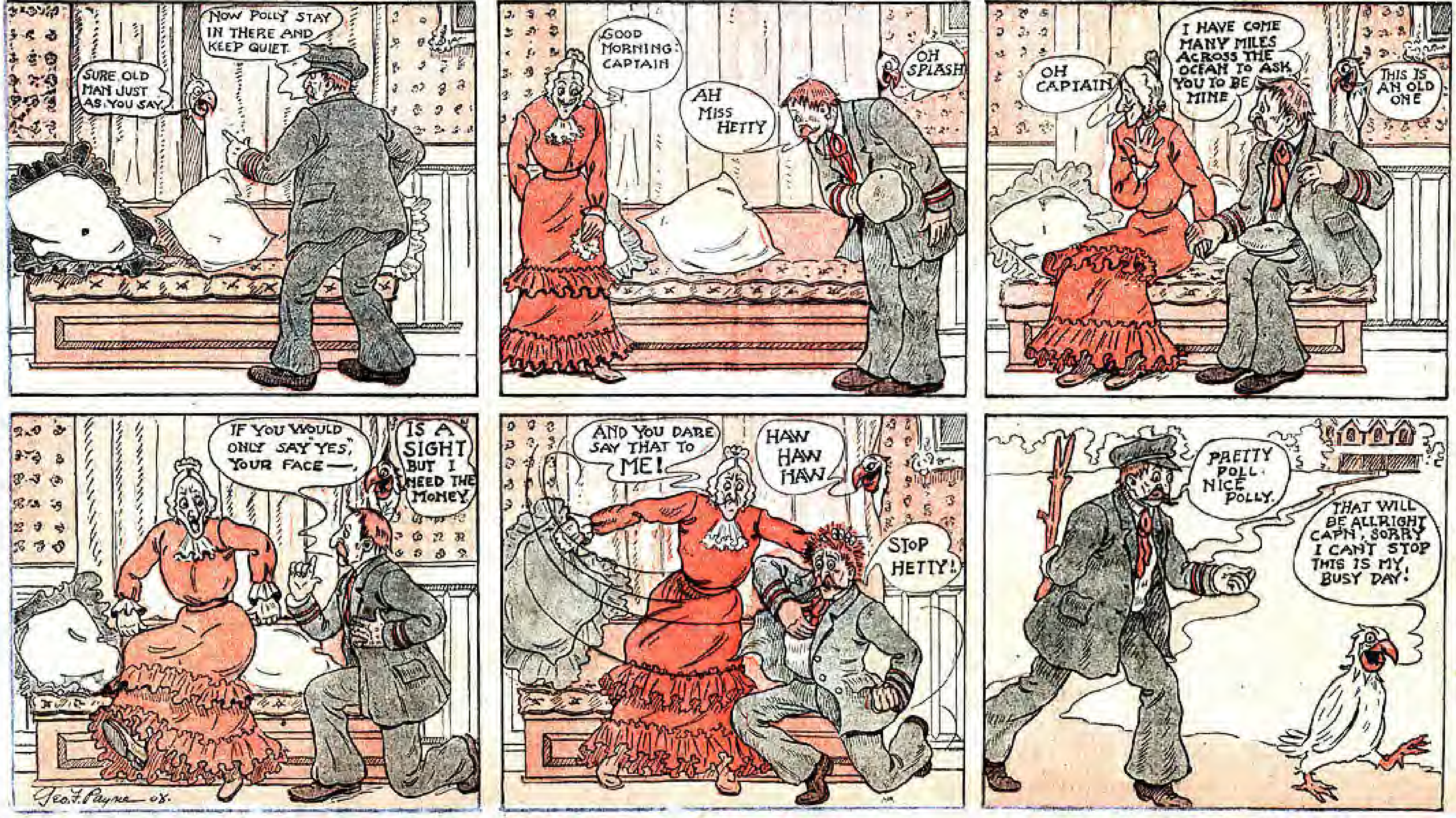
We didn't bring back all the bunch;
Our leading heavy had a hunch—
And he got a job in a dairy lunch!
Can you beat that, Sadie?


OOH! LOOK WHO IS HERE!
SWELL, HEY?
YEP! A PIPPIN!
A-HEM!
WAIT TILL SHE SEES MY DIAMOND!
TAYLOR

But I'm glad I'm out of Rocky Glen
And back on old Broadway again—
That lane's just packed with handsome men!
Say! Can you beat that, Sadie?


DAN·SMITH
FRATERNITIES

POLLY, THE CAP'N'S PARROT---SHE PLAYS HOB WITH A PROPOSAL


NOW POLLY STAY IN THERE AND KEEP QUIET.
SURE OLD MAN JUST AS YOU SAY
GOOD MORNING CAPTAIN
AH MISS HETTY
OH SPLASH
OH CAPTAIN
I HAVE COME MANY MILES ACROSS THE OCEAN TO ASK YOU TO BE MINE
THIS IS AN OLD ONE
IF YOU WOULD ONLY SAY "YES," YOUR FACE —,
IS A SIGHT BUT I NEED THE MONEY
AND YOU DARE SAY THAT TO ME!
HAW HAW HAW
STOP HETTY!
PRETTY POLL NICE POLLY.
THAT WILL BE ALLRIGHT CAP'N, SORRY I CAN'T STOP THIS IS MY BUSY DAY!
Geo. F. Payne — 08.

KID KLUB — ENJOYS A DAY AT GOLF

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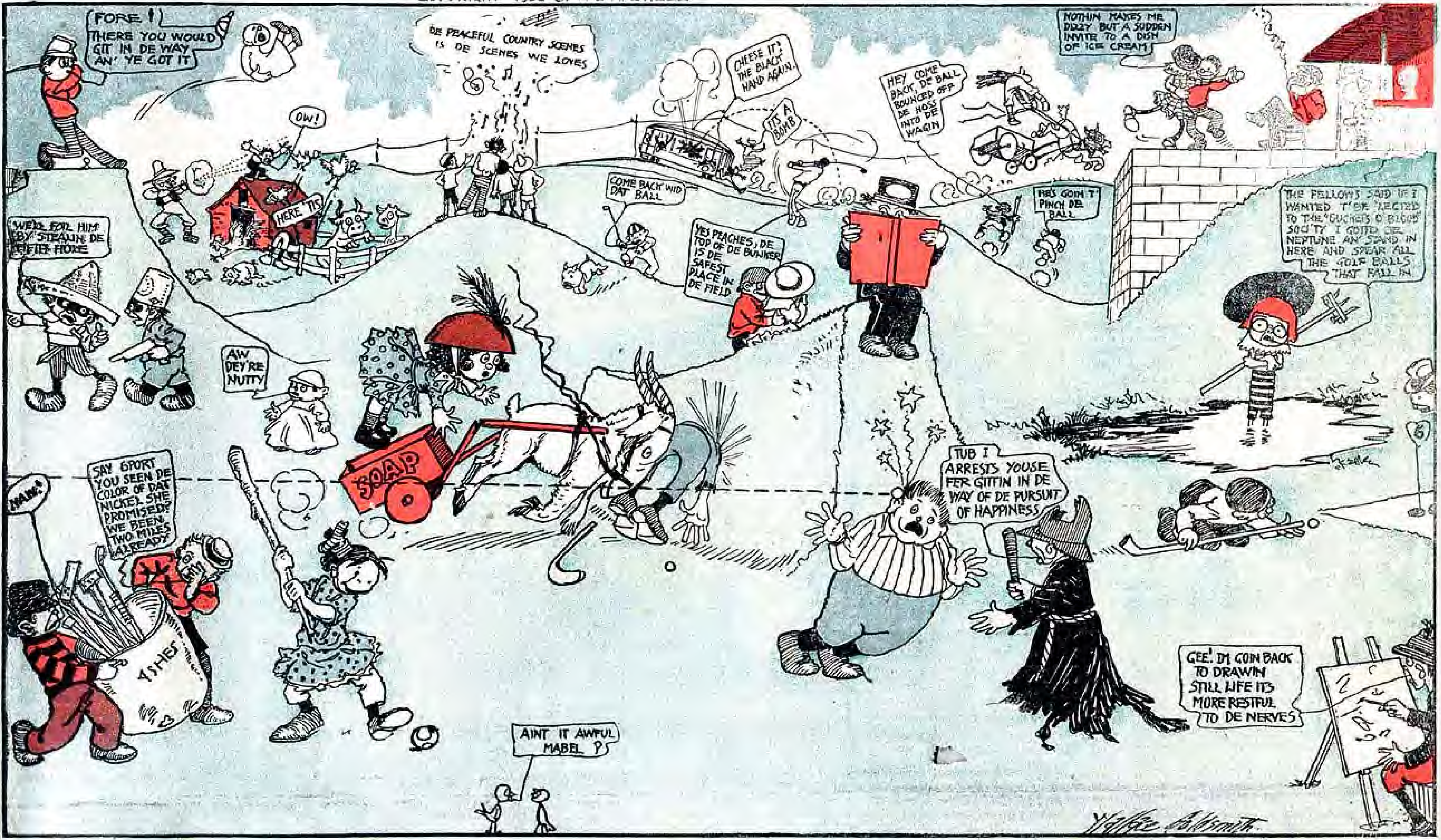
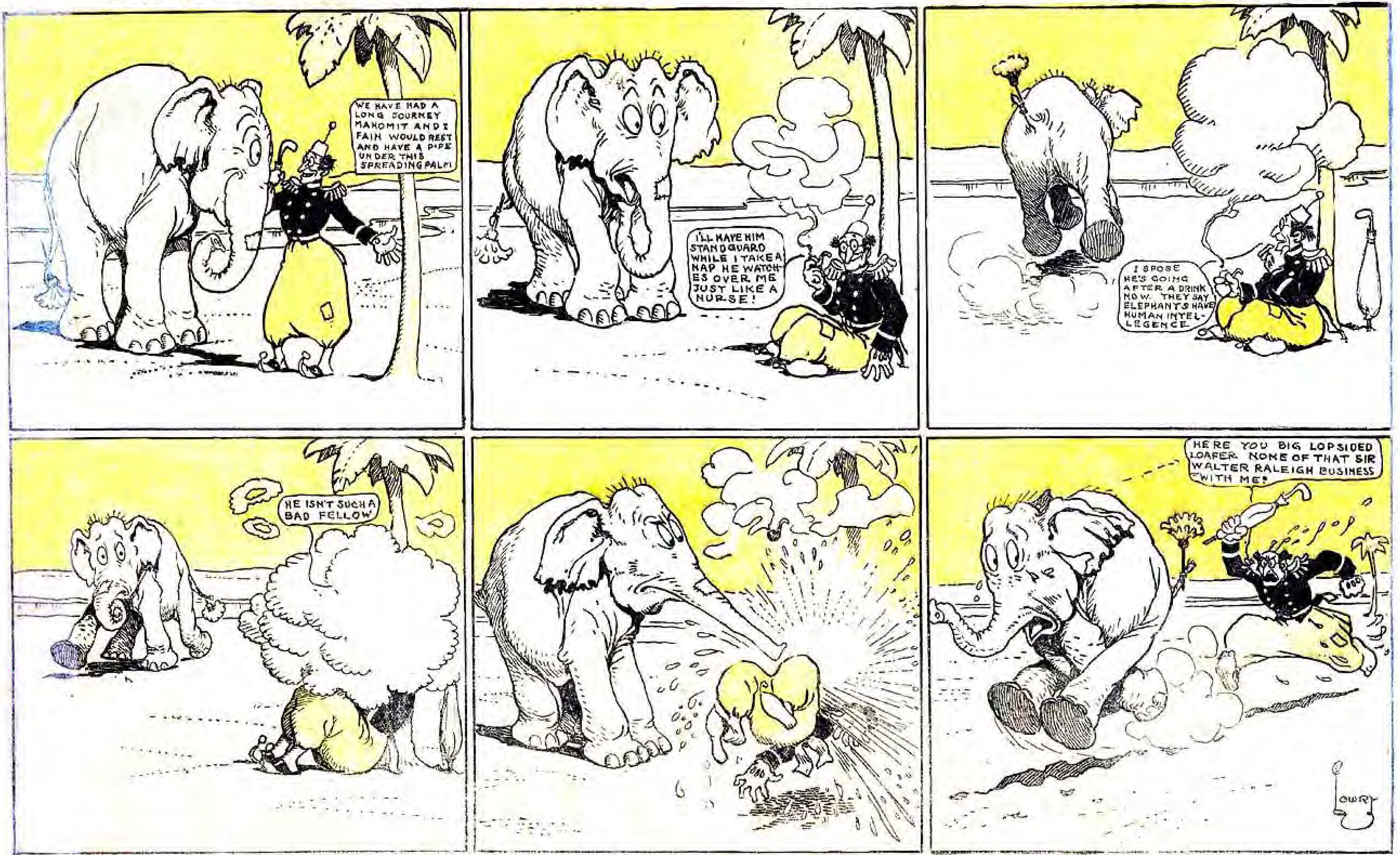
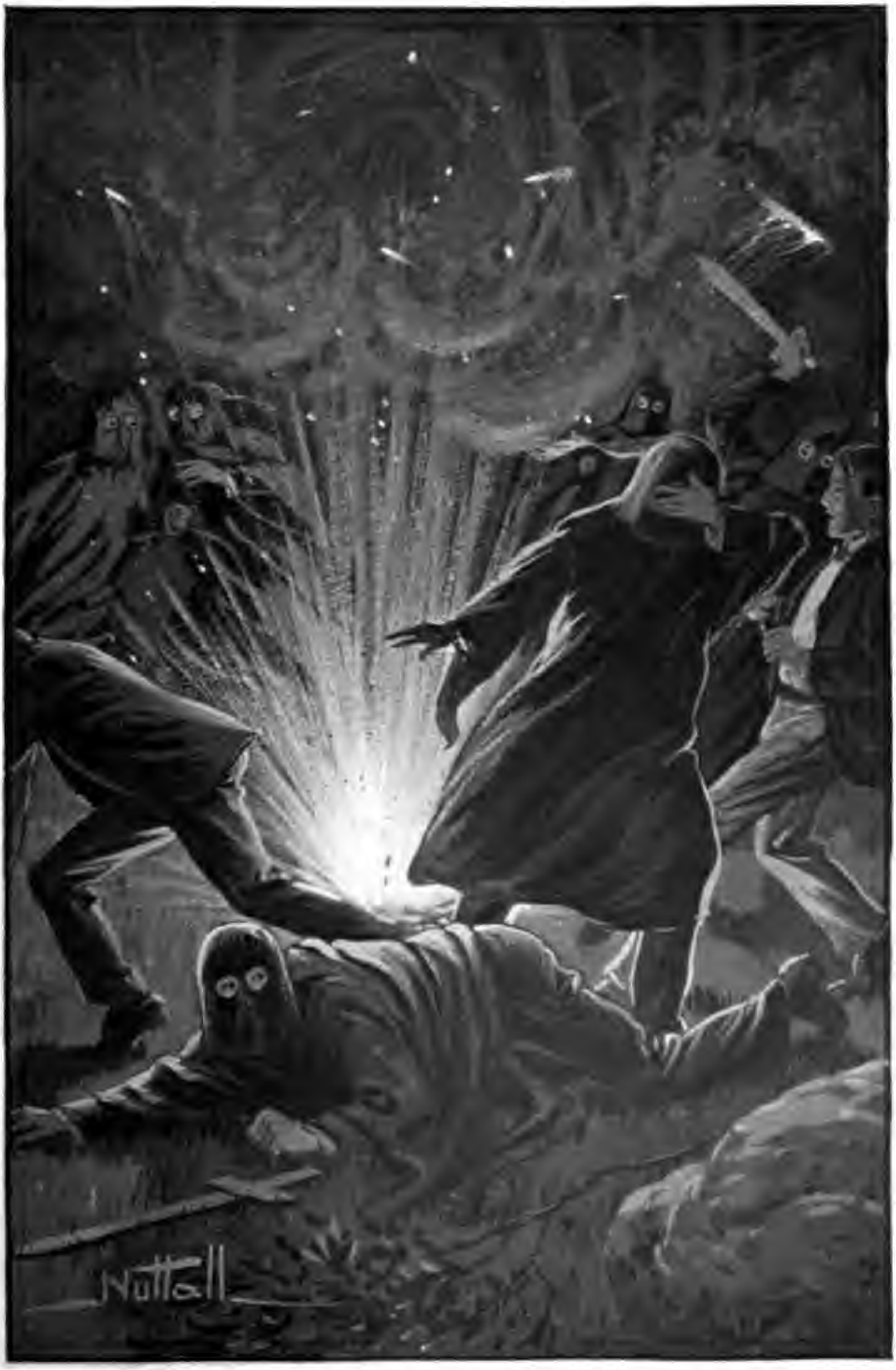

FORE!
THERE YOU WOULD GIT IN DE WAY AN' YE GOT IT
OW!
DE PEACEFUL COUNTRY SCENES IS DE SCENES WE LOVES
HERE 'TIS
WE'LL FOIL HIM BY STEALIN DE FIFTH HOLE
CHEESE IT! THE BLACK HAND AGAIN.
IT'S A BOMB
COME BACK WID DAT BALL
YES PEACHES, DE TOP OF DE BUNKER IS DE SAFEST PLACE IN DE FIELD
HEY COME BACK, DE BALL BOUNCED OFF DE HOSS INTO DE WAGIN
NOTHIN MAKES ME DIZZY BUT A SUDDEN INVITE TO A DISH OF ICE CREAM
HE'S GOIN T' PINCH DE BALL
THE FELLOWS SAID IF I WANTED T' BE 'LECTED TO THE "SUCKERS O' BLOOD" SOC'TY I GOTTO BE NEPTUNE AN' STAND IN HERE AND SPEAR ALL THE GOLF BALLS THAT FALL IN
AW DEY'RE NUTTY
SOAP
MAMA!
SAY SPORT YOU SEEN DE COLOR OF DAT NICKEL SHE PROMISED? WE BEEN TWO MILES ALREADY
ASHES
TUB I ARRESTS YOUSE FER GITTIN IN DE WAY OF DE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
6
GEE! I'M GOIN BACK TO DRAWIN STILL LIFE ITS MORE RESTFUL TO DE NERVES
AINT IT AWFUL MABEL?

The Man With an Elephant on His Hands


WE HAVE HAD A LONG JOURNEY MAHOMIT AND I FAIN WOULD REST AND HAVE A PIPE UNDER THIS SPREADING PALM!
I'LL HAVE HIM STAND GUARD WHILE I TAKE A NAP HE WATCHES OVER ME JUST LIKE A NURSE!
I SPOSE HE'S GOING AFTER A DRINK NOW. THEY SAY ELEPHANTS HAVE HUMAN INTELLEGENCE
HE ISN'T SUCH A BAD FELLOW
HERE YOU BIG LOPSIDED LOAFER NONE OF THAT SIR WALTER RALEIGH BUSINESS WITH ME!
LOWRY

(Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.)



What was left of the camp-fire flew up in the air.
Page 120.

OH, PIFFLE!

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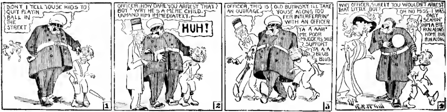
DIDN'T I TELL YOUSE KIDS TO QUIT PLAYIN BALL IN THE STREET
1
OFFICER HOW DARE YOU ARREST THAT BOY? WHY HE'S A MERE CHILD. UNHAND HIM IMMEDIATELY.
HUH!
2
OFFICER, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE.
OLD BUTINSKY I'LL TAKE YOUSE ALONG TOO FER INTERFERRIN' WITH AN OFFICER
YA A AAH' ME POOR MUDDERS SOLE SUPPORT YA A A BLUB BLUB.
3
WHY OFFICER, SURELY YOU WOULDN'T ARREST THAT LITTLE BOY?
OH NO MISS I WAS ONLY SCARIN' HIM A BIT RUN ALONG HOME BUB RUN ALONG.
R.R.McGILL
4

OH, PIFFLE!

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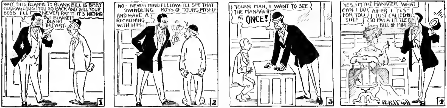
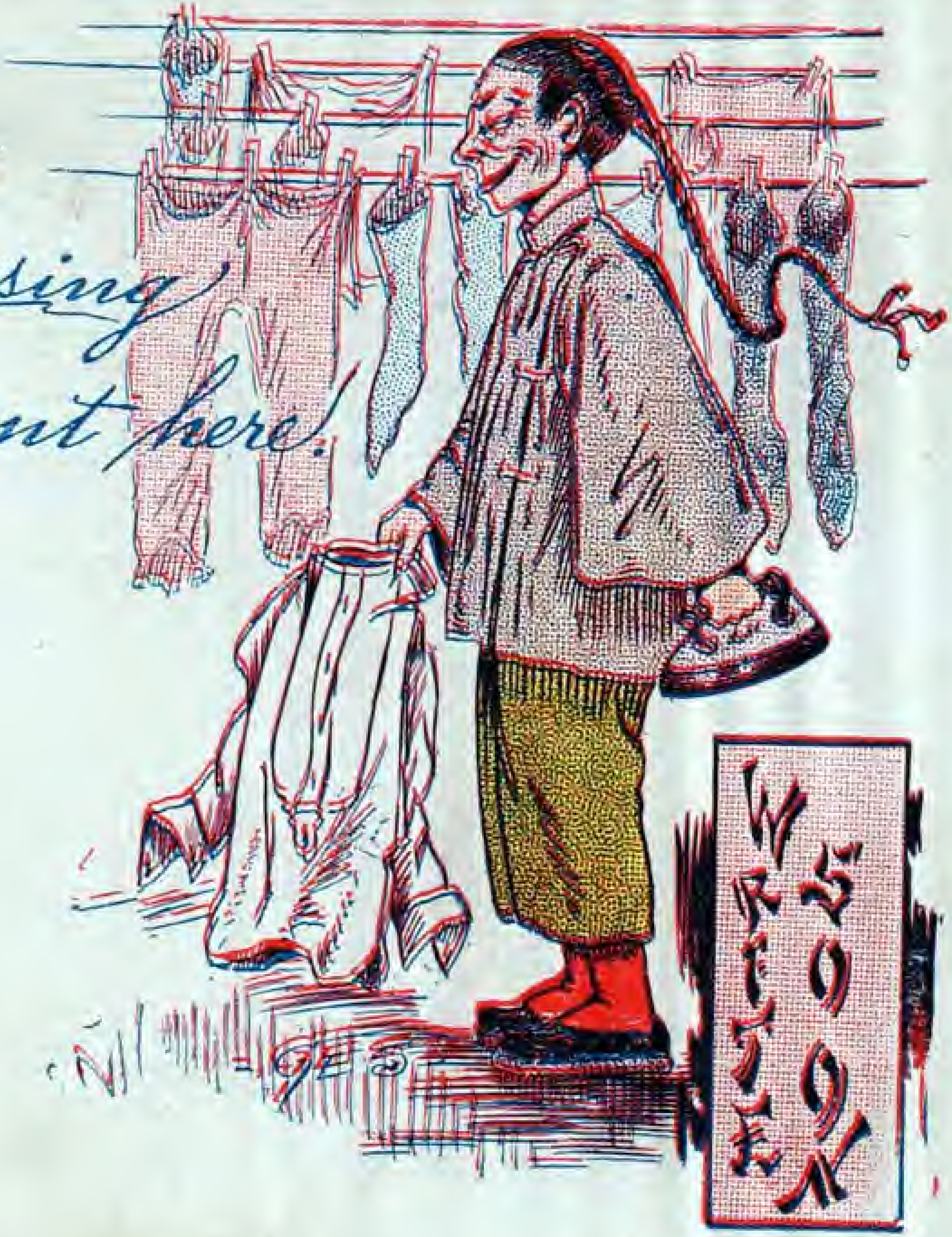

WHY THIS BLANKETY BLANK BILL IS SIMPLY OUTRAGEOUS! YOU GO BACK AND TELL YOUR BOSS I'LL NEVER PAY IT. IT'S NOTHING BUT BLANKETY BLANK THIEVERY.
1
NO - NEVER MIND FELLOW. I'LL SEE THAT SWINDLING BOSS OF YOURS MYSELF AND HAVE A RECKONING WITH HIM.
2
YOUNG MAN, I WANT TO SEE THE MANAGER AT ONCE!
3
YES I'M THE MANAGER. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU SIR?
AH ER I YES - I JUST CALLED IN TO PAY A LITTLE BILL OF MINE
4

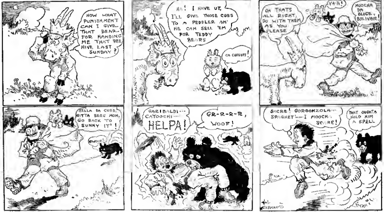
Just a few lines,
have a pressing
engagement here!


WRITE SOON
GES

COPYRIGHT 1908 P. GORDON

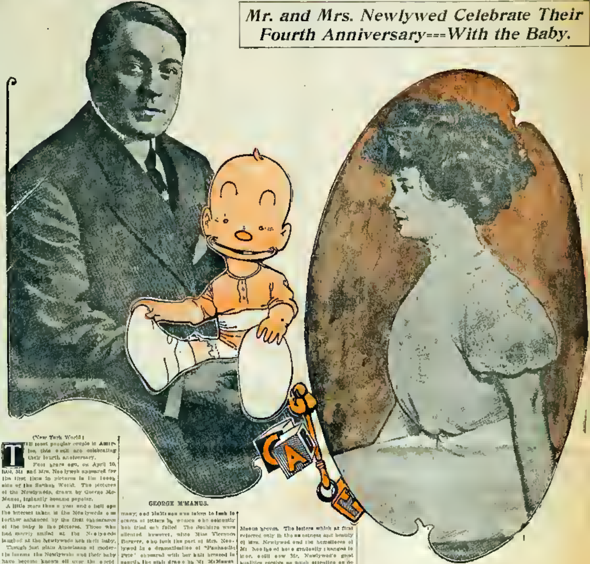
The Wandering Goat BOLIVAR Has a Grudge Against the Bear

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY W. E. HASKELL


NOW WHAT PUNISHMENT CAN I GIVE THAT BEAR FOR HANDING ME THAT BEE HIVE LAST SUNDAY?
HA! I HAVE UT, I'LL GIVE THOSE CUBS TO A PEDDLER AN' HE CAN SELL 'EM FOR TEDDY BEARS
CA CHOOFF!
OH THATS ALL RIGHT, DO WITH THEM AS YOU PLEASE
YA-A!
MOOCHA DA BLIGE, BOLIVAIR!
SELLA DA CUBS, GITTA BEEG MON, GO BACK TO SUNNY IT'!
WOOF!
GARIBALDI--- CATOOCHI--- HELPA!
GR-R-R-R, WOOF!
SACRE! GORGONZOLA--- SPAGHET'---I MOOCHA SCARE!
THAT OUGHTA HOLD HIM A SPELL
HAL COFFMAN©

MOST POPULAR COUPLE IN AMERICA

Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed Celebrate Their Fourth Anniversary---With the Baby.



GEORGE M'MANUS.

BILLIE BURKE, POSING AS MRS. NEWLYWED.

(New York World.)

THE most popular couple in America this week are celebrating their fourth anniversary.

Four years ago, on April 10, 1904, Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed appeared for the first time in pictures in the comic side of the Sunday World. The pictures of the Newlyweds, drawn by George McManus, instantly became popular.

A little more than a year and a half ago the interest taken in the Newlyweds was further enhanced by the first appearance of the baby in the pictures. Those who had merely smiled at the Newlyweds laughed at the Newlyweds and their baby.

Though just plain Americans of moderate income the Newlyweds and their baby have become known all over the world. They have been received at the foreign courts, and in this country have been welcomed by governors, senators, millionaires—everyone.

Victoria, queen of Spain, directed her little son's governess to write to Mr. McManus a tribute to the humor of the Newlyweds, and the crown prince of Germany had the Count Bismarck von Bohlen write a similar letter in praise of the Newlyweds.

It is the realness of life in the pictures of the Newlyweds and their baby that makes the public take them in all seriousness. Scarcely a day has passed since the first appearance of the Newlyweds that the mail has not brought a score or more of letters to Mr. McManus giving advice and asking questions about the characters he was drawing.

The announcement made several months ago that the Newlyweds baby would be named after the best suggestion offered by the public brought thousands of replies. For nearly a month hundreds of letters came each day suggesting a name for the baby. A similar interest was shown at the approach of the baby's second tooth.

The responses to the requests for a name and the best position for the second tooth came to Mr. McManus from all parts of the United States and from many other countries. They came in German, French, Italian, Spanish—in fact, in almost every modern tongue.

The genuineness of the interest taken by the public in the Newlyweds and their baby is no better illustrated than by the letters received by Mr. McManus relating to the baby's teeth. A considerable number came from reputable dentists who in a friendly way chided Mr. McManus for not knowing that a baby's first teeth appeared in pairs and first of all in the lower jaw.

That the followers of the Newlyweds are consistent in their interest has been shown during the past few months by the letters that have reached Mr. McManus objecting to the failure of the baby to grow up. After the first year of the baby's appearance scarcely a day passed without letters being received insisting that it was time the baby began to show signs of his increasing age.

The remarkable coiffure affected by Mrs. Newlywed immediately interested everyone. The ability of a woman to do her hair in such style was doubted by many; and McManus was taken to task in scores of letters by women who evidently had tried and failed. The doubters were silenced, however, when Miss Florence Bergere, who took the part of Mrs. Newlywed in a dramatization of "Panhandle Pete," appeared with her hair dressed in exactly the style drawn by Mr. McManus. At the same time this style of dressing the hair became so popular that women whose tresses lacked rushed to the wig makers to buy pads to fill out.

Bushels of Letters

THE vast number of letters that he receives daily make it impossible for Mr. McManus to reply to all who write him. He answers as many as he can, however, especially those whose sincerity is particularly appealing. Two letters he received a short time ago are fair samples of many that have come to him. One was from St. Louis and came from a woman who believed herself to be dying. Despite an incurable illness which confined her to her bed, she wrote her appreciation of the Newlyweds, declaring they made the time pass quickly. The other letter came in advance of a cane made entirely from the comic sections of the Sunday World in a penitentiary in Arizona. The prisoner, a man sentenced for a long term, wrote of the interest he and his fellow convicts took in the Newlywed pictures.

The approach of the fourth anniversary of the appearance of the Newlyweds has brought an increased number of letters to Mr. McManus showing that many people have followed the fortunes of the couple throughout their existence. A large number of the letters contained suggestions for a suitable celebration of the appearance of the Newlyweds, and especially urged the adoption of some one day as the baby's birthday.

That the interest taken in the Newlyweds is friendly in the extreme is shown by the countless suggestions received by Mr. McManus of new feats for the baby to accomplish. Newspaper clippings from all over the country containing references to unusual performances of young babies are inclosed in letters almost daily.

Mr. McManus himself is obliged to do much explaining among his friends and acquaintances who see in the troubles and joys of the Newlyweds a fancied reference to a real experience in their own homes. Mrs. Newlywed, endowed by Mr. McManus with rare beauty, had a host of admirers from the start, but Mr. Newlywed has been forced to fight his way under the handicap of ill looks. That his rare good nature and extreme devotion to his wife and baby have been recognized, the correspondence of Mr. McManus proves. The letters which at first referred only to the sweetness and beauty of Mrs. Newlywed and the homeliness of Mr. Newlywed have gradually changed in tone, until now Mr. Newlywed's good qualities receive as much attention as do those of his wife.

McManus' Start

OF the artist who draws the Newlyweds, George McManus, the Mirror, a St. Louis magazine, said recently:

"It's only a few years ago that, without ever having had a drawing lesson, he went into the artists' room of the Republic. He did hackwork, but he did it well, and tried for better work. He tried a cartoon or two; the work told. He designed some posters in which he showed us something like beauty and hit the mark. His work asserted itself, but it brought no adequate pay. So he hiked to New York, and in, as we say, no time he was one of the stars of the comic section of the World. First he invented Panhandle Pete, a cadging tramp. Pete was spread over the country by the supplement syndicate plan, and he became a national character.

"But Panhandle Pete's success was nothing to that of the Newlyweds and their baby, Napoleon. These persons are the delight of millions. And in the pictures of their troubles there's a fine display of clearly humorous fancy. The coarseness of much comic supplement stuff is absent. The drawings make the woman beautiful—skillfully—the husband a blondly blithering idiot, the baby an incalculable, destructive [illegible].

"Father and baby are burlesque, but mamma is pretty and they are 'just crazy about the baby.' All this goes right home to the man-in-the-street, or the man-in-the-flat, the clerk, the working man. And the women—they eat it up. The baby, ugly brat though he be, is a brat. The incidents are the commonplaces of middle class family life and as funny as they are universal, illustrating nothing except that the baby is boss of the ranch, and that the parents think him the greatest baby that ever happened and with all the trouble he makes. The millions look for the Newlyweds, and finding them, roar.

"To them George McManus is the greatest artist in the world. In whose eyes the great pictorial wits of the French, German and Italian cartoonists and caricaturists are not to be compared. The secret of McManus' hit is to be found in his good observation, and in his real sympathy with the man-in-the-flat, who's a decent fellow hard working, ambitious for better things, self-sacrificing for his family and—as behold ones him—about equally pathetic and absurd in his bourgeois ideals.

"Under McManus' drollery runs a little line of ironic contempt for the conventionalities. Mr. Newlywed, and perhaps a suspicion of the exasperation of Charles Lamb with babies who, maddened by their noise, shockingly he lauded King Herod for the slaughter of the innocents. And the masses see themselves in the Newlyweds and rejoice in the spectacle of their callowness, their prosaic decency and their servitude to the two-toothed brat that is none the less their angel child. The masses don't know that they are burlesqued, but they know that they are all Newlyweds, and between they're perhaps secretly ashamed of it. So that McManus willingly or unwittingly is a satirist who dares to spare even as did Hogarth or Cruikshank. How much even though he play upon the heart interest, the mother instinct, the home ideal—all true to the average person. He smashes hard at stupidity and the callowness of parenthood.

"This special savor in McManus' sense of humor is an inheritance from his father, George McManus of the old Grand Opera house, one of the best story tellers and dry wits this town has ever known. It may lead him to better things, in conjunction with the sense which he has for color and character, though these are absent from the Sunday supplement stuff. It may lead him in the way of Goya, the bitter Spaniard. When his vogue shall have passed, as pass it must, if success does not soften his fiber, which it shouldn't, he may turn to deeper permanent things and achieve something worth while as Glackens and George Luks have achieved in peerless paint."

THE POLITICAL MOTHER GOOSE

(New York Times.)

There was a man in Washington
Who was so wondrous wise
He jumped into a message bush
And used up all his "I's."

And when he saw his "I's" were out
With all his energies
He jumped into another bush
And cornered all the "Me's."

Praise for President

(New York Tribune.)

"THE president," said a Fifth avenue bootmaker, "would be pleased if he knew what a pretty girl said about him in my shop the other day.

"She came in to order riding boots for her brother. I showed her the latest idea in riding boots—a splendid thing.

"'These,' I said, 'are called Roosevelts.'

"She wrinkled her pretty nose.

"'How absurd!' she said. 'Where, I should like to know, will they find a pair of Roosevelts?'"

GIRL WHO BANTS

(Town Topics.)

For her no meal, no flowing bowl
It seems to her the one escape;
She hopes that it will save her soul,
And knows that it will save her shape.

MRS. EMBONPOINT

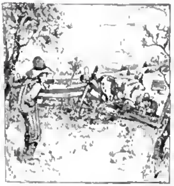
(Town Topics.)

Though worldly, Lent is in a way
To her a living issue;
She's cutting out two meals a day
To sacrifice some tissue.

CALLS TAFT A TROJAN HORSE

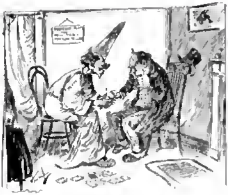
Says Elbert Hubbard

"Taft is a Trojan horse. When this wooden equine is safely pushed inside of the convention walls, out will jump Teddy. Now you know the reason for Taft's size."

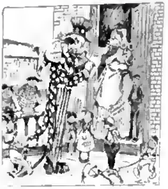


Uncle Samuwell: "What are you tearing down such a gap in my fence fer?"

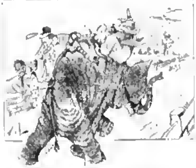
Sonnybub Mack: "So my cow can get over in somebody else's pasture."



Platt: "Be-w-a-r-e of a dark horse with large teeth."

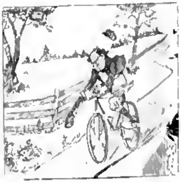


The Political Census Taker: "And how many children?"

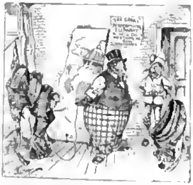


Mack: "He aint used to the movement of the elephant yet."

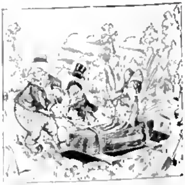
RYAN WALKER,
Of the *Republic*, St. Louis, Mo.



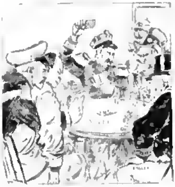
McKinley: "Great heavens! I believe I've lost the pedals!"



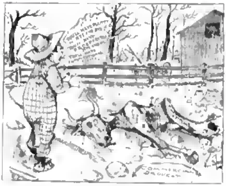
Hanna: "Don't queer the show; please be the hind legs of the elephant."



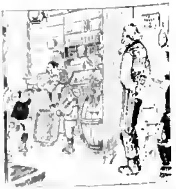
Teddy: "No siree! I object to being buried alive, gentlemen."



Russia: "I'll play your hand for you, John."



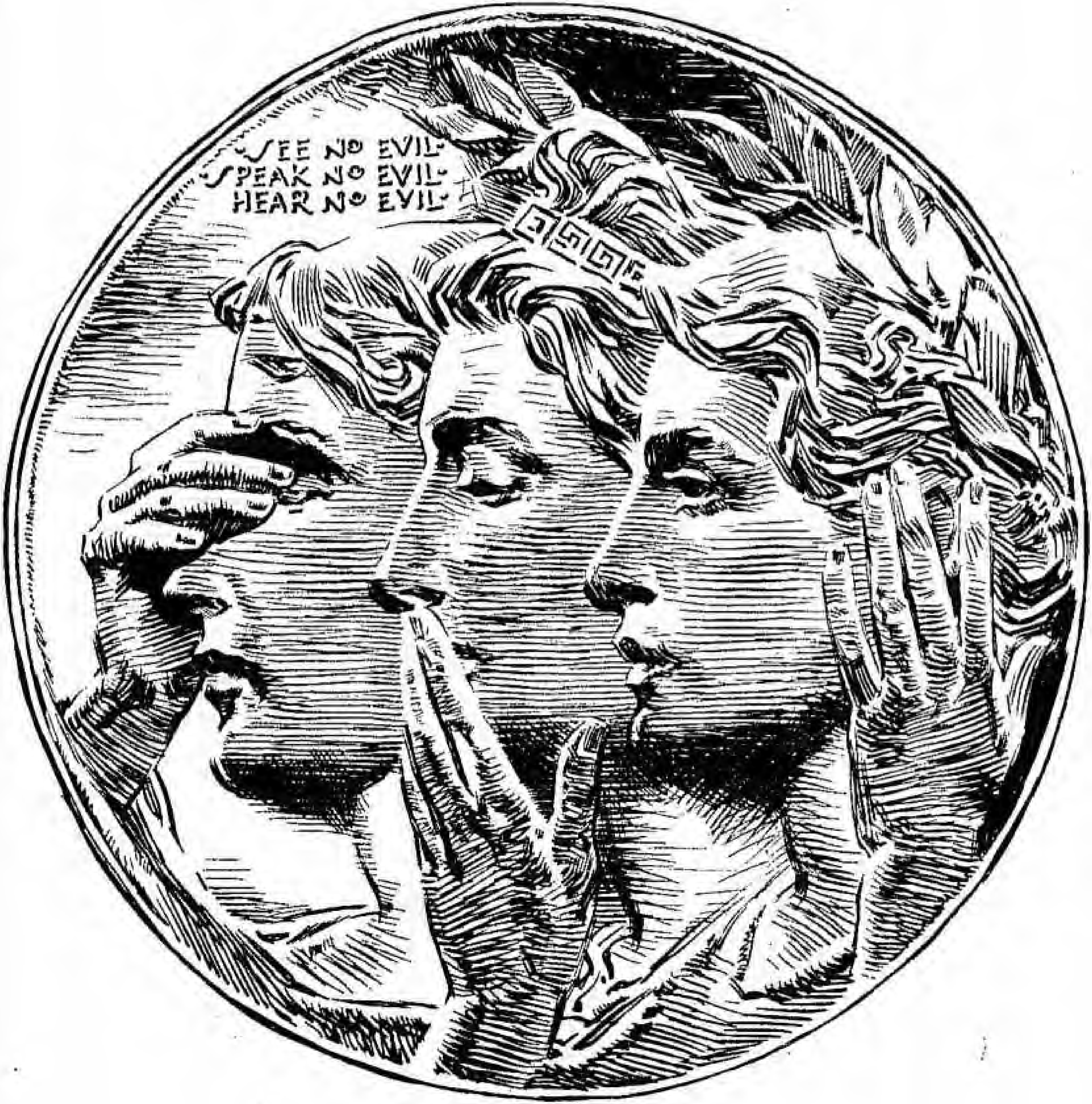
The tune the old cow died on.



Uncle Samuwell: "I've got to get rid of that feller or he'll give the whole darned store away."

THE INLAND PRINTER'S CARTOON PAGE FOR AUGUST.

[By courtesy St. Louis *Republic*.]


SEE NO EVIL
SPEAK NO EVIL
HEAR NO EVIL

CYNTHIANNA BLYTHE

Drawings by Wallace Morgan—Verses by Harry Grant Dart.

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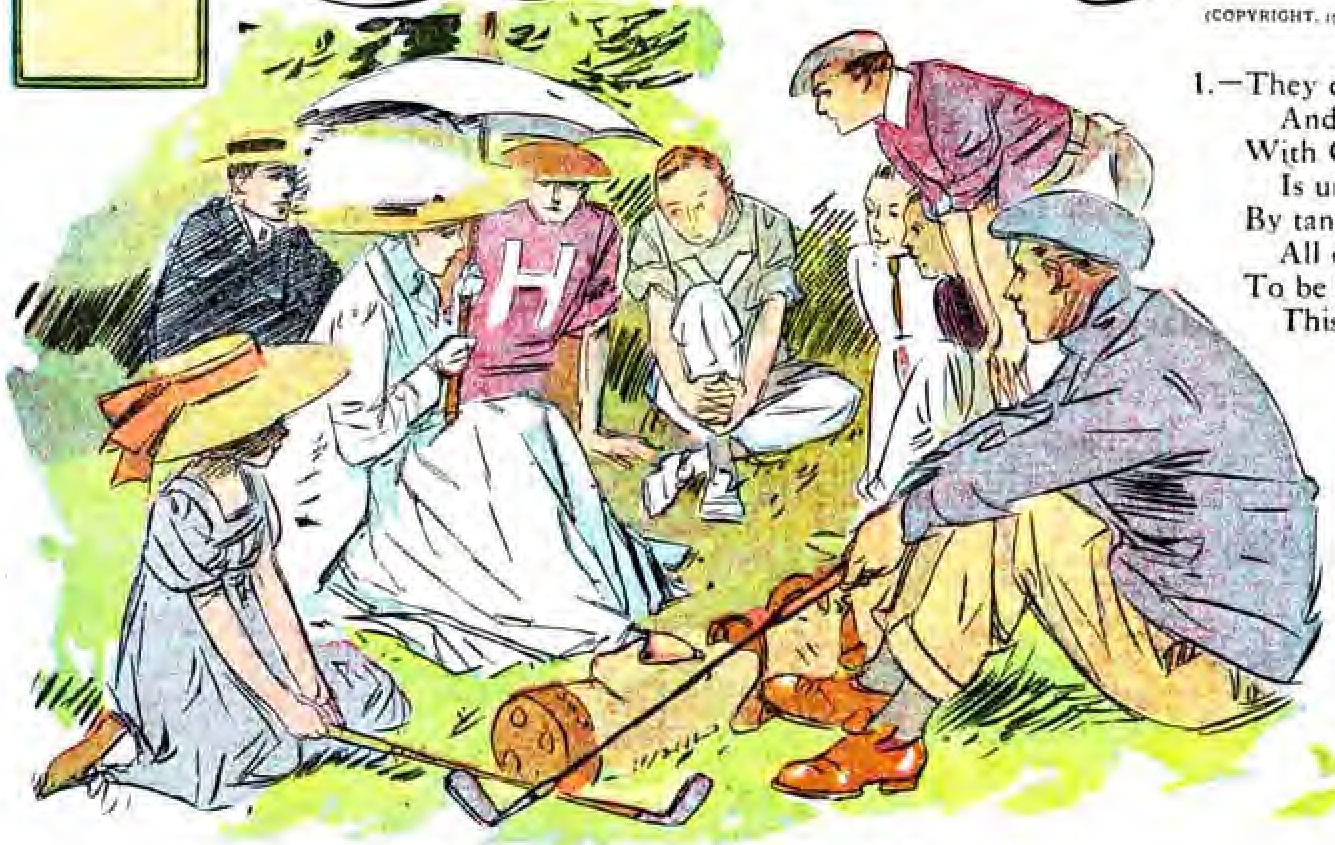
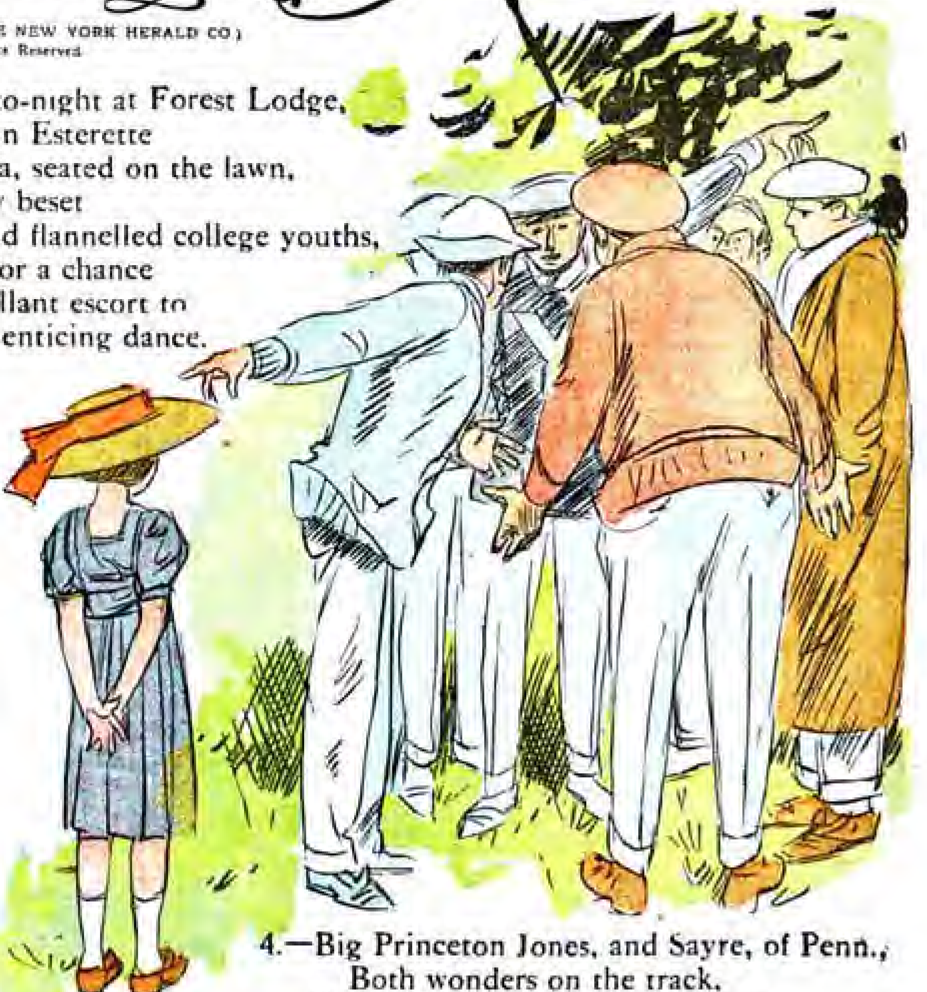


1.—They dance to-night at Forest Lodge,
And Cousin Esterette
With Cynthia, seated on the lawn,
Is urgently beset
By tanned and flannelled college youths,
All eager for a chance
To be her gallant escort to
This most enticing dance.

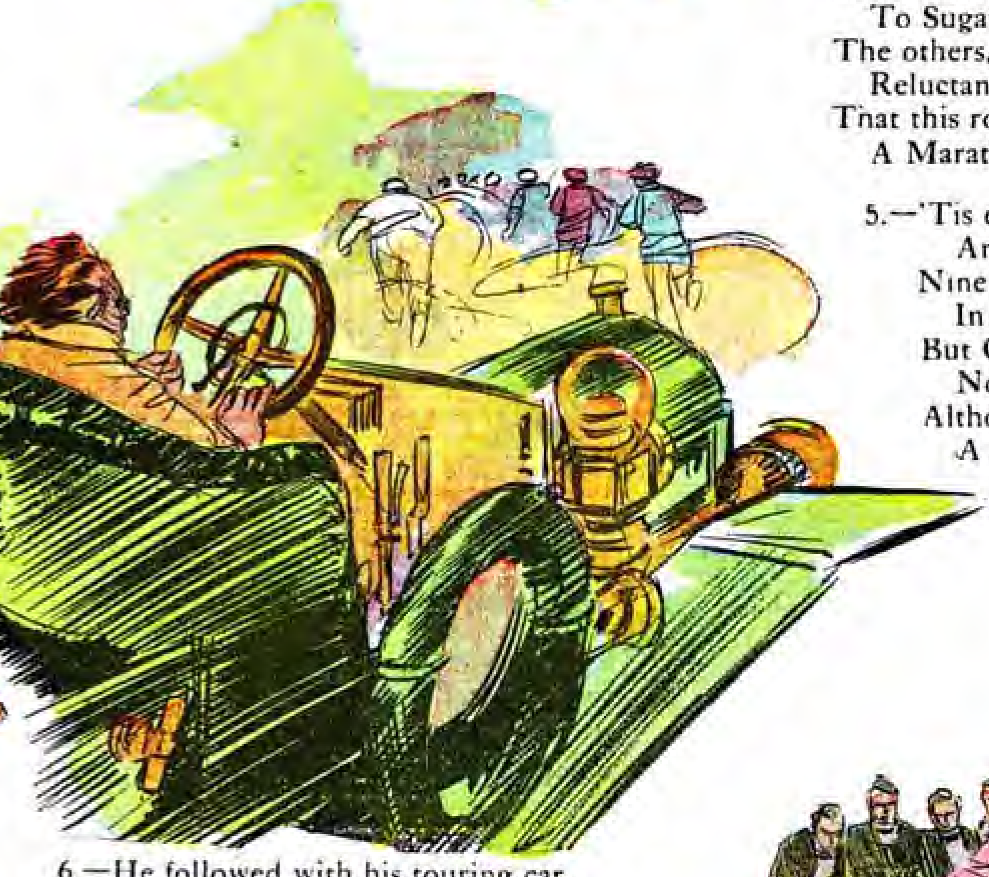


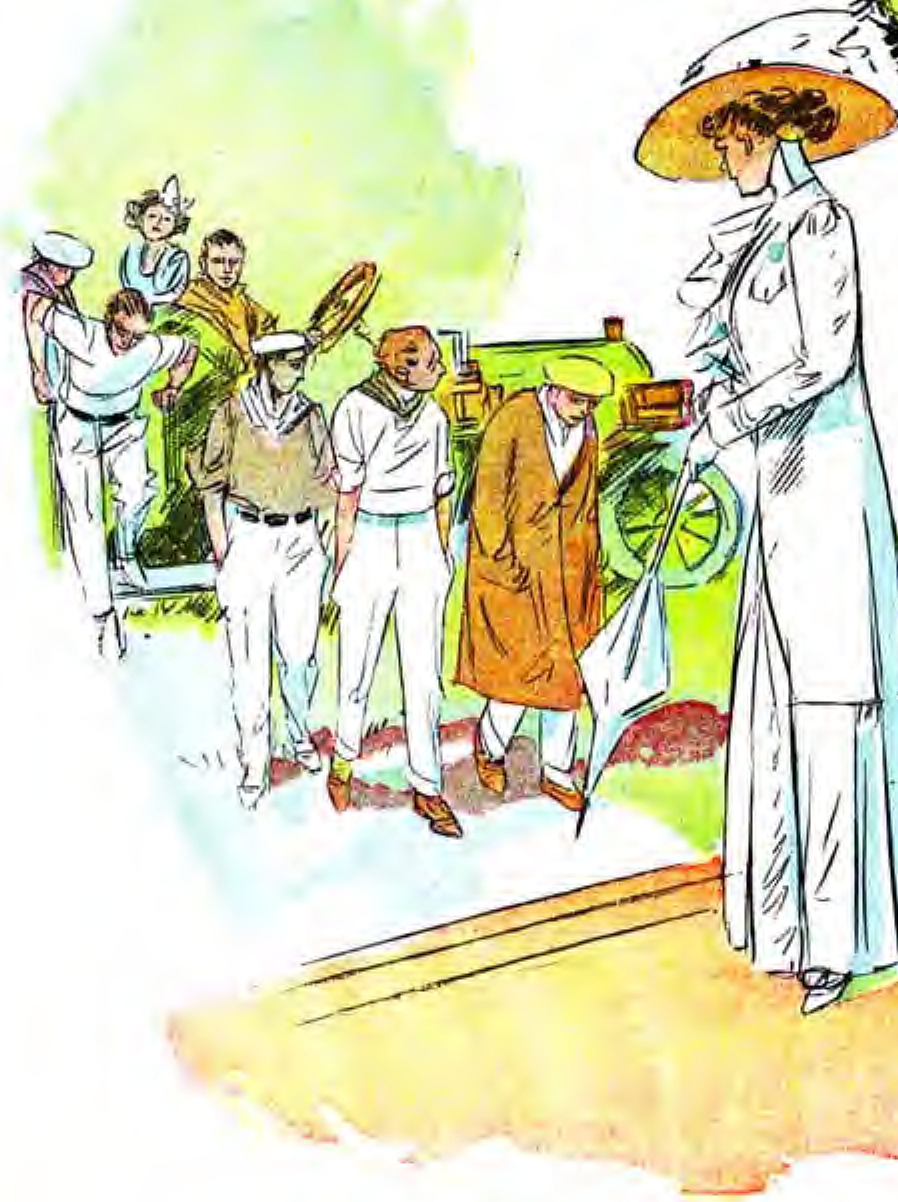
2.—"Those letters on your chests," said she,
"Prove that you each excel
At some athletic sport, and I
Suggest it would be well
To hold a general tournament,
And he who comes out best
Will find that I'll most happy be
To honor his request."

3.—"Now that's a go! Come on!" they cried:
And foxy Mr. Rolf,
Of Yale, suggests they get their clubs
And fight it out at golf.
But Leech, a Harvard quarterback,
And Esterbrook, of Brown,
Who does a hundred under ten,
Vote Mr. Golfer down.

4.—Big Princeton Jones, and Sayre, of Penn.,
Both wonders on the track,
Suggest they have a running race
To Sugar Hill and back.
The others, after much debate,
Reluctantly agree
That this romantic contest, then,
A Marathon shall be.

5.—'Tis eleven miles to Sugar Hill,
And down the dusty road
Nine (out of training) college men
In grilling contest strode.
But Grey, of Williams, didn't start—
No athlete, we confess,
Although he packs some brains and is
A bogey man at chess.

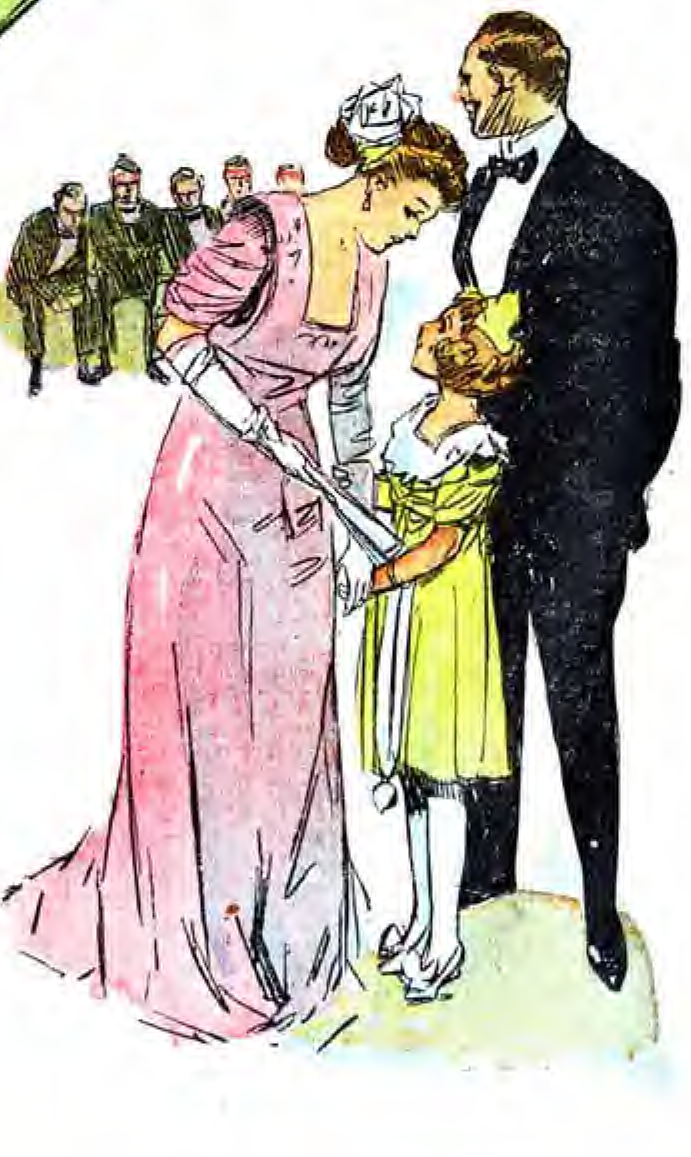


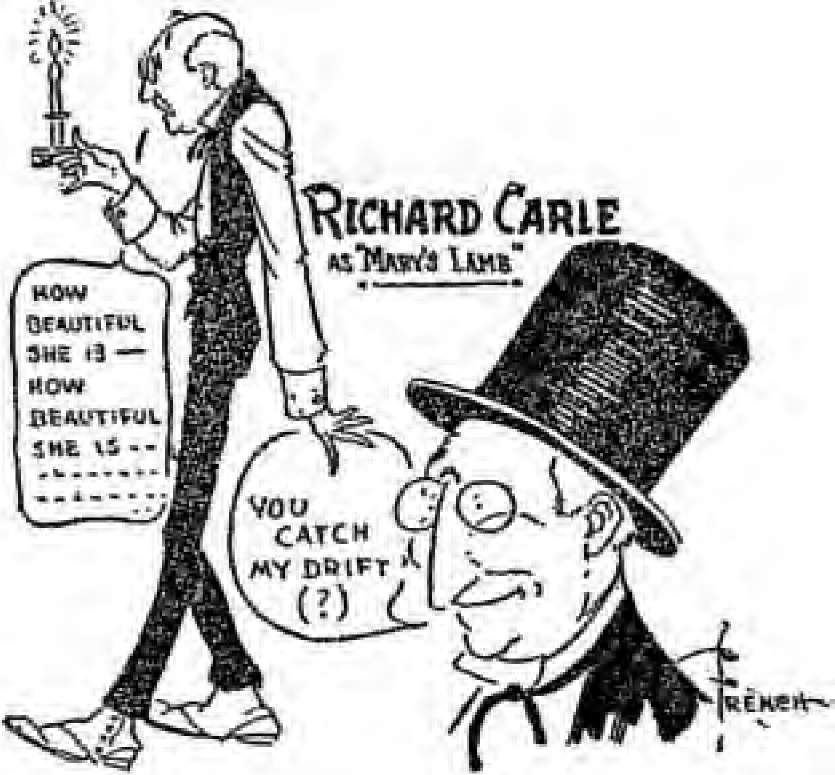


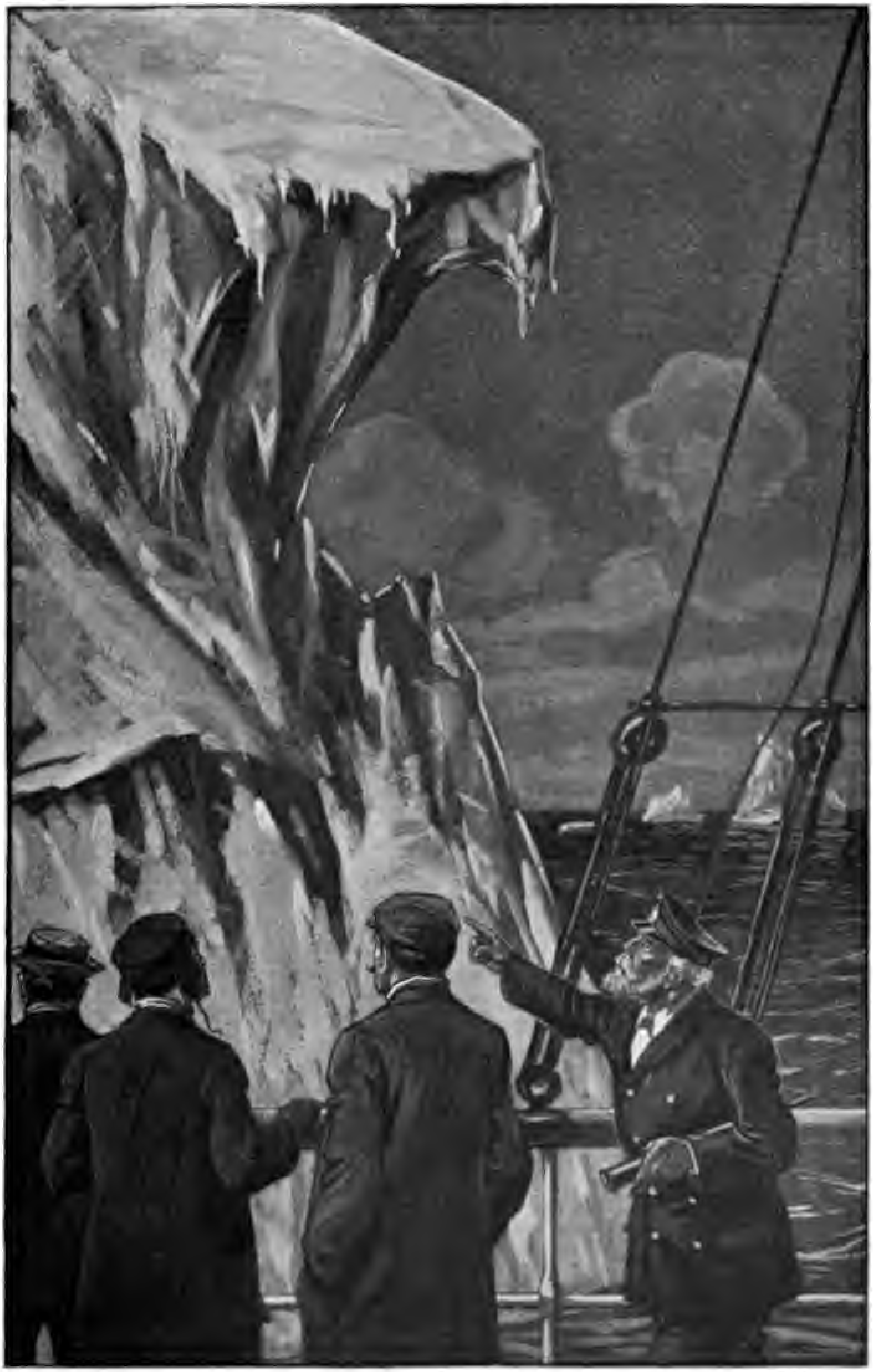
6.—He followed with his touring car
And hadn't gone a mile
Before one Rolf, of Yale, gives out
And asks to ride a while.
Then Jones, of Princeton, lost his wind,
And Harvard's quarter back
From "that same old bum ankle" has
A horrible attack.

7.—Thus one by one they quit the game
And, each disqualified,
Before they reach far Sugar Hill
He has them all inside.
He sets them down before the Inn
So Esther might observe
That none to look her in the eyes
Possess the proper nerve.

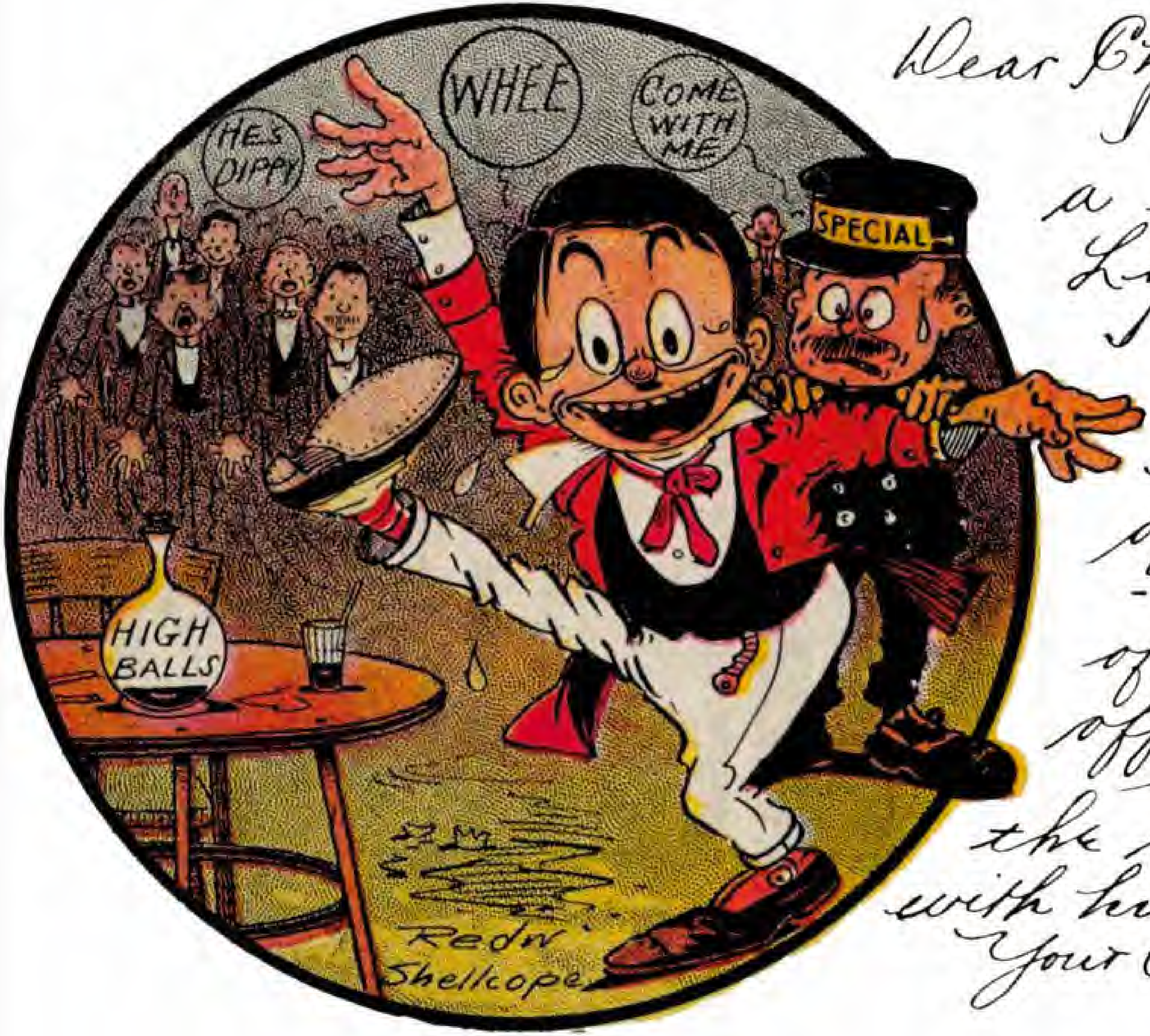
8.—So Grey, of Williams, wins the day,
And Esther for the ball,
By tuckered athletes soundly cursed,
But envied by them all.
And Cynthia to her cousin hints:
"Dear Esther, I suspect
To casual brawn and muscle you
Prefer an intellect."




RICHARD CARLE
AS "MARY'S LAMB"
HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS — HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS --
YOU CATCH MY DRIFT (?)
FRENCH



The big iceberg came drifting on them. — *Page 171.*


HE'S DIPPY
WHEE
COME WITH ME
SPECIAL
HIGH BALLS
Redw Shellkope

Dear Chum.
I have been having a great time here Last evening I took in Several balls and was the observed of all observers - Later one of the high officials arrived and I spent the rest of the eve. with him.
Your Old Friend.

There's a Reason

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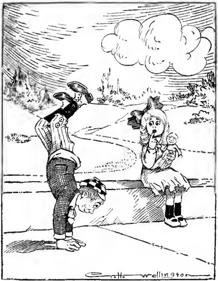
C. H. Wellington

There's a Reason

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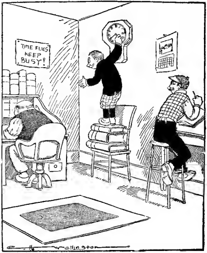
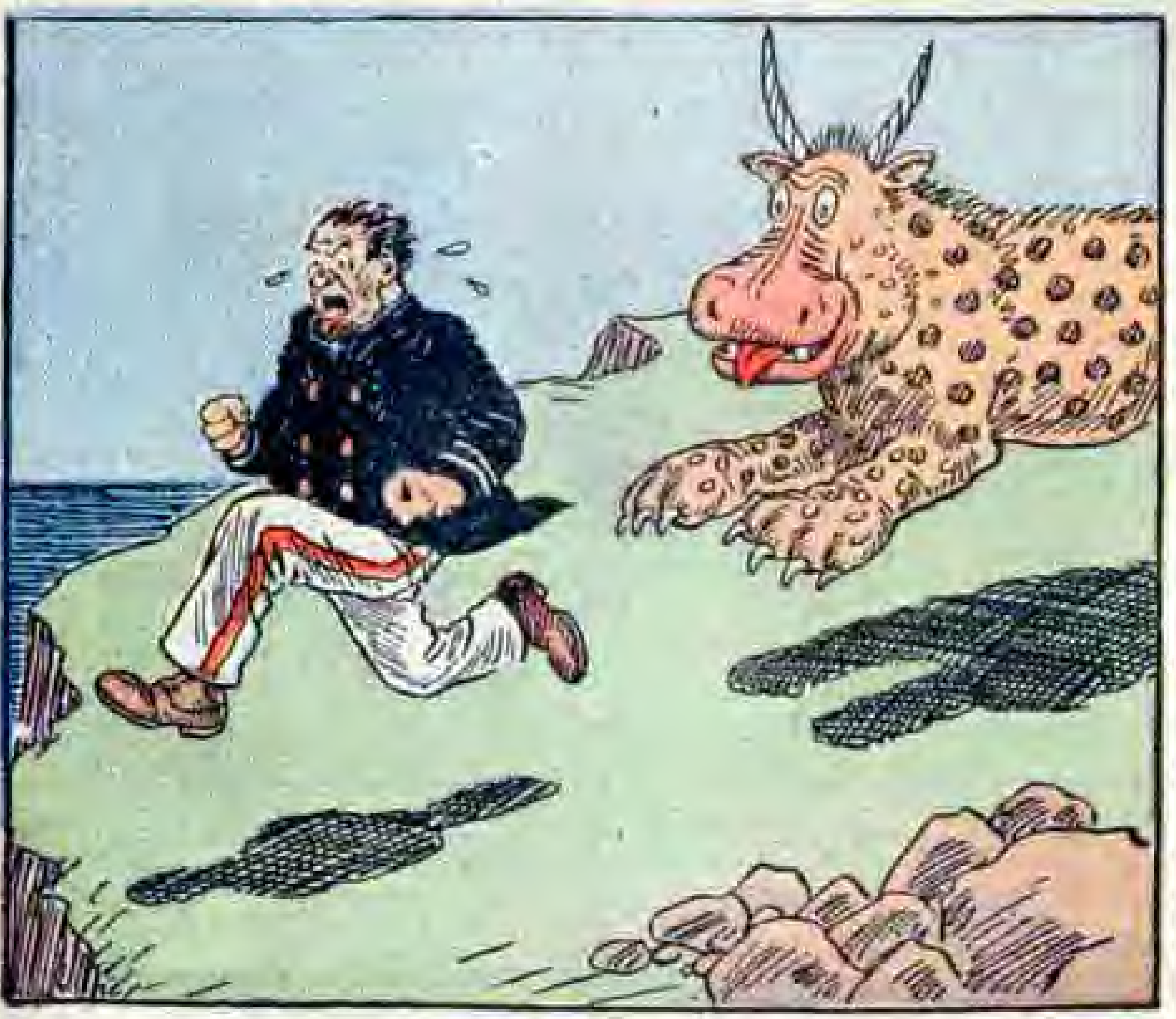
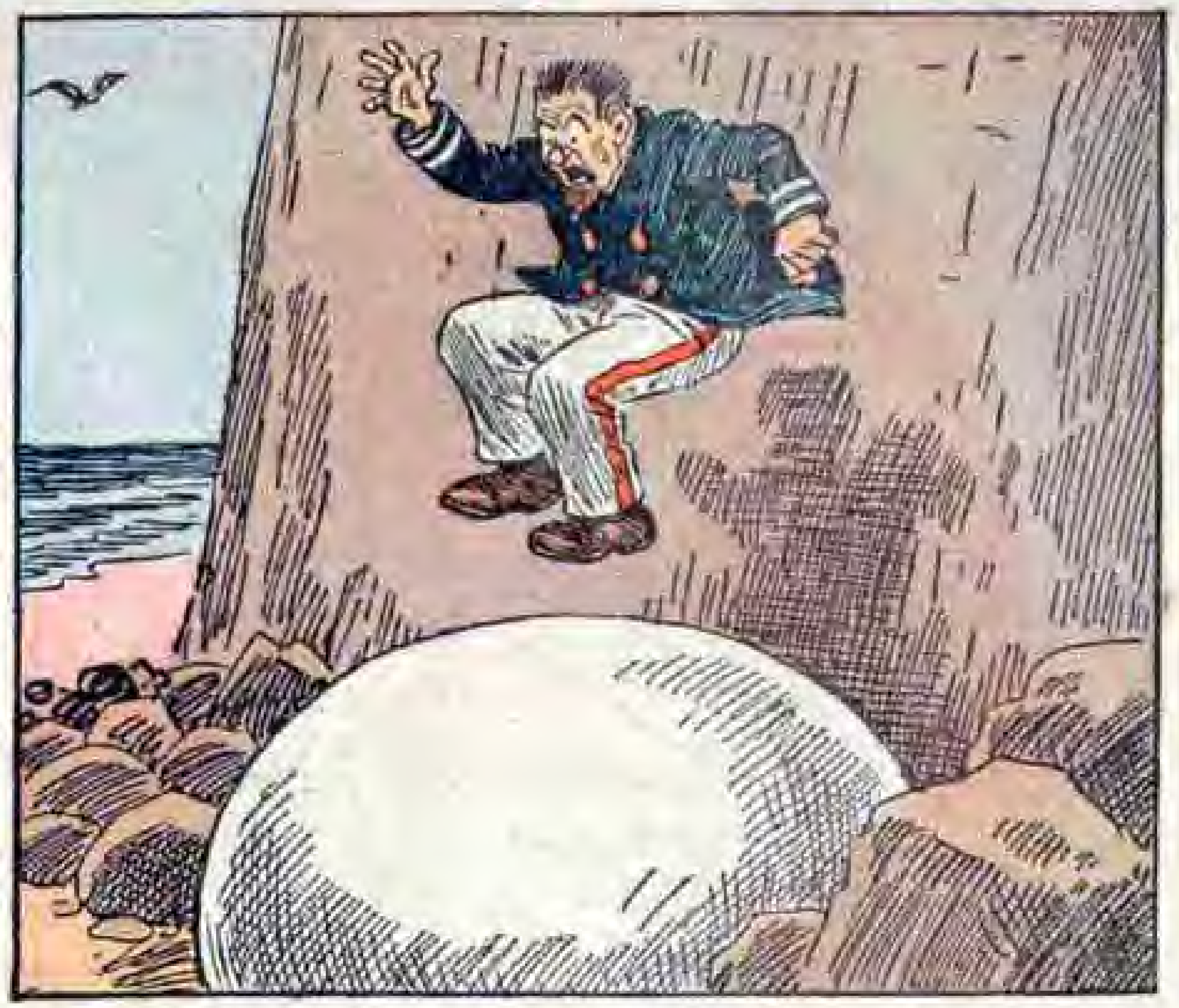

TIME FLIES
KEEP
BUSY!
C. H. Wellington

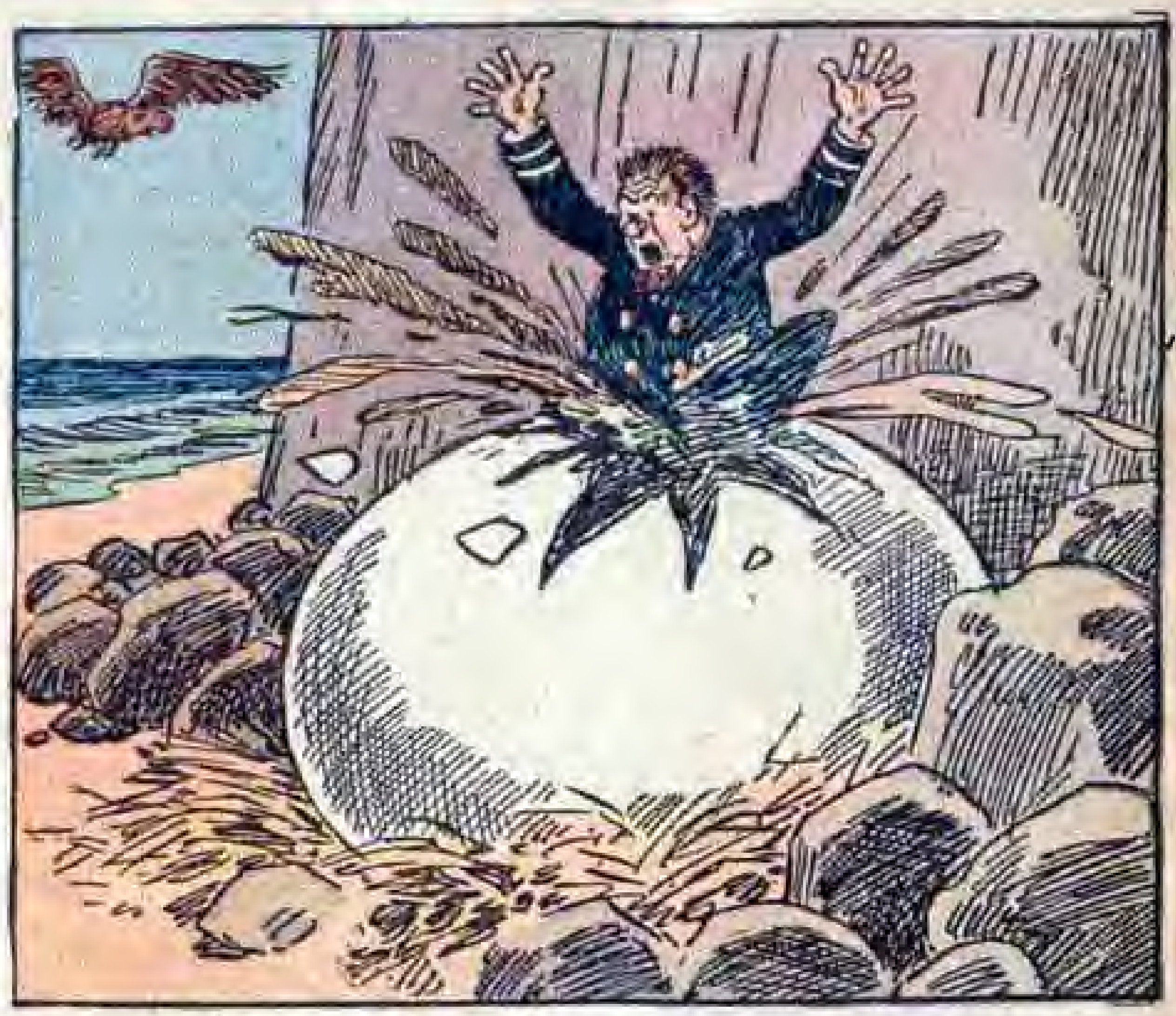
The Yarns of Captain Fibb



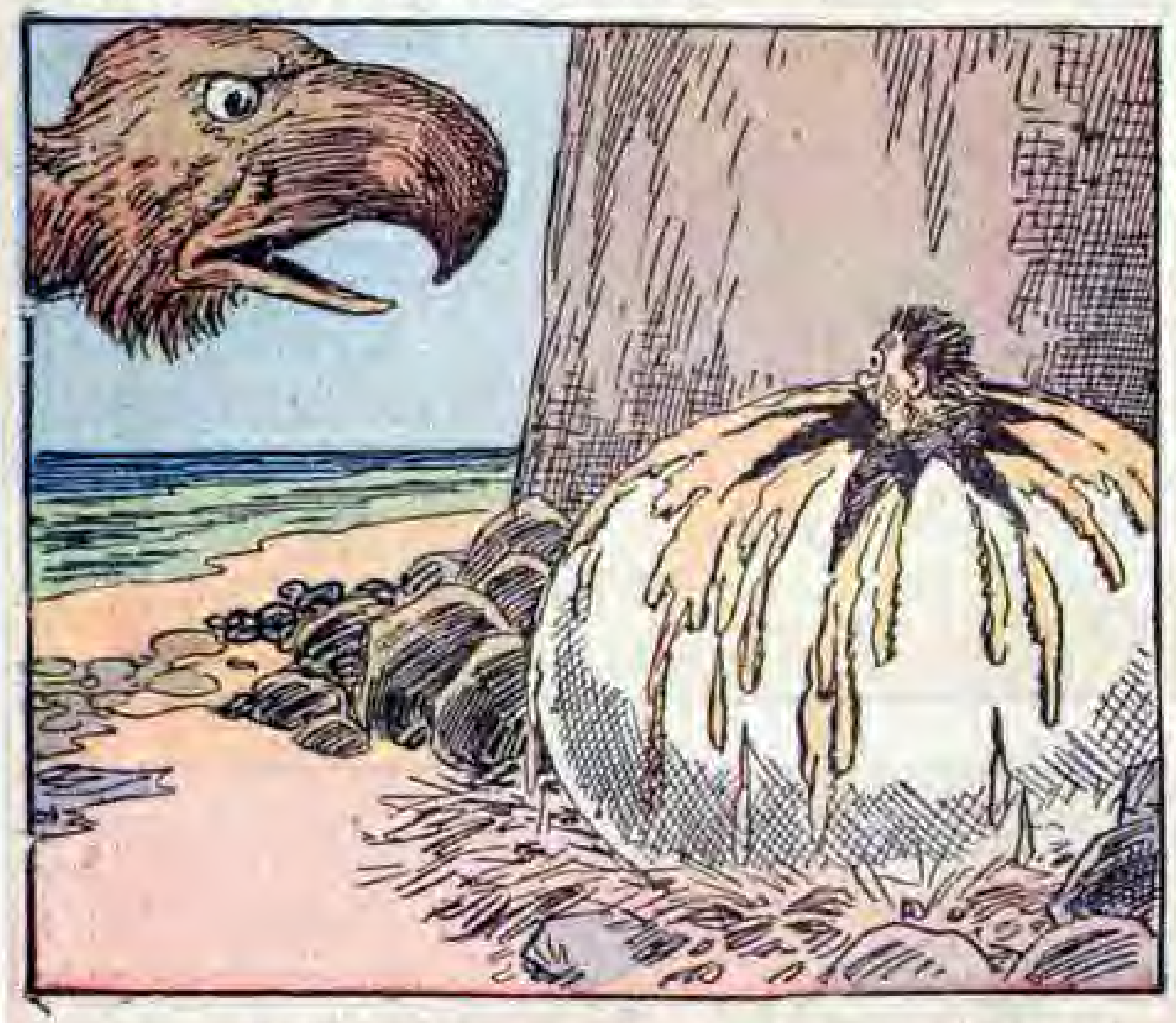
1. "The facts o' the yarn is these: I left the crew and wandered inland on the island o' Flubdub and got lost. Then I wuz chased by a fierce prong-horned wooze till I comes to the edge of a cliff ——



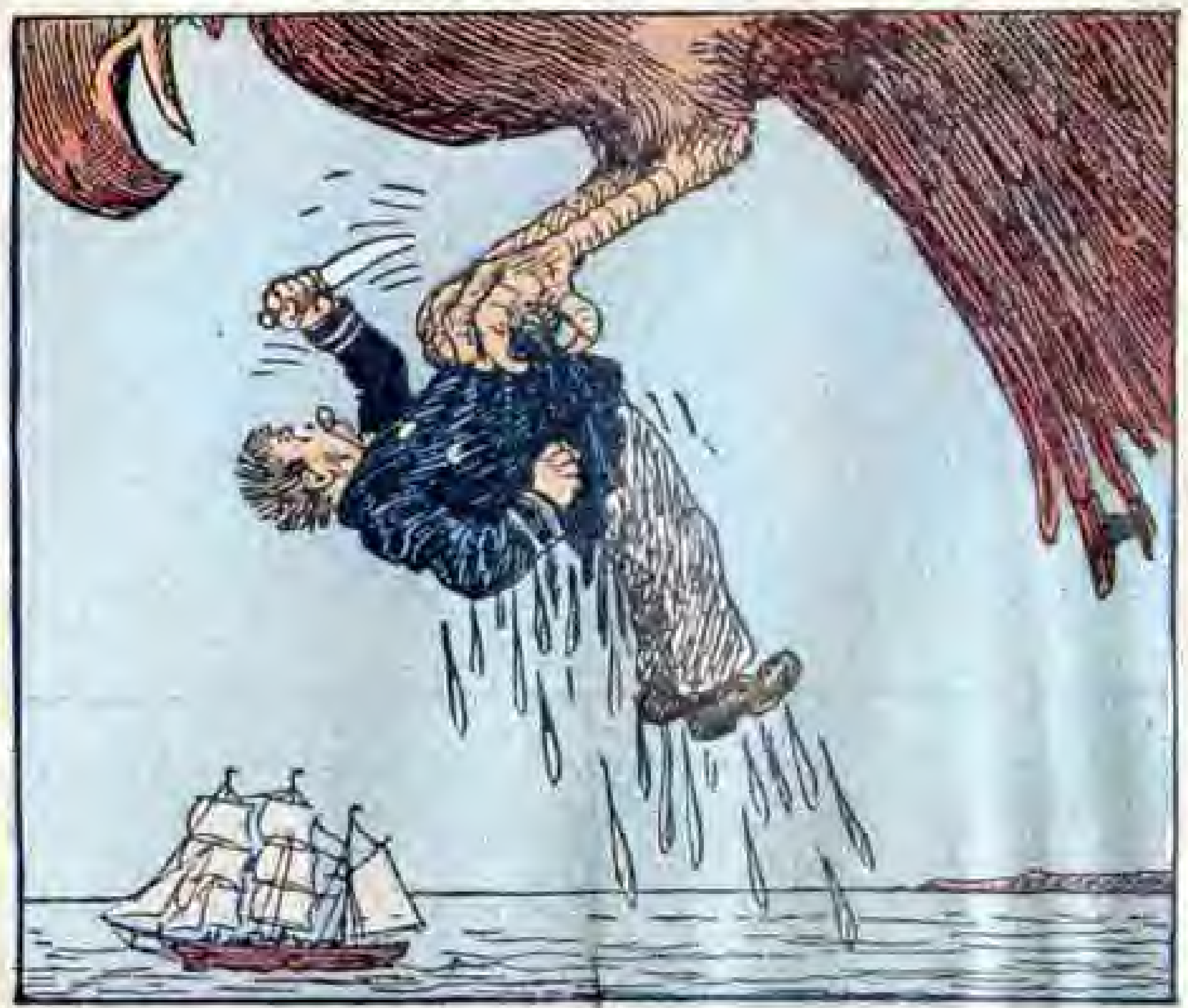
2 —— Below me wuz a rocky reef, but I had to jump or git chawed up by the savage beast. Well, there wuz nothin' left but to git dashed to death on a big rock that I wuz headin' fer, so I says good-night fer me! ——



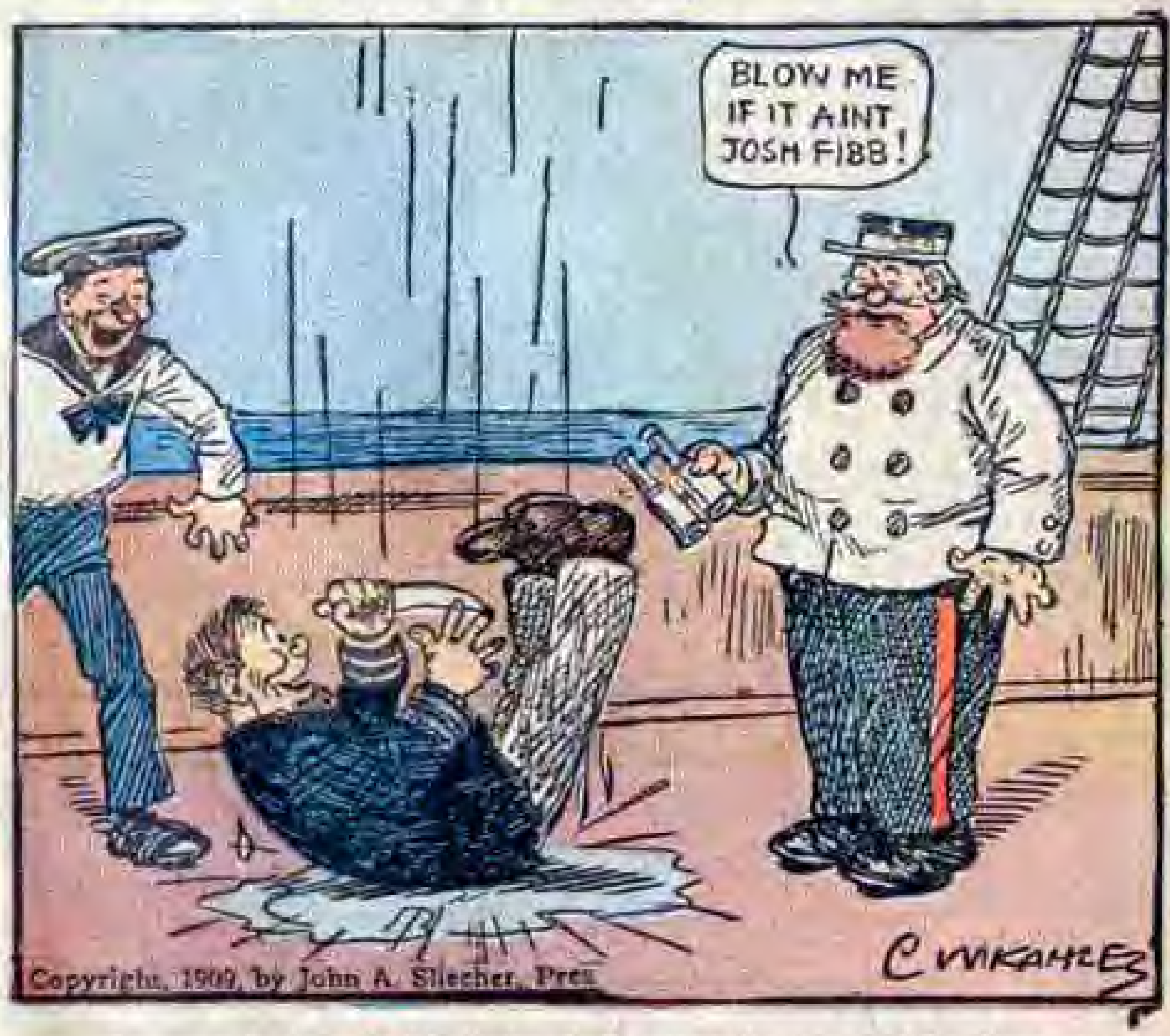
3 —— But dash me ding-busted scuppers if that rock wuzn't a tremenjus big dodo bird's egg! and I busted right through the shell into the soft mush inside. I saved me hull but me riggin' wuz a sight! ——



4. —— But jist then I gits froze stiff. I hears a terrible flappin' and I looks up, and there is a dodo bird coming' right fer me, as big as a ship! ——



5. —— Well, he grabs me in his claws and sails away up in the air and out to sea. Pretty soon I sees me ship, the Dinky Dulo, below me, and when we gits right over her I pulls out me knife ——


BLOW ME IF IT AINT JOSH FIBB!
C W KAHLES

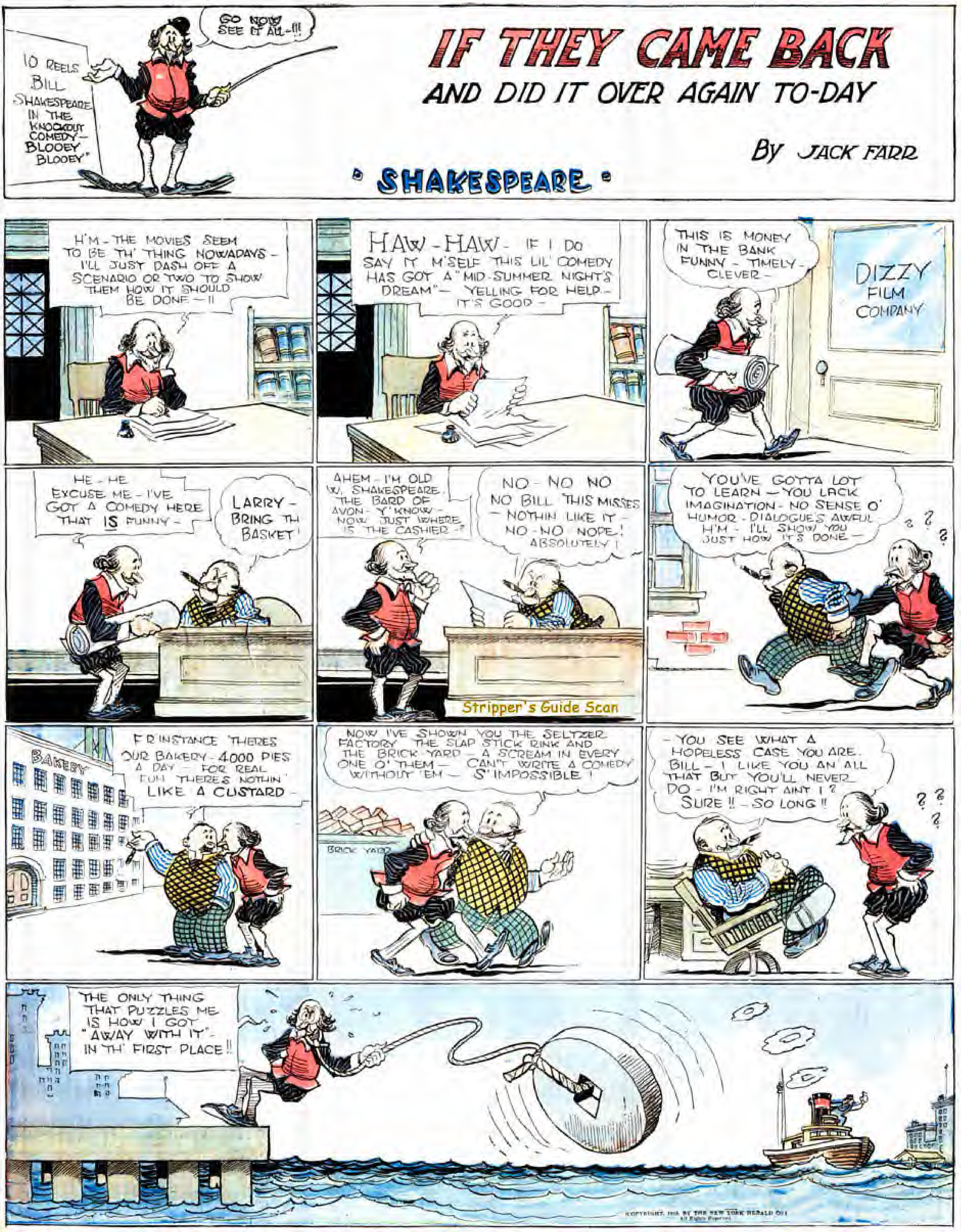
Copyright, 1909, by John A. Slecher, Pres.

6. —— and gives the big bird a slash across the toes, and he drops me like a hot potato and I falls right on deck at the skipper's feet! Well, the lads, you bet I wuz glad to be back on board ag'in."

IF THEY CAME BACK
AND DID IT OVER AGAIN TO-DAY

BY JACK FARR

• SHAKESPEARE •


GO NOW SEE IT ALL-!!!
10 REELS BILL SHAKESPEARE IN THE KNOCKOUT COMEDY- "BLOOEY BLOOEY"
H'M - THE MOVIES SEEM TO BE TH' THING NOWADAYS - I'LL JUST DASH OFF A SCENARIO OR TWO TO SHOW THEM HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE - !!
HAW - HAW - IF I DO SAY IT M'SELF THIS LIL' COMEDY HAS GOT A "MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" - YELLING FOR HELP - IT'S GOOD -
THIS IS MONEY IN THE BANK FUNNY - TIMELY - CLEVER -
DIZZY FILM COMPANY
HE - HE EXCUSE ME - I'VE GOT A COMEDY HERE THAT IS FUNNY -
LARRY - BRING TH BASKET!
AHEM - I'M OLD W. SHAKESPEARE, THE BARD OF AVON - Y' KNOW - NOW JUST WHERE IS THE CASHIER -?
NO - NO NO NO BILL THIS MISSES - NOTHIN LIKE IT - NO - NO NOPE! ABSOLUTELY!
Stripper's Guide Scan
YOU'VE GOTTA LOT TO LEARN - YOU LACK IMAGINATION - NO SENSE O' HUMOR - DIALOGUE'S AWFUL - H'M - I'LL SHOW YOU JUST HOW IT'S DONE -
? ? ?
F'R INSTANCE THERES OUR BAKERY - 4000 PIES A DAY - FOR REAL FUN THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE A CUSTARD -
BAKERY
NOW I'VE SHOWN YOU THE SELTZER FACTORY, THE SLAP STICK RINK AND THE BRICK YARD - A SCREAM IN EVERY ONE O' THEM - CAN'T WRITE A COMEDY WITHOUT 'EM - S'IMPOSSIBLE!
BRICK YARD
- YOU SEE WHAT A HOPELESS CASE YOU ARE. BILL - I LIKE YOU AN' ALL THAT BUT YOU'LL NEVER DO - I'M RIGHT AINT I? SURE!! - SO LONG!!
? ? ?
THE ONLY THING THAT PUZZLES ME IS HOW I GOT "AWAY WITH IT" - IN TH' FIRST PLACE!!

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"Gee, Ain't I Glad I Am Single!"

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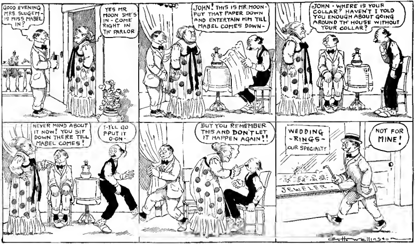
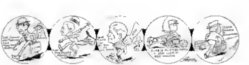
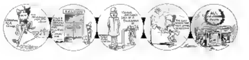

GOOD EVENING MRS SLUGEM - IS MISS MABEL IN?
YES MR MOON SHE'S IN - COME RIGHT IN TH' PARLOR
JOHN! THIS IS MR MOON - PUT THAT PAPER DOWN AND ENTERTAIN HIM TILL MABEL COMES DOWN -
JOHN - WHERE IS YOUR COLLAR? HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU ENOUGH ABOUT GOING AROUND TH' HOUSE WITHOUT YOUR COLLAR?
NEVER MIND ABOUT IT NOW! YOU SIT DOWN THERE TILL MABEL COMES!
I-I'LL GO P-PUT IT O-ON-
BUT YOU REMEMBER THIS AND DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!!
WEDDING - RINGS - OUR SPECIALTY
JEWELER
NOT FOR MINE!
C. H. Wellington

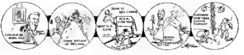


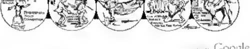


EVENTS OF THE WEEK
Drawn by
[illegible]
Los Angeles, Cal.

By courtesy of
Evening Express
Los Angeles,
Cal.

Yours truly
Pierre [illegible]




CONVENTION

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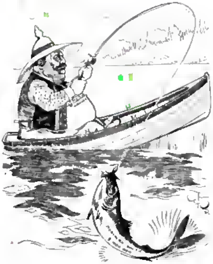
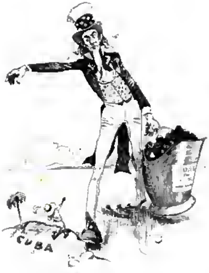
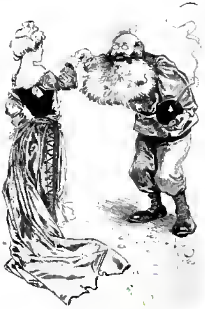


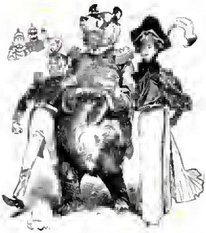
GROVER LANDS A BIG CATCH.



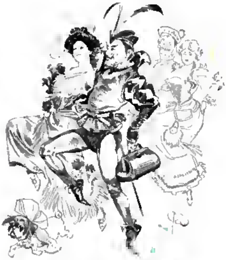
WANTED A COALING STATION.
Cuba: "Move on! You can't set that down here!"



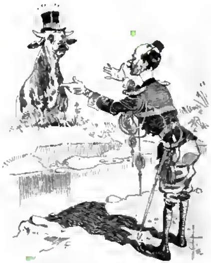
CHICAGO WELCOMES PRINCE KROPOTKIN.
Chicago: "Welcome, Prince; but leave those bombs outside!"



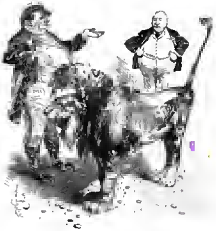
A NEW TRIPLE ALLIANCE.



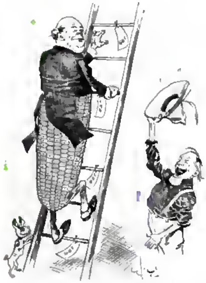
GRAU'S OPERA COME TO TOWN.



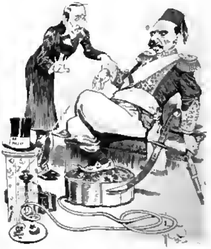
NO MORE AMERICAN BEEF FOR TOMMY ATKINS.



J. BULL TRIES TO RAISE A LOAN ON HIS PET LION.



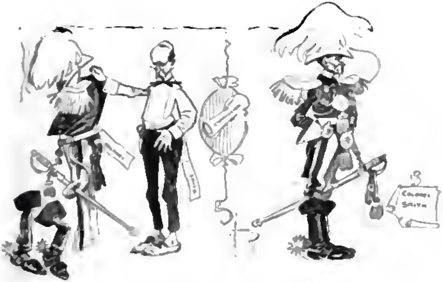
YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN.



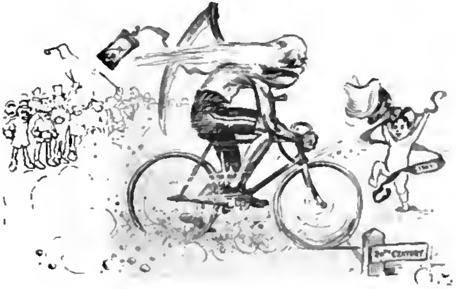
TURKEY'S RULER.
How'd you like to be *his* doctor?

CARTOONS BY CLYDE J. NEWMAN, CHICAGO.

(Courtesy Chicago *Record-Herald*.)



THE MAKING OF AN OFFICER.
Drawn by C. J. Newman, Chicago.



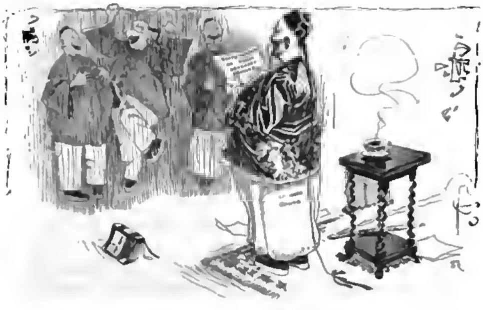
A HOT FINISH.
Drawn by C. J. Newman, Chicago.

handle, which can be cut away as knife is used. 50 cents.

Practical Guide to Embossing.—By James P. Burbank. Contains instructions for embossing by the various methods applicable to ordinary job presses, and much information not hitherto accessible. $1.

White's Multicolor Chart contains seventy-three specimens of cover-papers of various colors, shades and qualities, on which are printed six colors of ink — black, yellow, red, blue, green and brown — colors most generally in use. 40 cents.

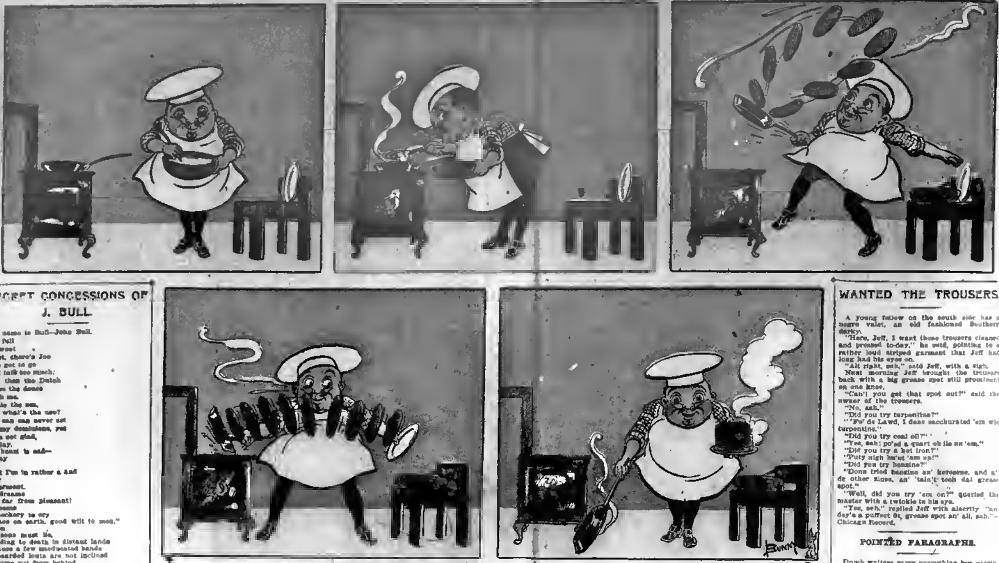
Fraternal Relations.—The following letters show a gratifying relationship between editor and assistant editors of The Inland Printer: "My dear Mr. Rice,— Since Mr. William J. Kelly has returned from Russia, it has been deemed best to give him the control of the department on pressroom notes and queries. I want to thank you very cordially for the interest you have taken in conducting this department during Mr. Kelly's absence and to assure you that it is from no lack of ability on your part that we make the change, but simply



AN ALMOND-EYED JOKER.
Death sentence on three deceased princes.
Drawn by C. J. Newman, Chicago.

THE HERALD VAUDEVILLE SHOW.

Signor Umptitumptino Does Another Marvel with His Wheat Cakes.



SECRET CONCESSIONS OF J. BULL.

My name is Bull—John Bull.
I'm full
Of woe!
First, there's Joe
Has got to go
And talk too much;
And then the Dutch
Raise the deuce
With me.
I rule the sea,
But what's the use?
The sun may never set
On my dominions, yet
I am not glad,
To-day.
My heart is sad—
I may
Say
That I'm in rather a bad
Way
At present.
My dreams
Are far from pleasant!
It seems
A mockery to cry
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
When
My sons must lie,
Bleeding to death in distant lands
Because a few uneducated bands
Of bearded louts are not inclined
To come out from behind

WANTED THE TROUSERS.

A young fellow on the south side has a negro valet, an old fashioned Southern darky.

"Here, Jeff, I want these trousers cleaned and pressed to-day," he said, pointing to a rather loud striped garment that Jeff had long had his eyes on.

"All right, sah," said Jeff, with a sigh.

Next morning Jeff brought the trousers back with a big grease spot still prominent on one knee.

"Can't you get that spot out?" said the owner of the trousers.

"No, sah."

"Did you try turpentine?"

"'Fo' de Lawd, I done sacchurated 'em wid turpentine."

"Did you try coal oil?"

"Yes, sah; po'ed a quart ob ile on 'em."

"Did you try a hot iron?"

"Puty nigh burnt 'em up!"

"Did you try benzine?"

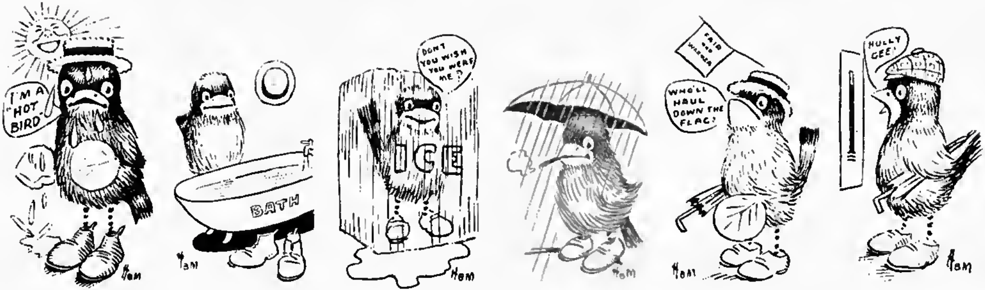
"Done tried benzine an' kerosene, and a' de other tings, an' 'tain't tech dat grease spot."

"Well, did you try 'em on?" queried the master with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, sah," replied Jeff with alacrity "an dey's a puffect fit, grease spot an' all, sah."—Chicago Record.

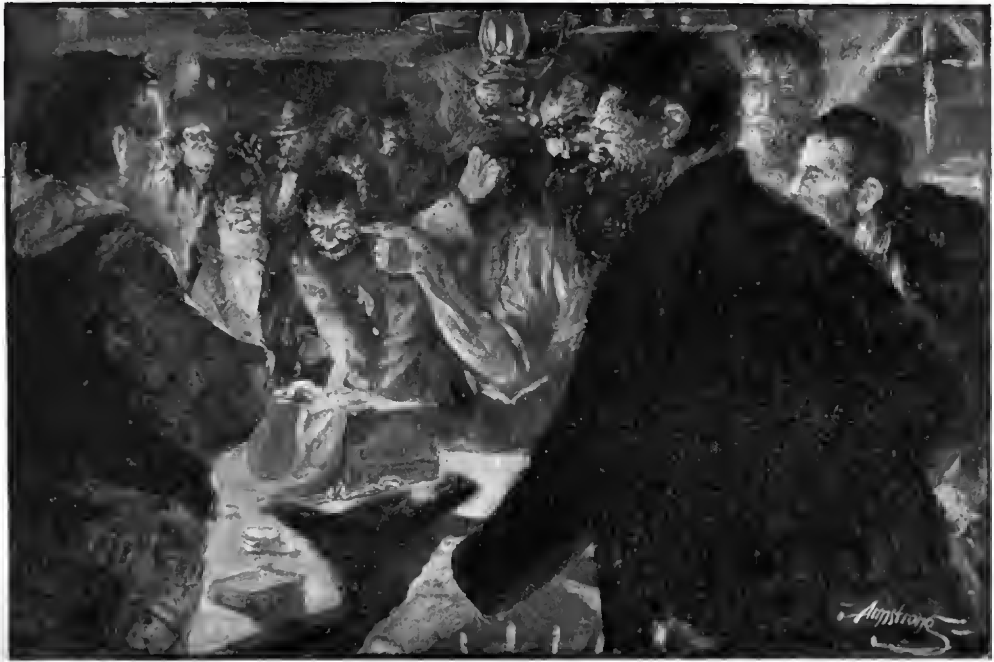
POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Dumb waiters carry everything but gossip

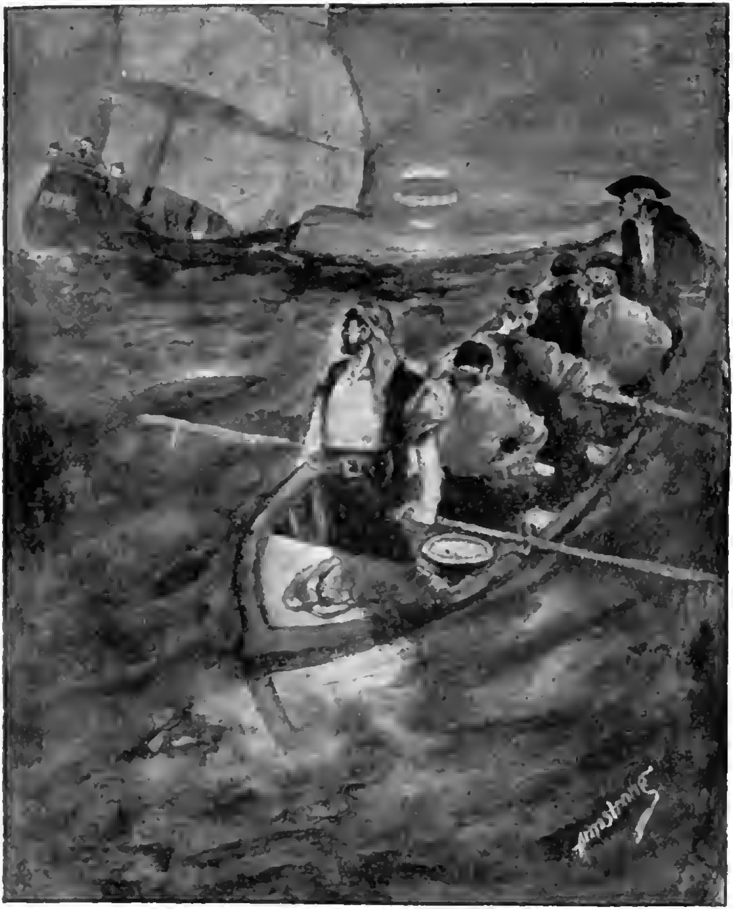

I'M A "HOT" BIRD
Ham
BATH
Ham
DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE ME?
ICE
Ham
Ham
FAIR AND WARMER
WHO'LL HAUL DOWN THE FLAG?
Ham
HULLY GEE!
Ham

THE POST-DISPATCH BIRDS.

During the heated term the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has been illustrating its weather report articles with little bird illustrations, drawn by H. B. Martin of that paper. There has been good opportunity to change the expressions during the warm weather which has been prevalent in that city, and the birds have made quite a hit. We reproduce several of them.



"In a candle-box * * * lay the latest arrival at Roaring Camp."



"These six left the ship exactly as she was."

THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Supplement to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis, Sunday, April 22 1900.

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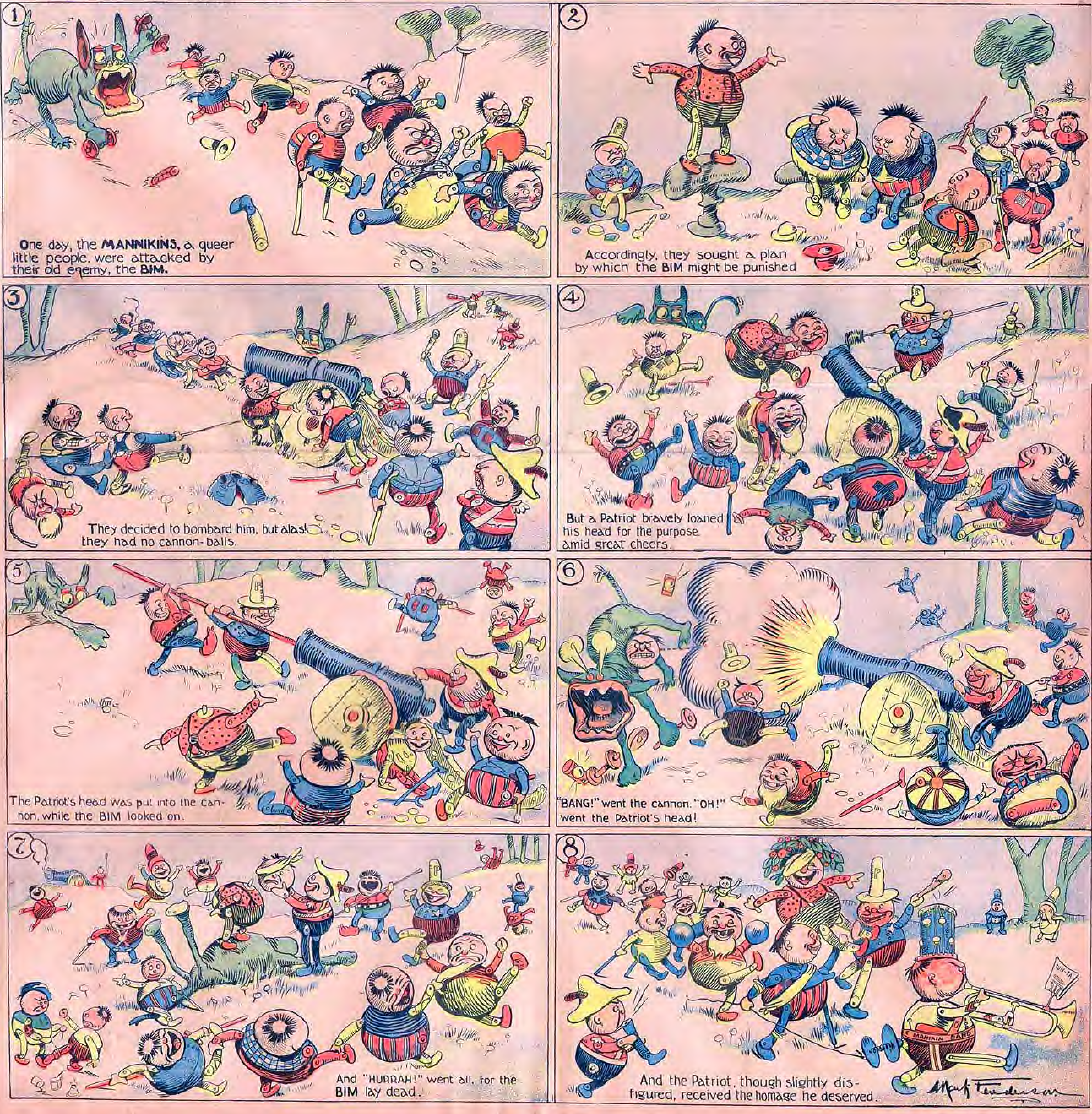
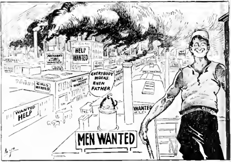
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PERMIT US TO INTRODUCE OUR LITTLE FRIENDS, *THE MANNIKINS.*

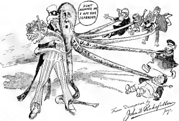
(THE MANNIKINS are a new creation, drawn by Mr. Mark Fenderson, of the Funny Side's staff of famous comic artists. The Funny Side will present them from time to time in various adventures.)


1
One day, the **MANNIKINS**, a queer little people, were attacked by their old enemy, the **BIM.**
2
Accordingly, they sought a plan by which the **BIM** might be punished
3
They decided to bombard him, but alas! they had no cannon-balls.
4
But a Patriot bravely loaned his head for the purpose, amid great cheers.
5
The Patriot's head was put into the cannon, while the BIM looked on.
6
"BANG!" went the cannon. "OH!" went the Patriot's head!
7
And "HURRAH!" went all, for the BIM lay dead.
8
MANIKIN BAND
And the Patriot, though slightly disfigured, received the homage he deserved.
Mark Fenderson


HELP WANTED
MECHANICS OF ALL KINDS WANTED
GIRLS WANTED
FACTORY HANDS WANTED
EVERYBODY WORKS EVEN FATHER
WANTED HELP
WANTED
MEN WANTED

LABOR DAY 1906.

—*From the Detroit News.*


DONT HAMPER ME I AM YOUR DEFENDER
U.S.
TRUSTS
John D Rockefeller
Leip

THE LATEST TRUST PICTURE.

—Leip in the Detroit News

Hello
"COUPLE O' FRIENDS O' MINE!"

THE ST·LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Supplement to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis, Sunday, June 17, 1900.

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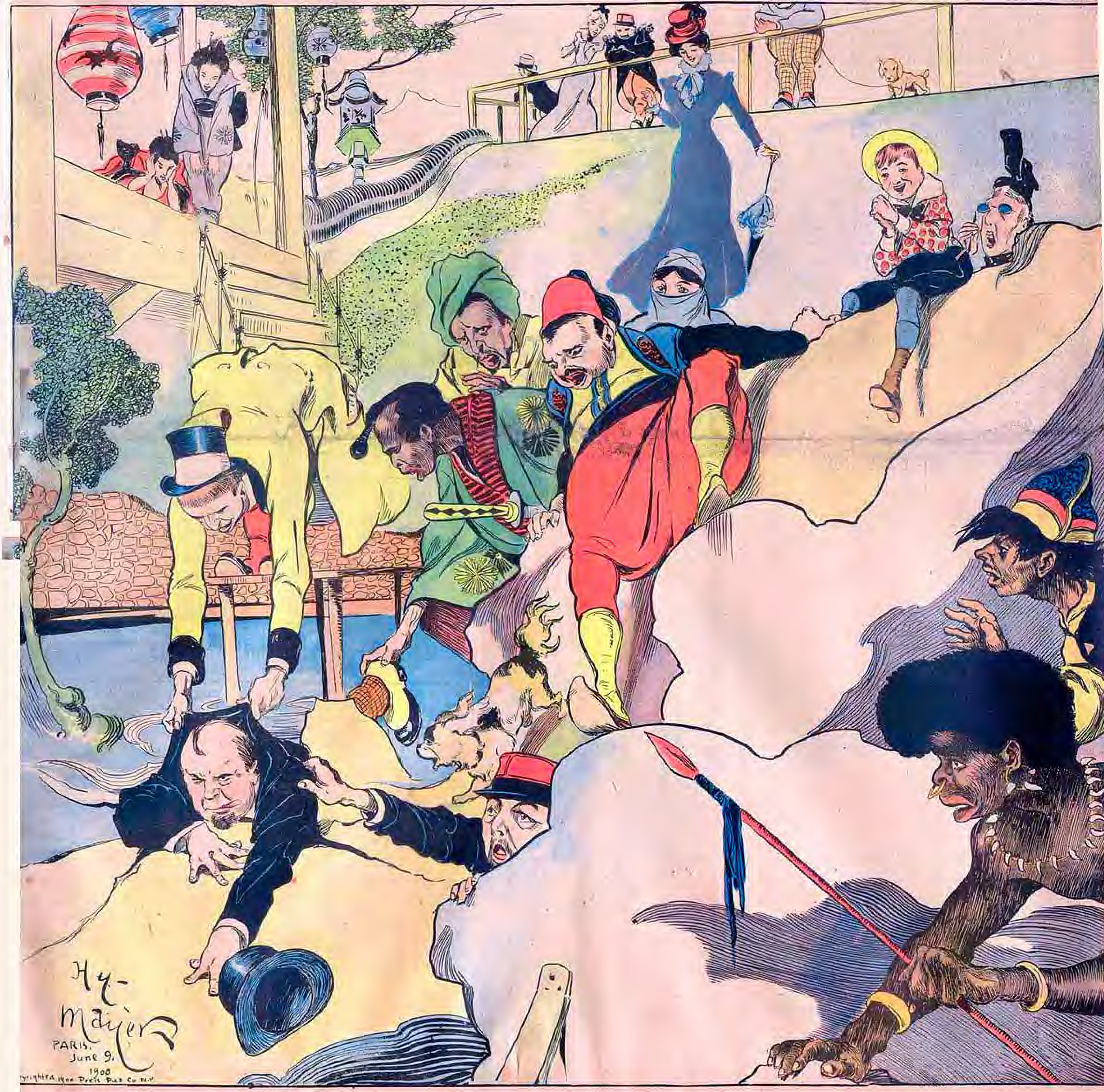
THE PLUNK FAMILY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. No. 4. PAPA'S ADVENTURE IN THE STREETS OF THE WORLD

DRAWN FOR THE FUNNY SIDE BY THE FAMOUS ARTIST HY. MAYE



Hy-Mayer
PARIS. June 9. 1900

yrighted 1900 Press Pub Co N.Y

AFTER THE FOURTH
SALVE
BANDAGE

THE ST·LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Supplement to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis. Sunday July 8. 1900.

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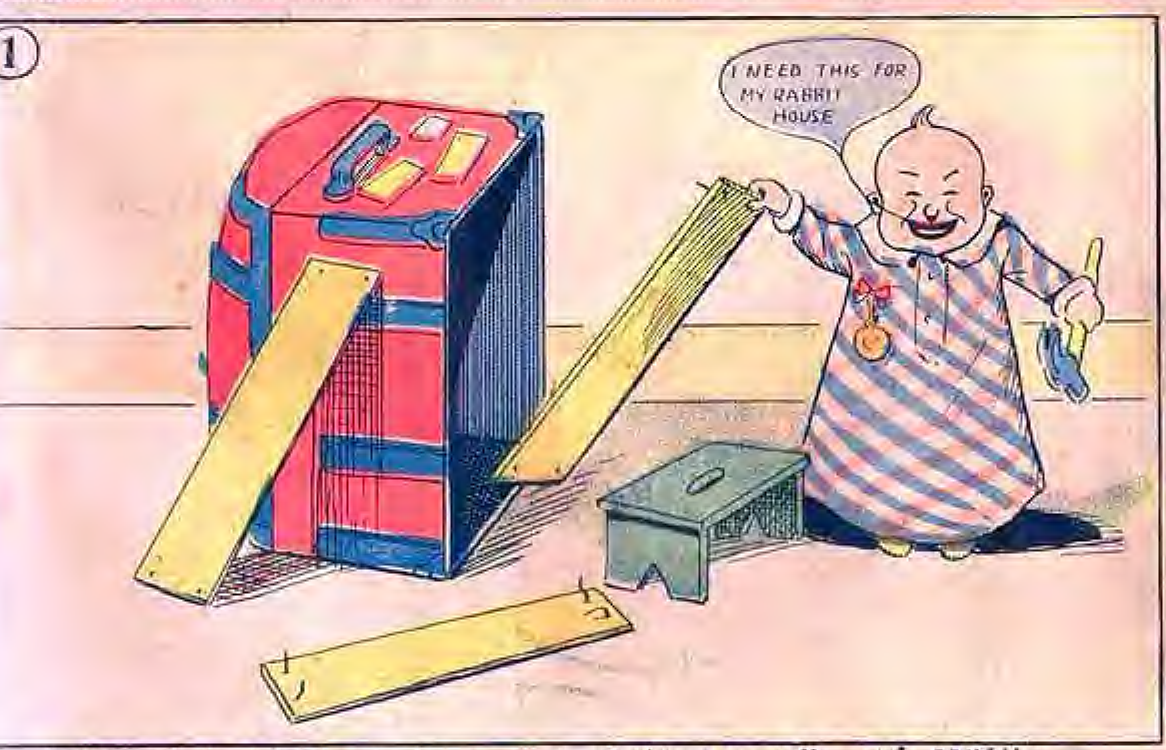
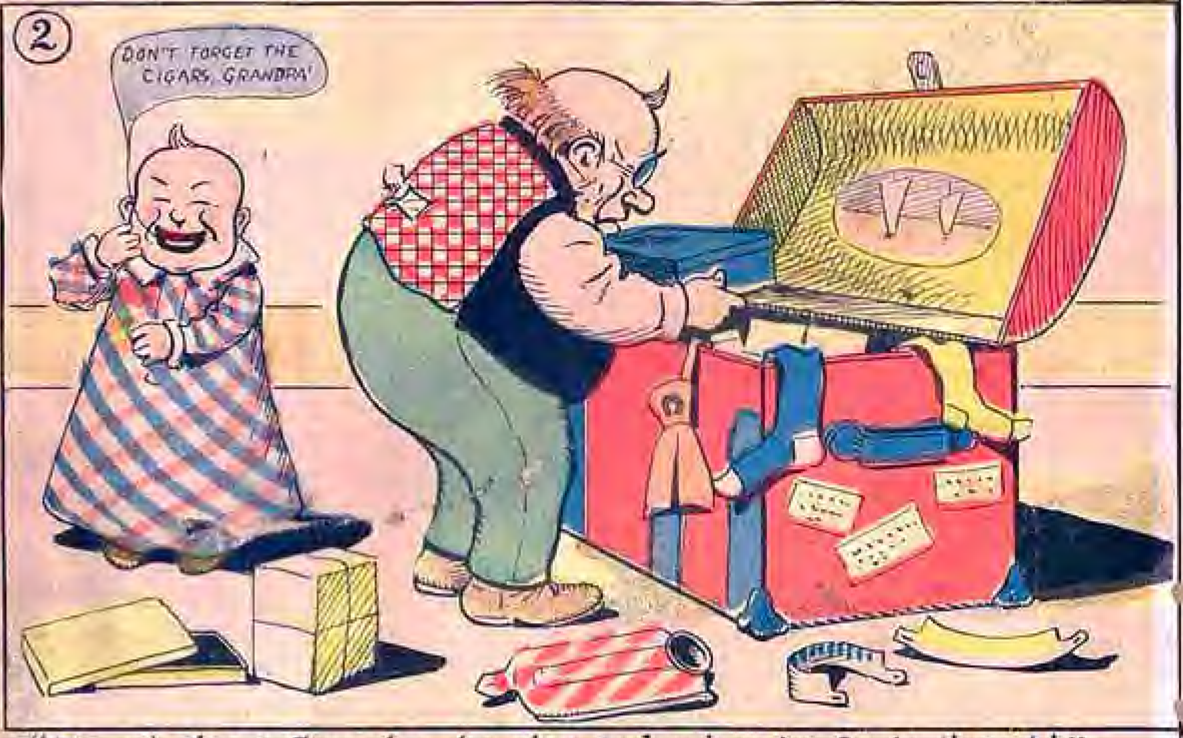
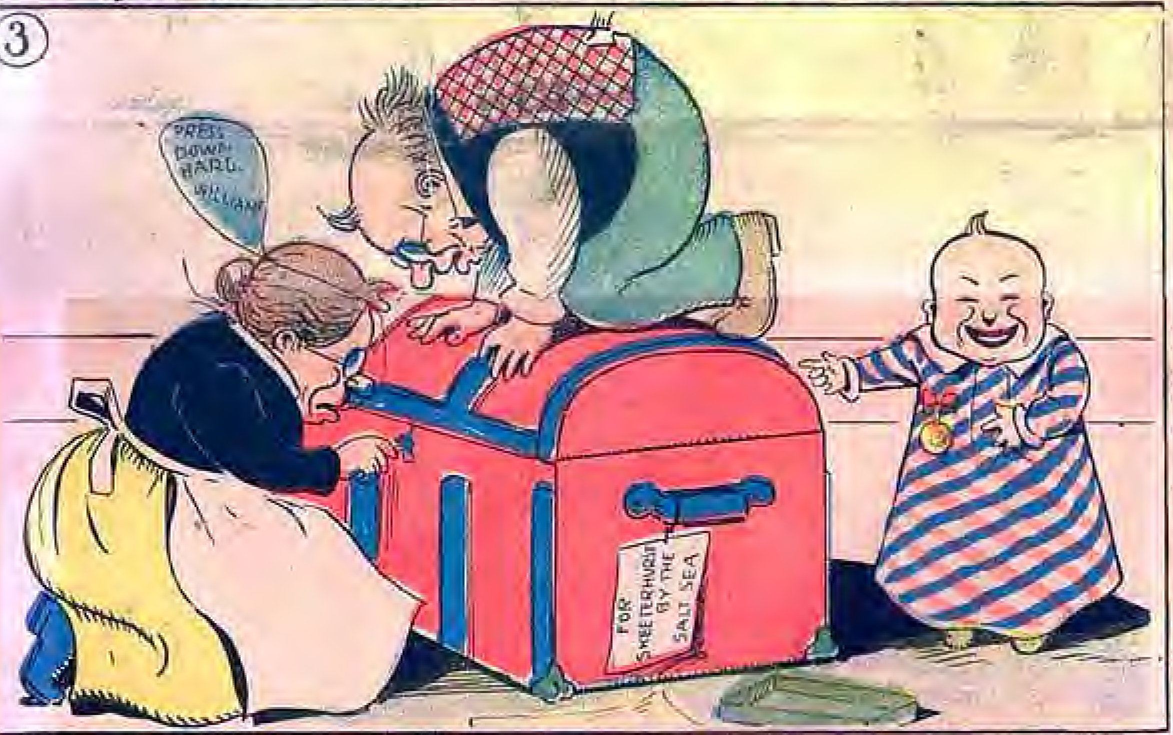
Mischievous Willie Assists His Grandparents to Pack Their Trunk.


1
I NEED THIS FOR MY RABBIT HOUSE

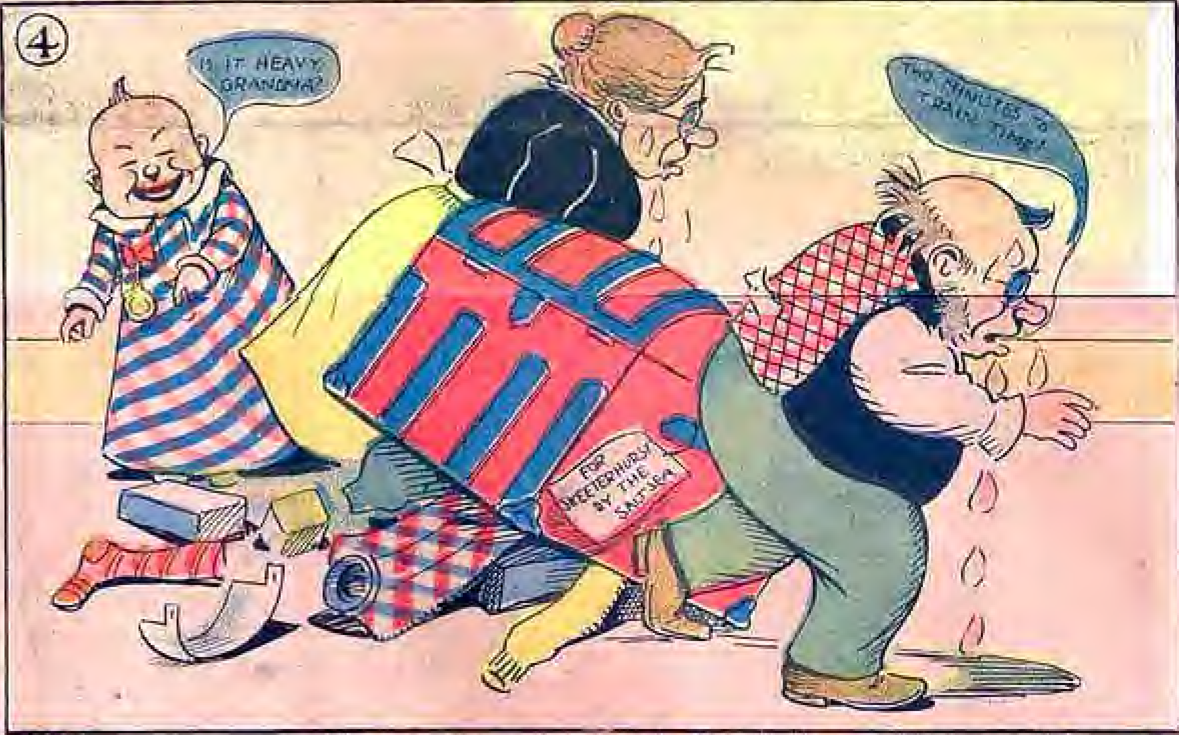
"I'll just take the bottom out of this trunk," said Willie.


2
DON'T FORGET THE CIGARS, GRANDPA!

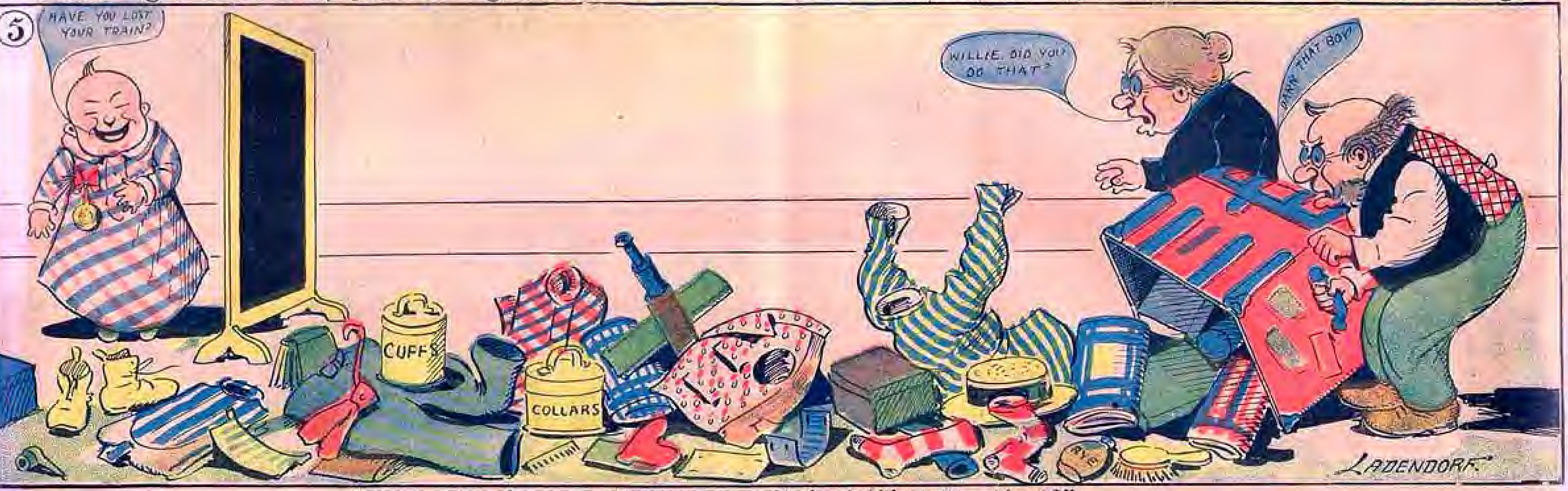
"Won't dear Grandpa be pleased when he finds it out!"


3
PRESS DOWN HARD, WILLIAM!
FOR SKEETERHURST BY THE SALT SEA

"That's right. Lock it up just as tight as you can!"


4
IS IT HEAVY, GRANDMA?
TWO MINUTES TO TRAIN TIME!
FOR SKEETERHURST BY THE SALT SEA

"Here comes the expressman! Don't keep him waiting."


5
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR TRAIN?
WILLIE, DID YOU DO THAT?
DARN THAT BOY!
CUFFS
COLLARS
RYE
LADENDORF

"Now who do you suppose would do a thing like that?"

CAPTAIN KIDD,

HYS CHESTE

PART VIII

Now Willie White and Benny Brown
And little Bobby Black,
Were feeling it was time for them
To strike the homeward track.

They'd found the chest of Captain Kidd—
Through perils great and small
They'd held to it and it was theirs,
It seemed for good and ill.

And now they sigh for home again
'Twas there they longed to be,
They said "We'll never long again
Strange countries for to see!"

And they resolved that as the chest
They had not seen inside,
They would not open it till home,
Its treasures to divide.

The Inquirer's latest puzzle offer has aroused greater interest than any previous enterprise in this line, primarily because of the valuable rewards offered, but also on account of the amusing nature of the verses. Letters are being received from all quarters commending the plan, and all express a most earnest desire to win the first prize, although the one week's trips to Atlantic City as the guests of The Inquirer are proving a close second in point of popularity. In order to win one of the prizes, however, you must not miss a single week, so now for the third set of pictures to-day.

First Prize: An Automobile.

TWENTY OTHER PRIZES: One Week's Vacation at Atlantic City, Including Board and Transportation From Any City, Town or Village

THE PUZZLE is to pick out the six hidden objects contained in the large picture and to write their names in the spaces provided in the accompanying coupon.

Out of these six objects each week there will be one which, by its nature, would be supposed to be contained in the chest. Of course, it is largely guesswork to determine which of the six might be put in the chest. The first blank space of the coupon entitles the holder to one guess. Those desiring more than one guess should secure extra coupons. No coupon will be considered unless fully filled out. The order of the objects, as indicated by the numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, has nothing to do with the correctness of the answer—the names of the objects may be written down as the contestant discovers them.

To the person whose answers to this series of hidden picture puzzles are correct the first prize will be awarded; but should two or more correct answers be received, the winner will be determined by lot. All of the correct answers will be selected from all the coupons received, irrespective of the time of arrival at The Inquirer office, and from these a committee of judges appointed by The Inquirer will draw, the first one being awarded the first prize, and so on. In case there are not enough correct answers to award the entire twenty-one prizes, those most nearly correct will be chosen in like manner.

It should be plainly understood that the verses have nothing to do with the solution of the puzzle. They are merely descriptive of the many amusing incidents in connection with the story, and do not contain any hidden suggestions or meanings that would serve as clues to the answers. The hidden pictures themselves are all contained in the lower or larger panel, absolutely none ever being in the smaller illustrations.

DO NOT MAIL COUPONS UNTIL FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS APPPEAR. The contestants should name only such objects as are "hidden," but which, when found, are perfectly plain. Objects placed in the drawing, and which are obvious at first sight, do not count.

No. 8. COUPON No. 8.

THE INQUIRER'S

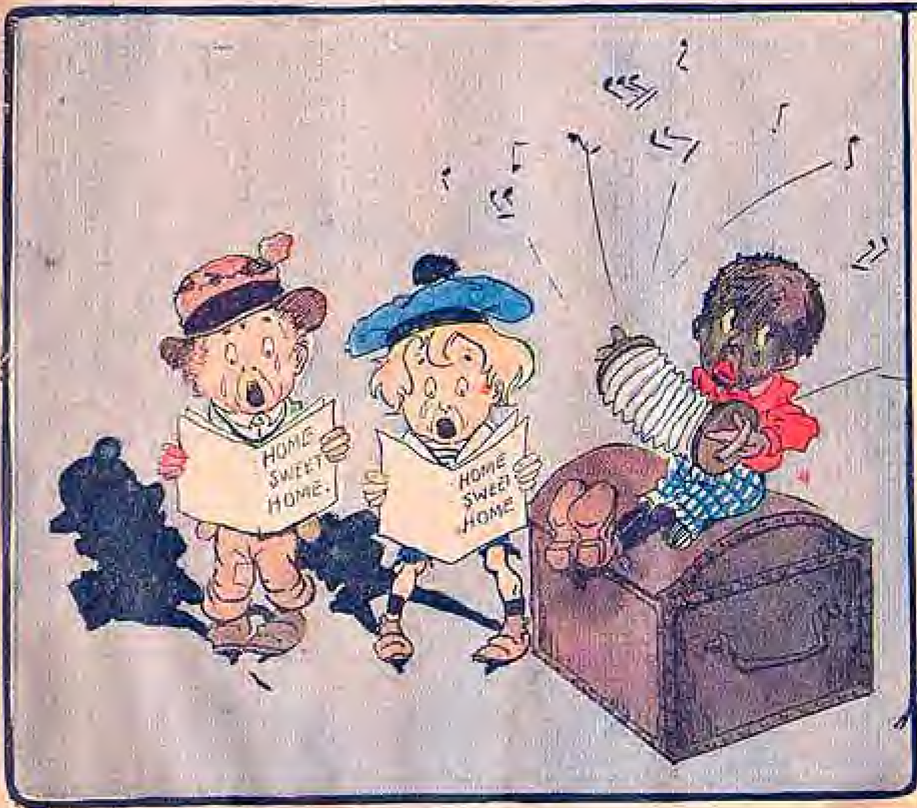
Captain Kidd Hidden Picture Series

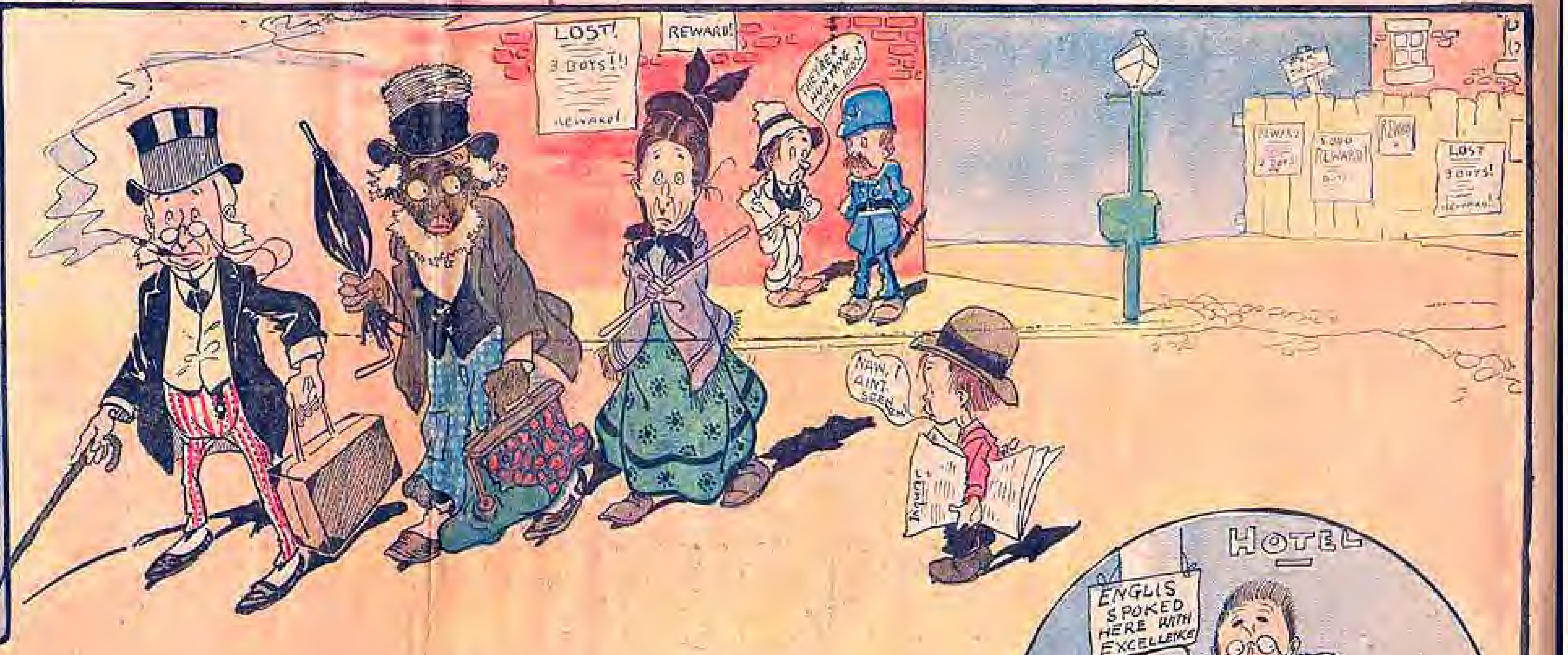
OBJECT FOUND IN CAPTAIN KIDD'S CHEST

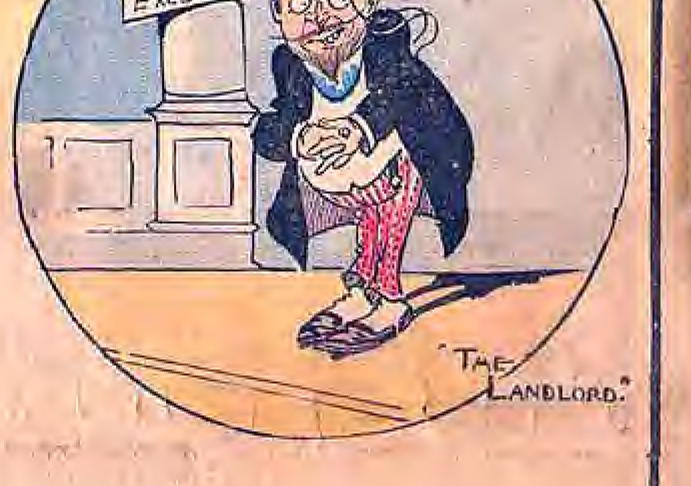
No. 1. (Name Object) . . . .

OBJECTS FOUND IN THE PICTURE

No. 2 . . . .
No. 3 . . . .
No. 4 . . . .
No. 5 . . . .
No. 6 . . . .






ENGLIS SPOKED HERE WITH EXCELLENCE
"THE LANDLORD."

"My father," then said Willie White,
Shall have all of my share!"
"My mother will TAKE mine as hers!"
Young Ben Brown did declare.

Then Bobby Black he rolled his eyes
And shook his kinky head.
"A milyun dollahs won't save me
From gittin' licked!" he said.

So they bid good-bye to the Philippines,
With their ch[illegible] they sailed away
To a parting [illegible]
From the warships in the bay.

But they'd resolved the great World's Fair
At Paris they would see;
And so they sailed on a big French ship,
The stately "Belle Marie."

By Suez, past the frowning rock
Gibraltar, on they sailed;
And after many weeks they were
By the Havre pilots hailed.

By train to Paris then they went.
And [illegible] by the [illegible] forth
And [illegible] you may think,
The chest wi[illegible] well.

Now while these lads by land and sea
Had met with friends and foes,
Their anxious parents sought for them,
As you may well suppose.

The elder White a banker was,
And cash he did not spare,
Ben's Ma and Bobby's Dad with him
Went searching ev'rywhere.

Fast on the trail their parents came
And never ceased their search,
But by some freak of chance or [illegible]
They were left in the lurch.

Yet they had tidings constantly
To aid them in their quest,
News of their sons from here and there,
And of Captain Kidde, Hys Cheste.

From out their window gazing down
On Paris and the Fair,
The boys beheld a cab approach—
Their parents in it there!

Some needless pa[illegible] the lads,
They [illegible]
From [illegible]
And [illegible]

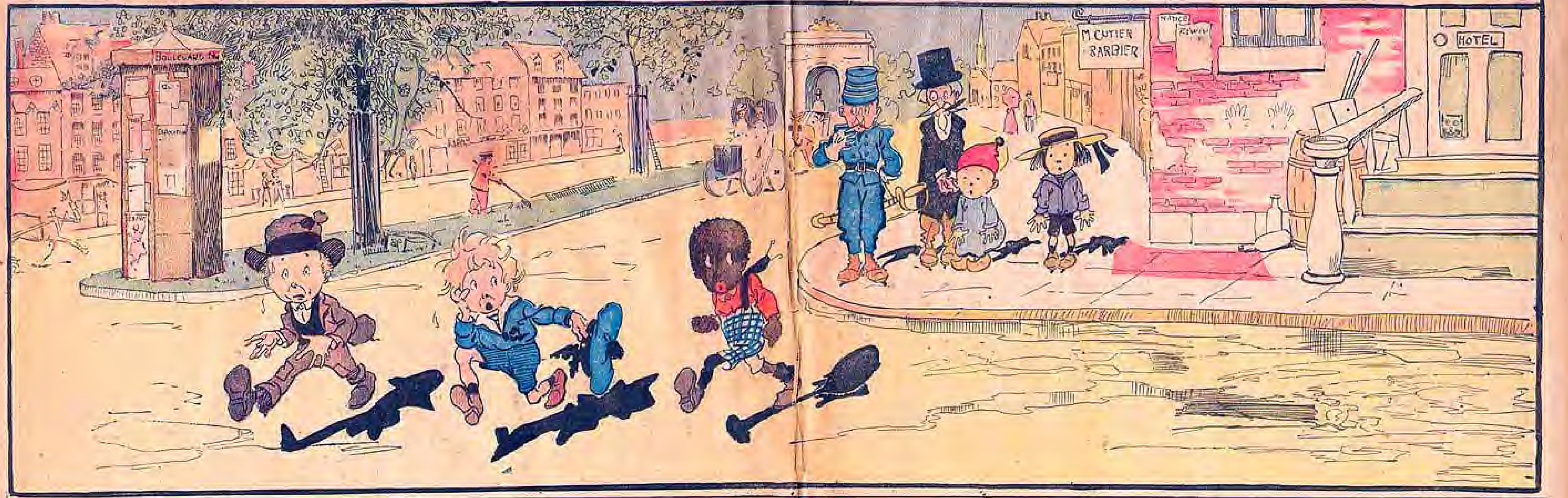
The landlord rubs his hands and lies.
Their absence is deplored,
"The young messieurs are gone." "The chest?"—
He holds it for their board!

"Where have they gone?" roars Mr. White.
The landlord lies some more,
"They've sailed," he says, "for America."
"When?" "The day before."

Next steamer day the parents sail
For home, sad and depressed,
Without their boys, but with them goes
[illegible] Captain Kidde, Hys Cheste!

ROY L. McCARDELL.

(Concluded next Sunday.)



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St. Louis, Sunday, July 22, 1900.

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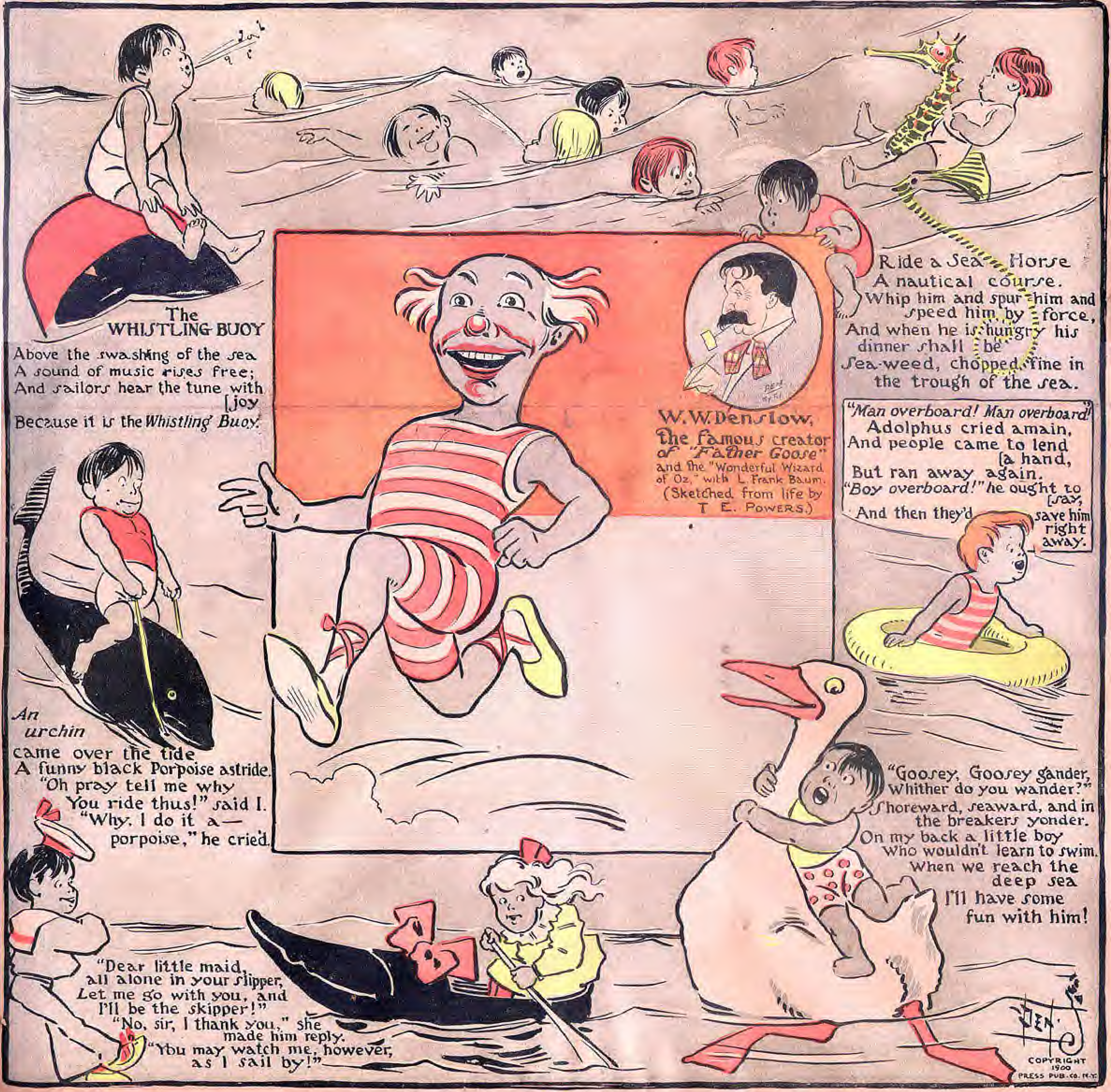
FATHER GOOSE at the SEASHORE

Drawn expressly for the Funny Side by W. W. DENSLOW

Verses by PAUL WEST



The WHISTLING BUOY

Above the swashing of the sea
A sound of music rises free;
And sailors hear the tune with joy
Because it is the *Whistling Buoy*.

An urchin
came over the tide
A funny black Porpoise astride.
"Oh pray tell me why
You ride thus!" said I.
"Why, I do it a—
porpoise," he cried.

W. W. Denslow,
the famous creator
of *"Father Goose"*
and the "Wonderful Wizard
of Oz," with L. Frank Baum.
(Sketched from life by
T. E. Powers.)

Ride a Sea Horse
A nautical course.
Whip him and spur him and speed him by force,
And when he is hungry his dinner shall be
Sea-weed, chopped fine in the trough of the sea.

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"
Adolphus cried amain,
And people came to lend a hand,
But ran away again.
"Boy overboard!" he ought to say,
And then they'd save him right away.

"Goosey, Goosey gander,
Whither do you wander?"
Shoreward, seaward, and in the breakers yonder.
On my back a little boy
Who wouldn't learn to swim.
When we reach the deep sea
I'll have some fun with him!

"Dear little maid,
all alone in your slipper,
Let me go with you, and
I'll be the skipper!"
"No, sir, I thank you," she
made him reply.
"You may watch me, however,
as I sail by!"

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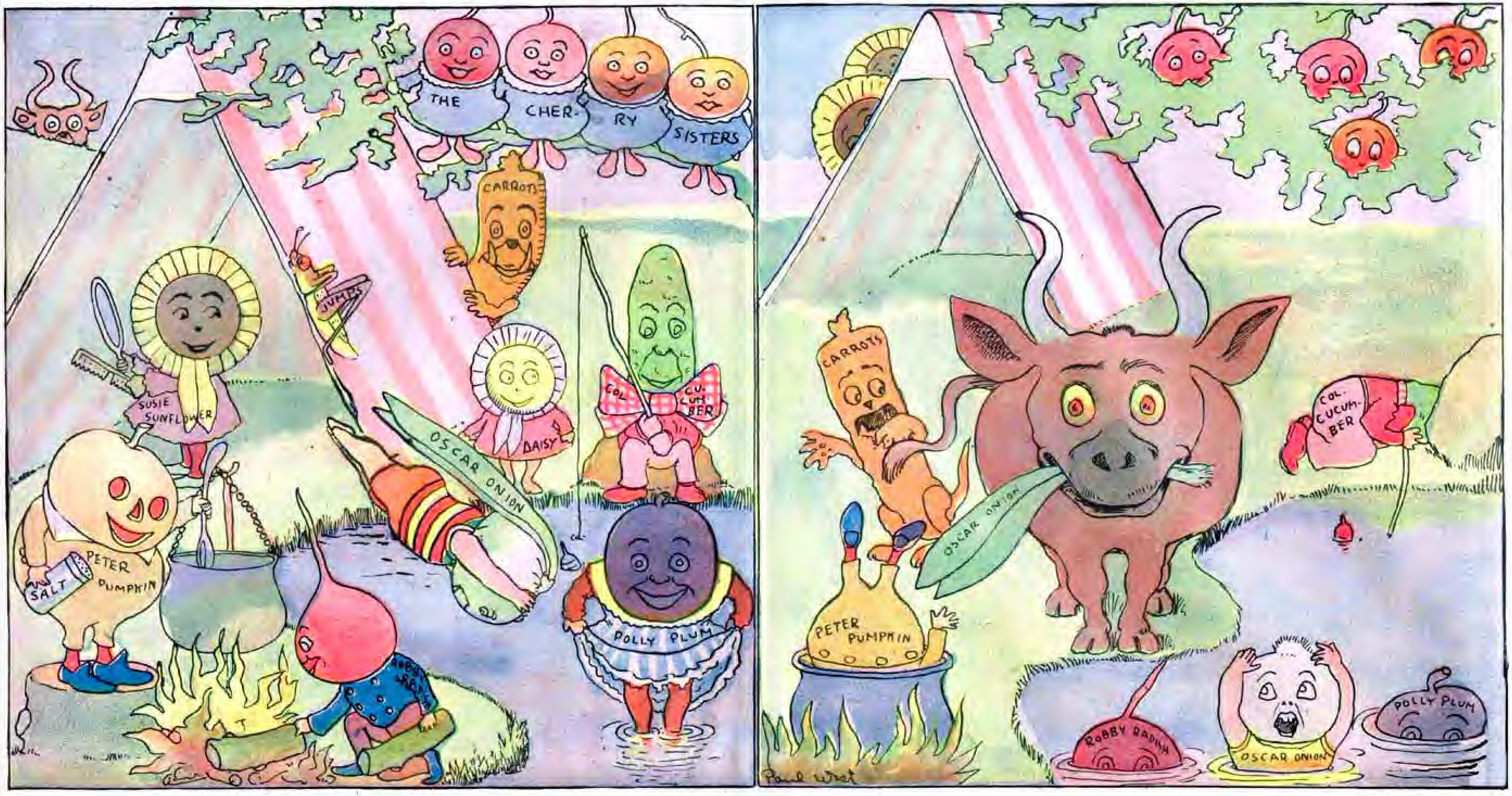
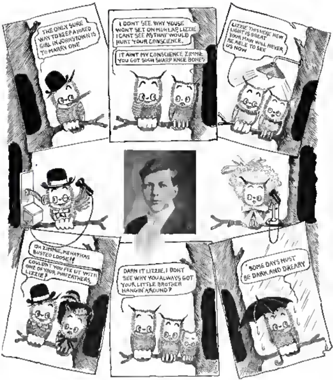
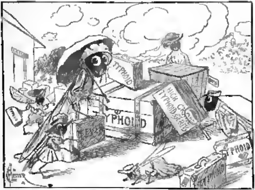
THE GOOD-TO-EAT CHILDREN HAVE A PICNIC--AND SO DOES THE COW.


THE CHER-RY SISTERS
CARROTS
JUMPS
SUSIE SUNFLOWER
DAISY
COL. CU-CUM-BER
OSCAR ONION
PETER PUMPKIN
SALT
ROBBY RADISH
POLLY PLUM
CARROTS
COL. CUCUM-BER
OSCAR ONION
PETER PUMPKIN
ROBBY RADISH
OSCAR ONION
POLLY PLUM
Paul West


THE ONLY SURE WAY TO KEEP A HIRED GIRL IN JOHNSTOWN IS TO MARRY ONE
I DONT SEE WHY YOUSE WONT SET ON MUH LAP, LIZZIE I CANT SEE AS THAT WOULD HURT YOUR CONSCIENCE.
IT AINT MY CONSCIENCE, ZIMMIE YOU GOT SUCH SHARP KNEE BONES
LIZZIE THIS HERE NEW LIGHT IS GREAT YOUR MAW WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO SEE US NOW
OH ZIMMIE, ME HAT HAS BUSTED LOOSE!!
COULDNT YOU FIX IT WITH ONE OF YOUR PINFEATHERS, LIZZIE?
DARN IT LIZZIE, I DONT SEE WHY YOU ALWAYS GOT YOUR LITTLE BROTHER HANGIN' AROUND?
SOME DAYS MUST BE DARK AND DREARY

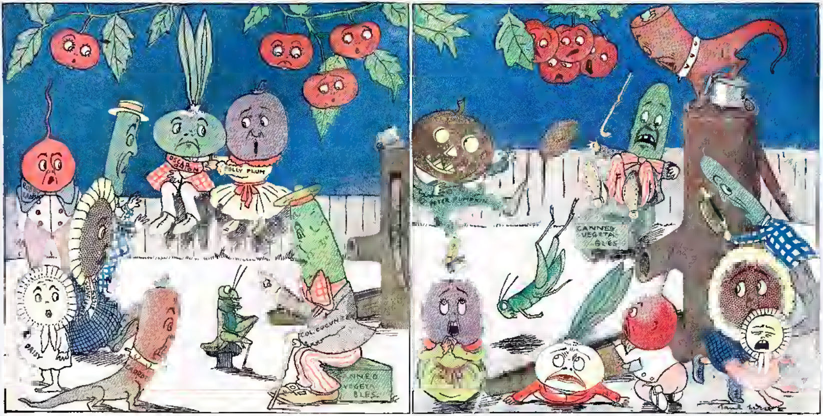
A CHALK PLATE ARTIST AND SOME OF HIS WORKS

"Zimmie and Lizzie" of the Tribune, Johnstown, Pa., and their creator Cartoonist Bristow


TYPHOID
TYPHOID
HIGH CLASS TYPHOID GERMS
FEVER
TYPHOID
TYPHOID

Our first summer boarder. The arrival of Madam Fly, her children and her baggage.

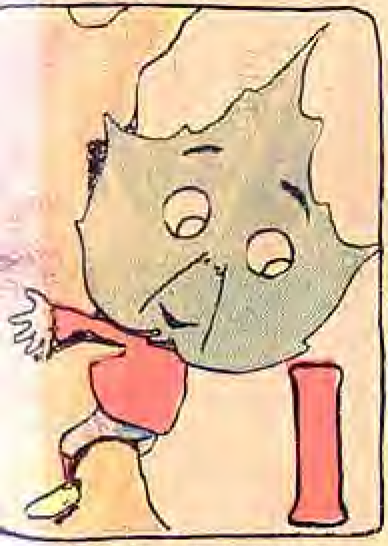
THE GOODTOEATS HEAR A GHOST STORY.


OSCAR ONION
POLLY PLUM
DAISY
CARROT
COL. CUCUMBER
CANNED VEGETABLES
PETER PUMPKIN
CANNED VEGETABLES

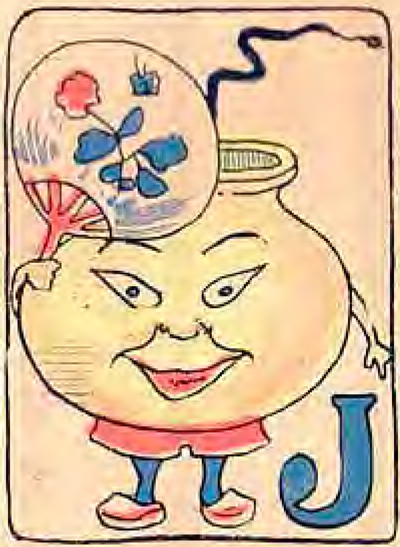
1. Co. Cucumber was telling the children a hair-raising ghost tale, when

2. Wicked Peter Pumpkin jumped over the fence and played ghost, and that settled it.

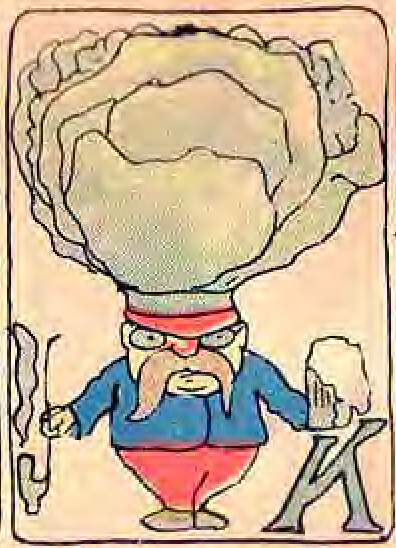
THE GOODTOEATS' ALPHABET. Concluded from Last Sunday.)



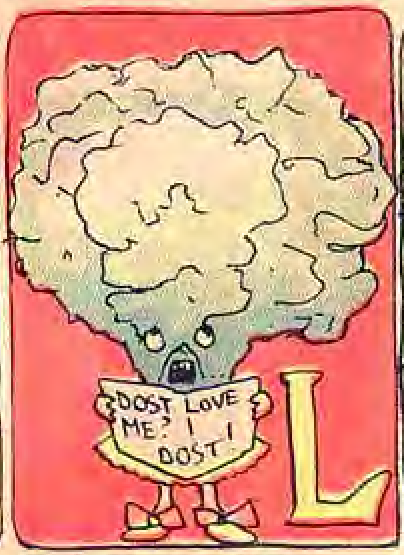
I IS for Ivy, which clings to
the oak
If it loses its hold it will
surely be "broke."



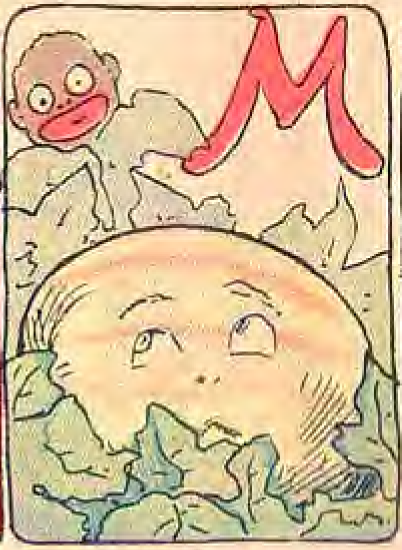
J IS for Jinger, which comes
in a jar
Though the spelling is wrong
We don't care if it are.



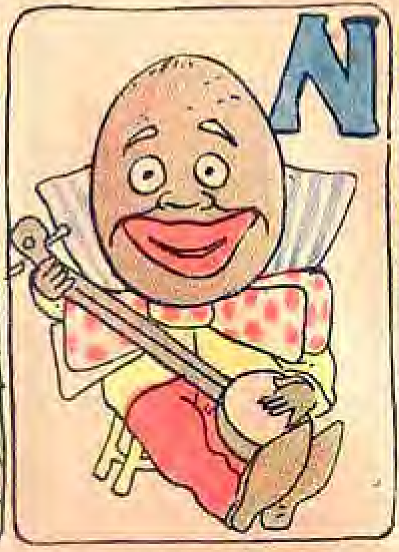
K IS for Sauer-Kraut, which
Germans admire
But to some it reminds them
of feathers on fire.


DOST LOVE ME? I DOST!
L

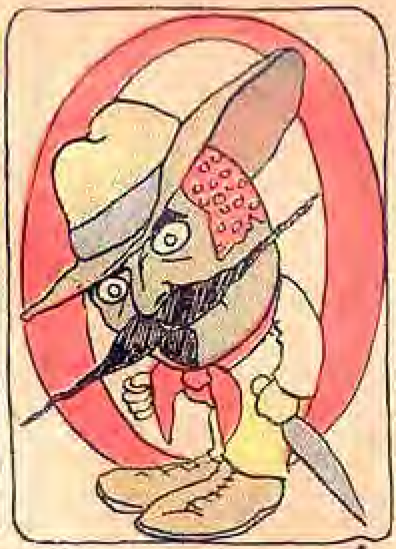
L IS for Lettuce; she's sing-
ing a ballad
She'd be better employed if
chopped up in a salad.



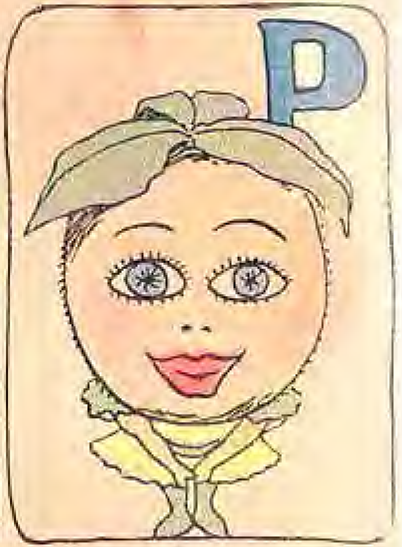
M IS for Melon, quite hid
in the leaves
That's lucky, for melons at-
tract many thieves



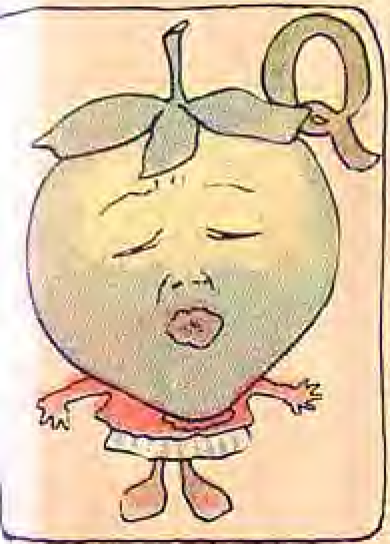
N IS for Nutmeg, Connecti-
cut's fruit,
Where they make them of
wood, painted colors to suit



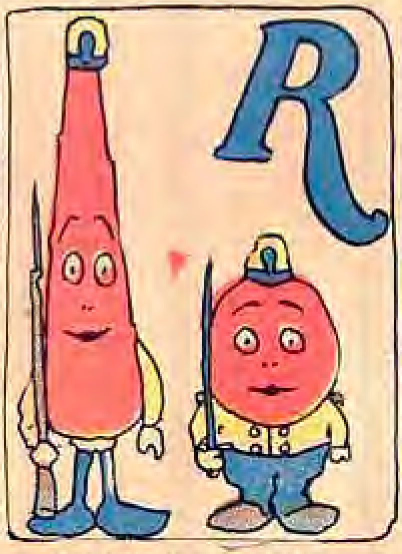
O IS for Olive, from Italy's
shore
Some people can gobble them
down by the score



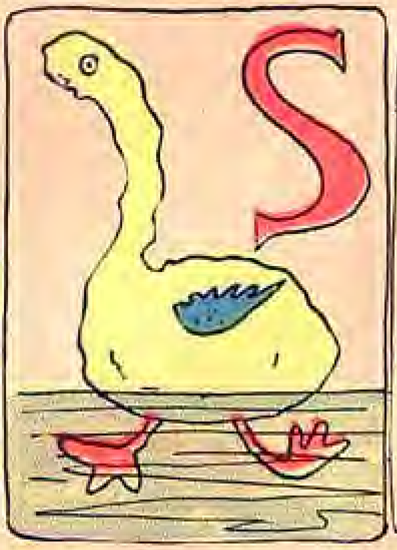
P IS for Peach, who's a
beauty, 'tis known.
But you'll have to admit that
her heart is a stone.



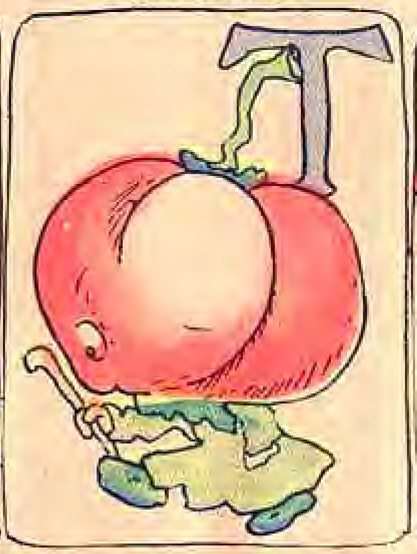
Q IS for Quince, which is
hard to the touch
But is pleasant in jelly and
jams and all such



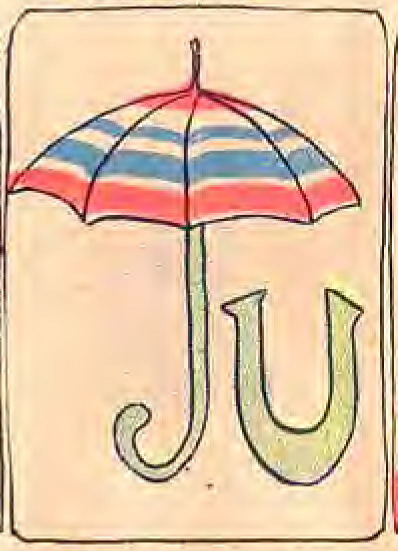
R ARE the Radishes, known
near and far
You'd scarce think them
cousins, but that's what
they are.



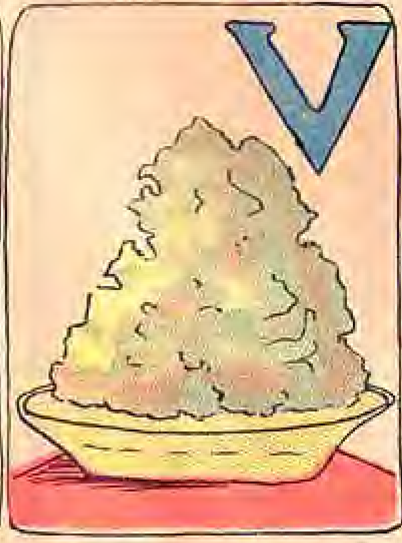
S IS for Squash, of the
crooked-neck kind.
He looks some like a swan
with these wings on be-
hind.



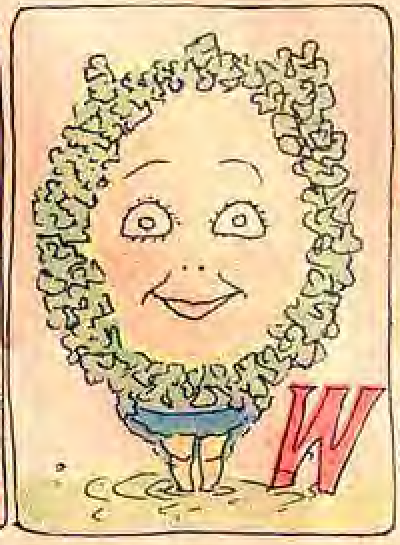
T'S for Tomato, who's liked
in each clime.
If she'll walk faster now she
may ketch-up in time.



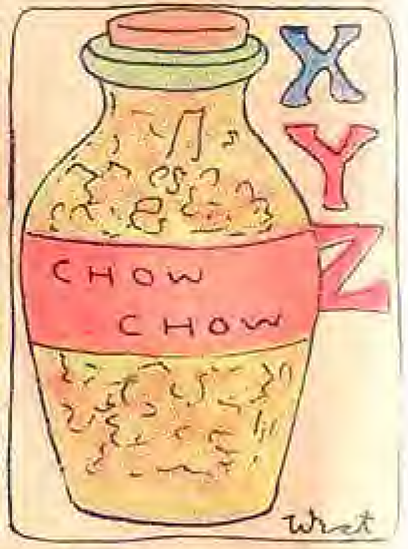
U'S for Umbrella. To eat?
Oh, what stuff!
But you might, don't you
know, were you hungry
enough.



V IS for Vegetables, made
into hash
Some folks like it that way,
but I think them rash.



W IS Watercress, nice,
fresh and green
When set on a plate 'tis a rel-
ish, I ween



XYZ ARE in pickles, so
mixed up, how-
ever,
That to pick each one out a
man must be clever,

The Funny Side's Muto-scope

THE ST·LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Supplement to the St Louis Post-Dispatch

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St. Louis, Sunday Aug. 26, 1900

AN ABSOLUTE NOVELTY IN COMICS.

JOKES THAT REALLY HAPPEN.

ACTED BY LIVING PEOPLE BEFORE THE CAMERA OF THE AMERICAN MUTOSCOPE & BIOGRAPH CO., EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE FUNNY SIDE.

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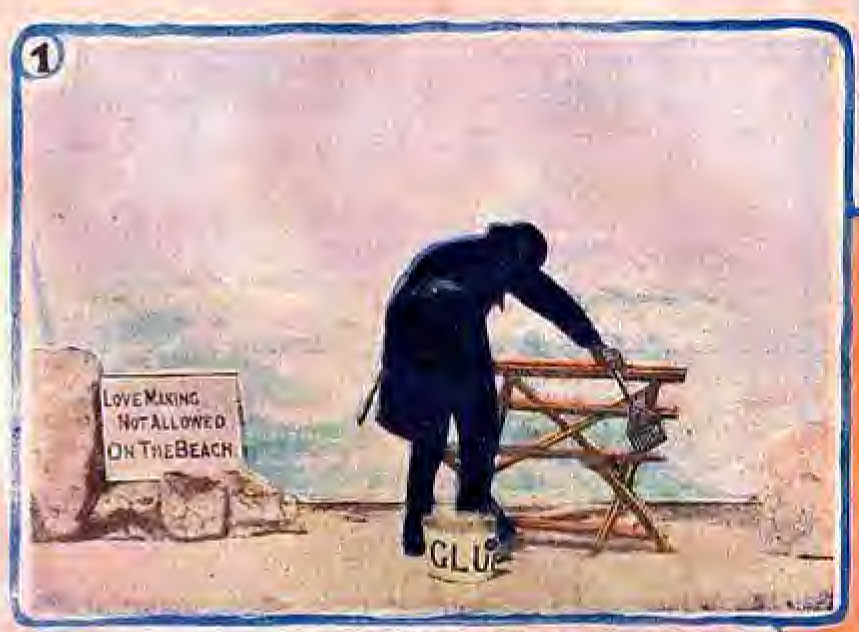
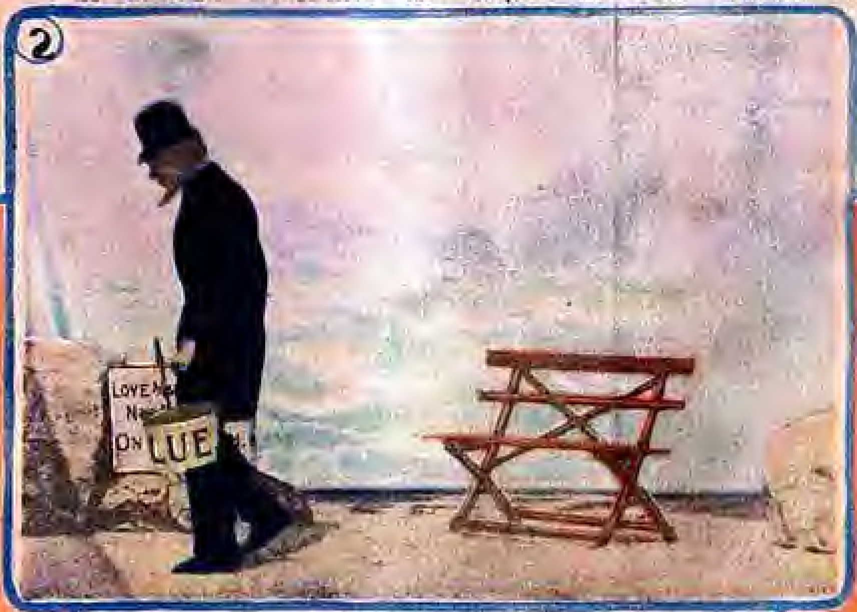
& Biograph Co and the Press Pub. Co

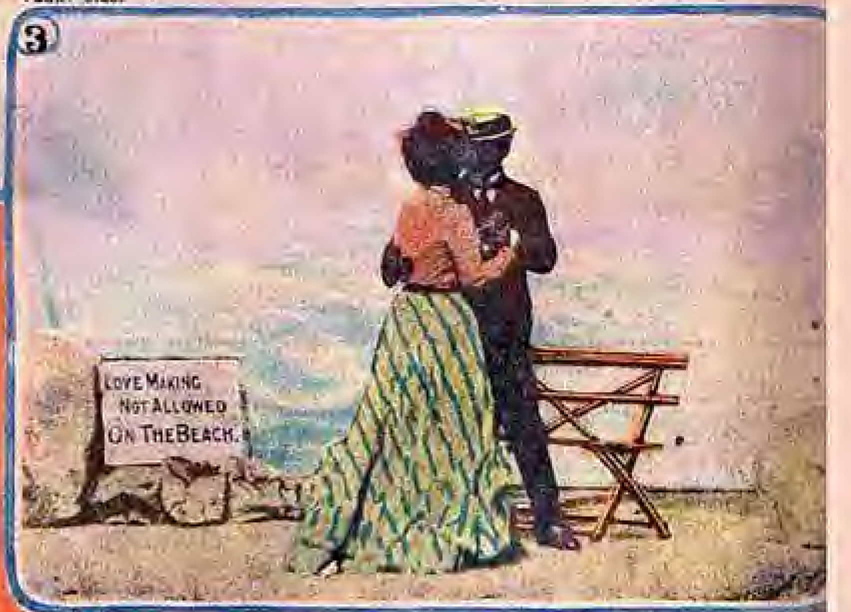
A LITTLE INCIDENT AT QUIET ASBURY PARK. (Posed for the Funny Side.)


1
LOVE MAKING NOT ALLOWED ON THE BEACH.
GLUE

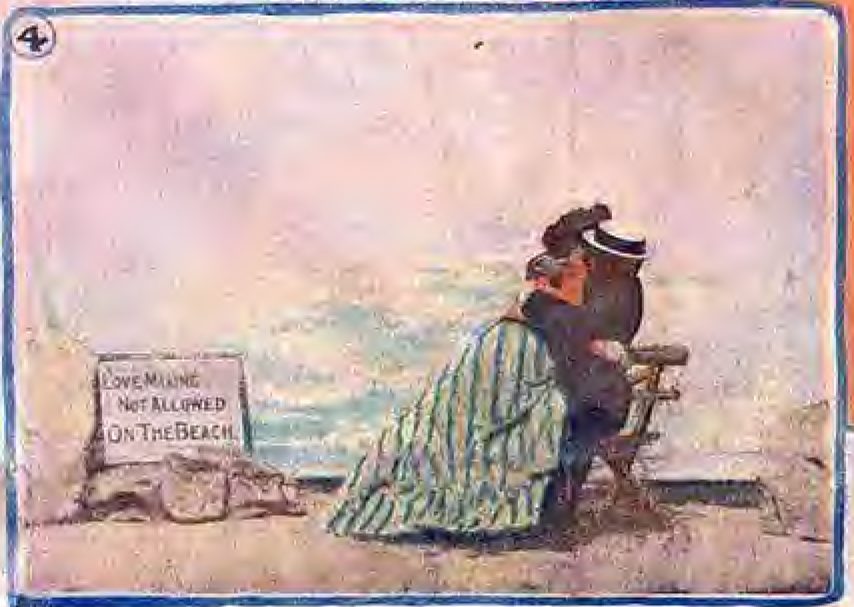
1—"I'll stop this love-making here!"


2
LOVE MAKING NOT ALLOWED ON
GLUE

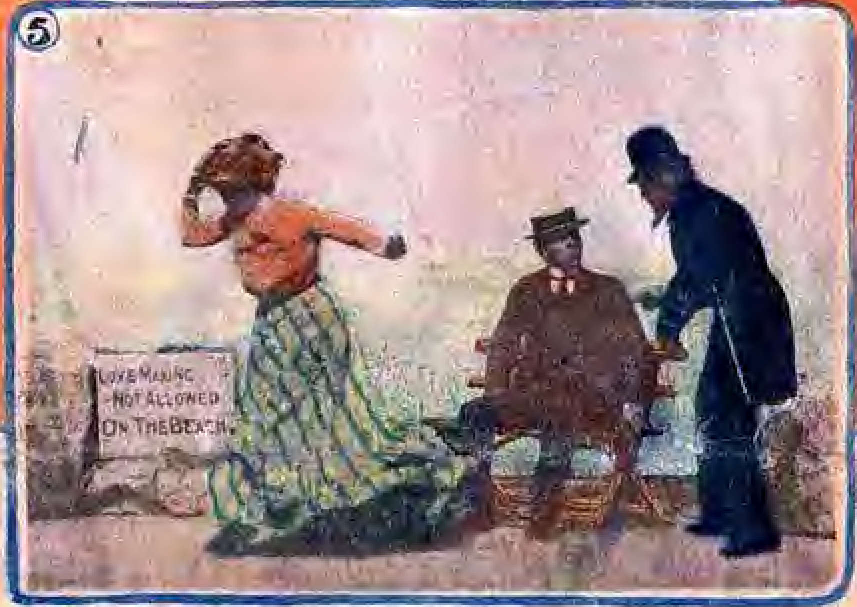
2—"Now I'll wait for a spoony couple."


3
LOVE MAKING NOT ALLOWED ON THE BEACH.

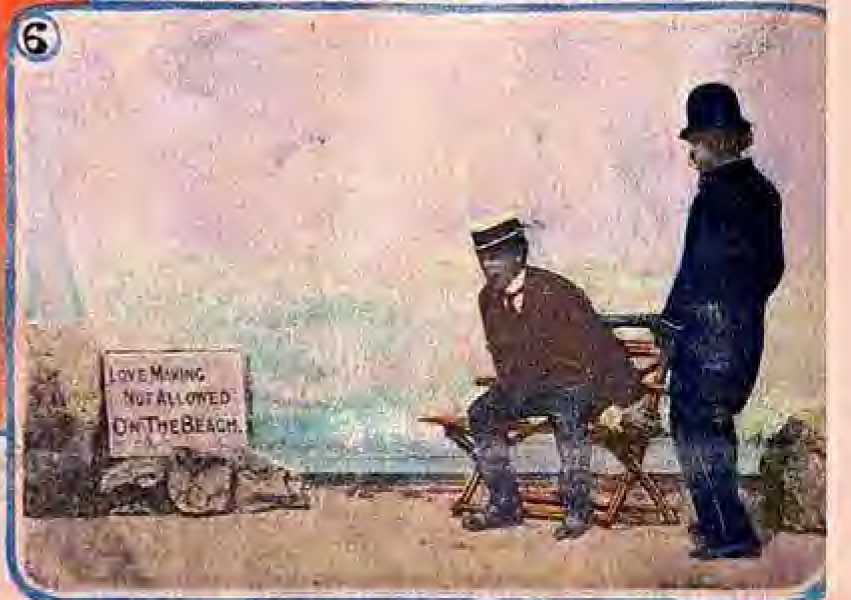
3—The spoony couple arrive.


4
LOVE MAKING NOT ALLOWED ON THE BEACH.

4— ! ! ! ! — ! ! x x x ! !

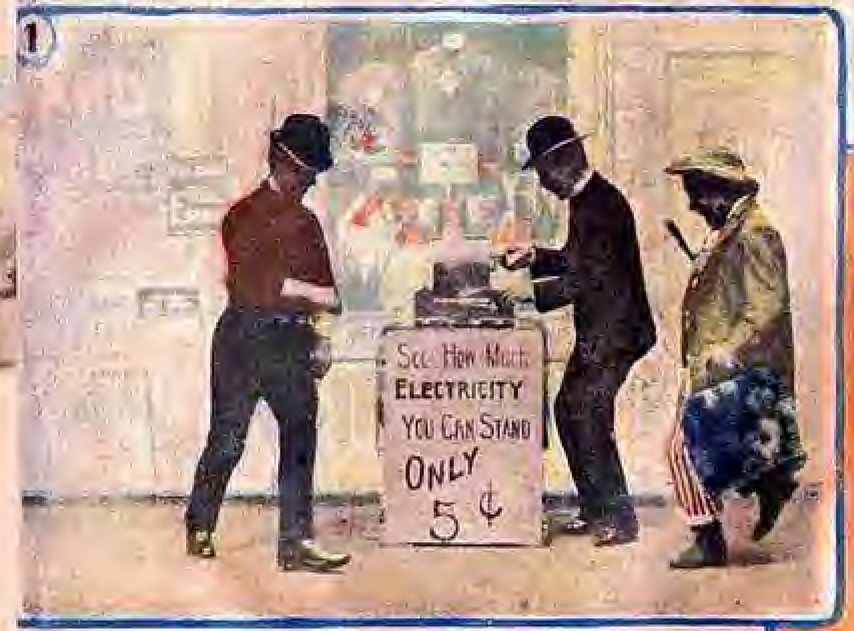

5
LOVE MAKING NOT ALLOWED ON THE BEACH.

5—"Why don't you run away, young feller?"

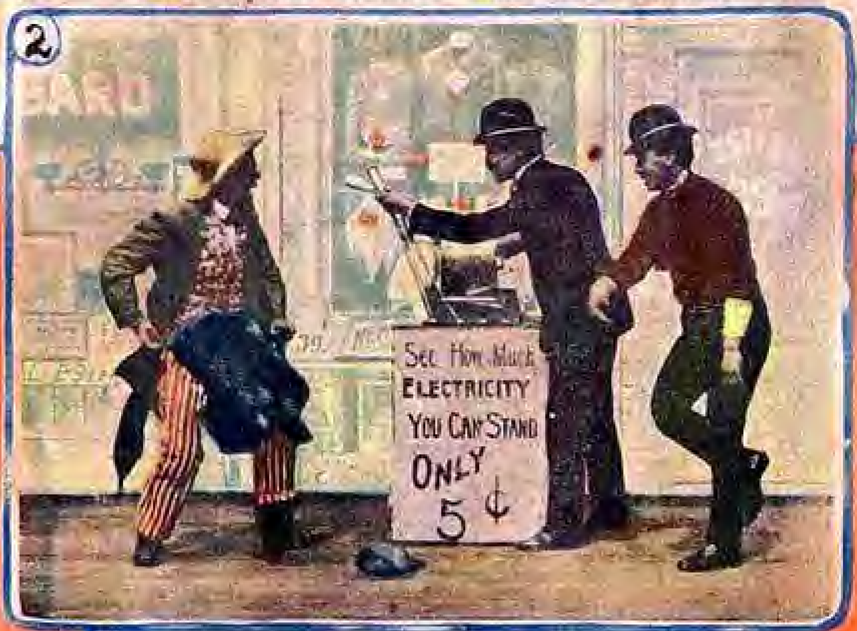

6
LOVE MAKING NOT ALLOWED ON THE BEACH.

6—"I thought that glue would hold him!"

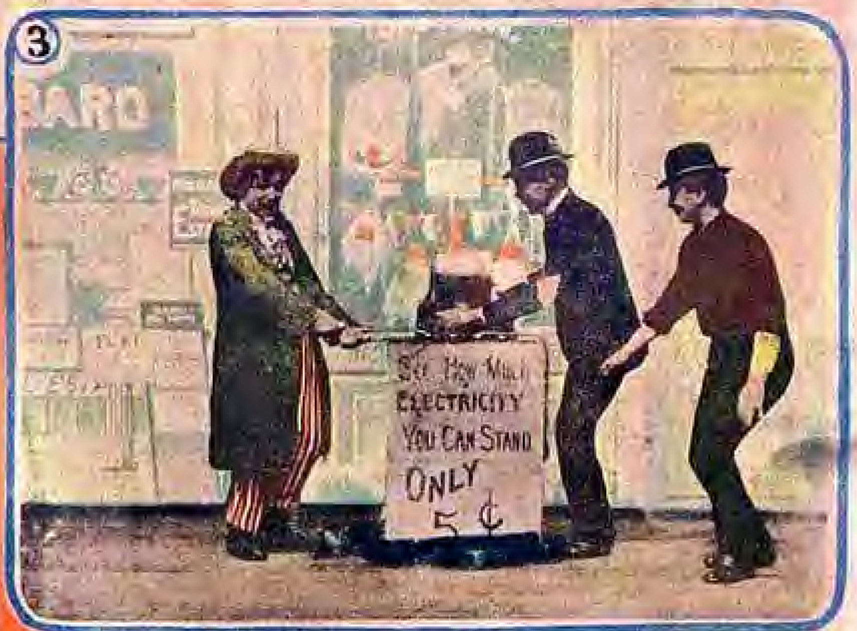
HOW UNCLE REUBEN LOST HIS MONEY. (Posed for the Funny Side.)


1
See How Much ELECTRICITY You Can Stand ONLY 5 ¢

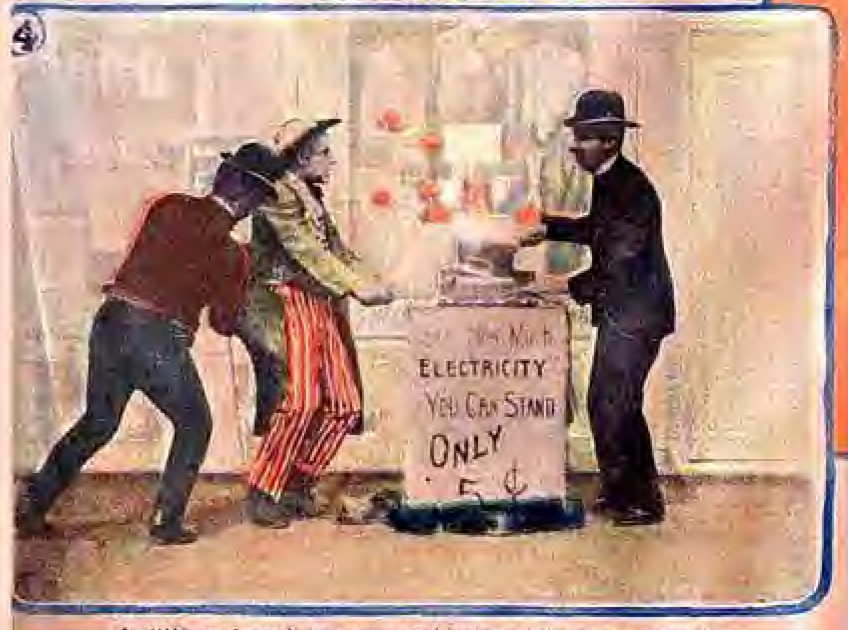
1—"Here comes a graft, Bill!"


2
See How Much ELECTRICITY You Can Stand ONLY 5 ¢

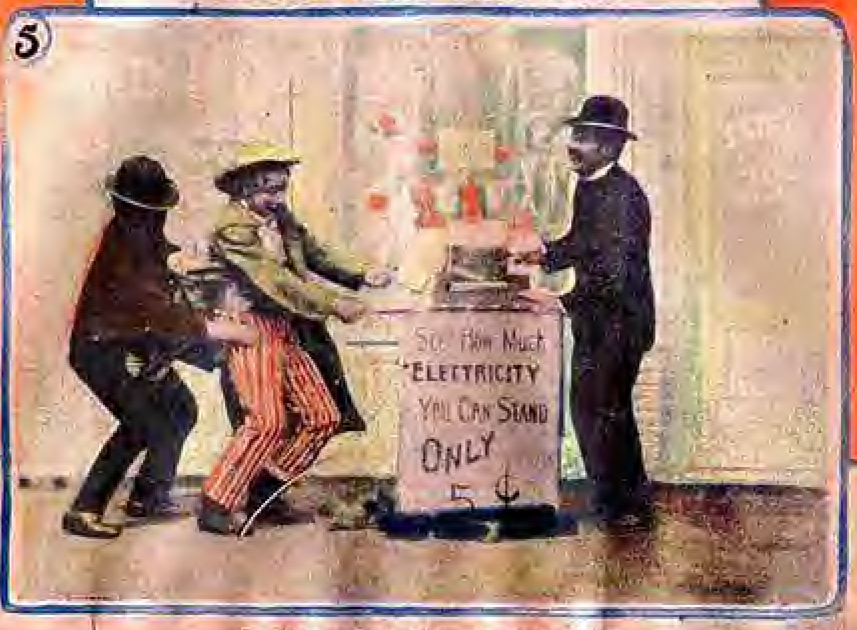
2—Uncle Reuben—Guess I'll try it!


3
See How Much ELECTRICITY You Can Stand ONLY 5 ¢

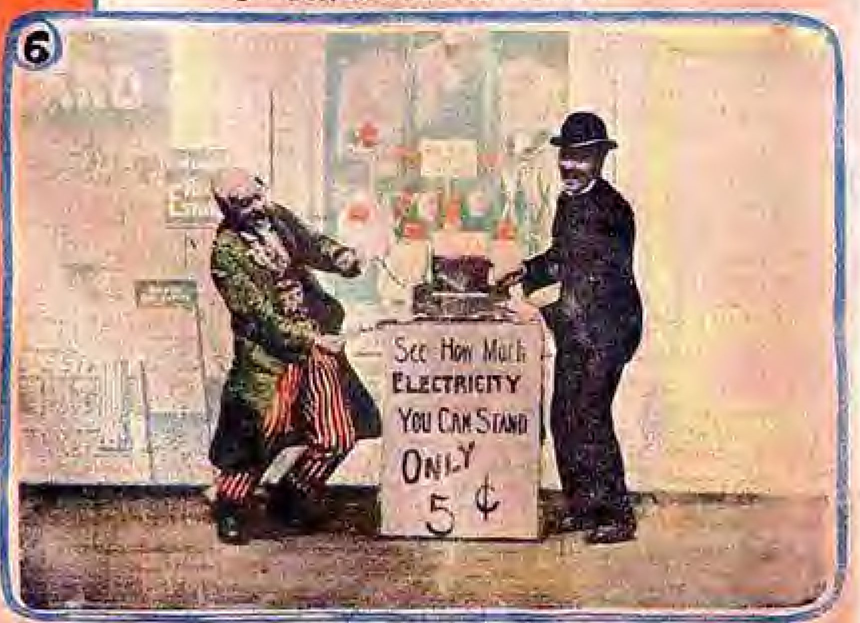
3—"Gee, that feels like needles!"


4
See How Much ELECTRICITY You Can Stand ONLY 5 ¢

4—"Wow, I can't leggo! And he's go'n' through me!"


5
See How Much ELECTRICITY You Can Stand ONLY 5 ¢

5—"Here, hi! Police! Police!"


6
See How Much ELECTRICITY You Can Stand ONLY 5 ¢

6—"Wal, I vum!"

The Funny Side's Muto-scope

THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

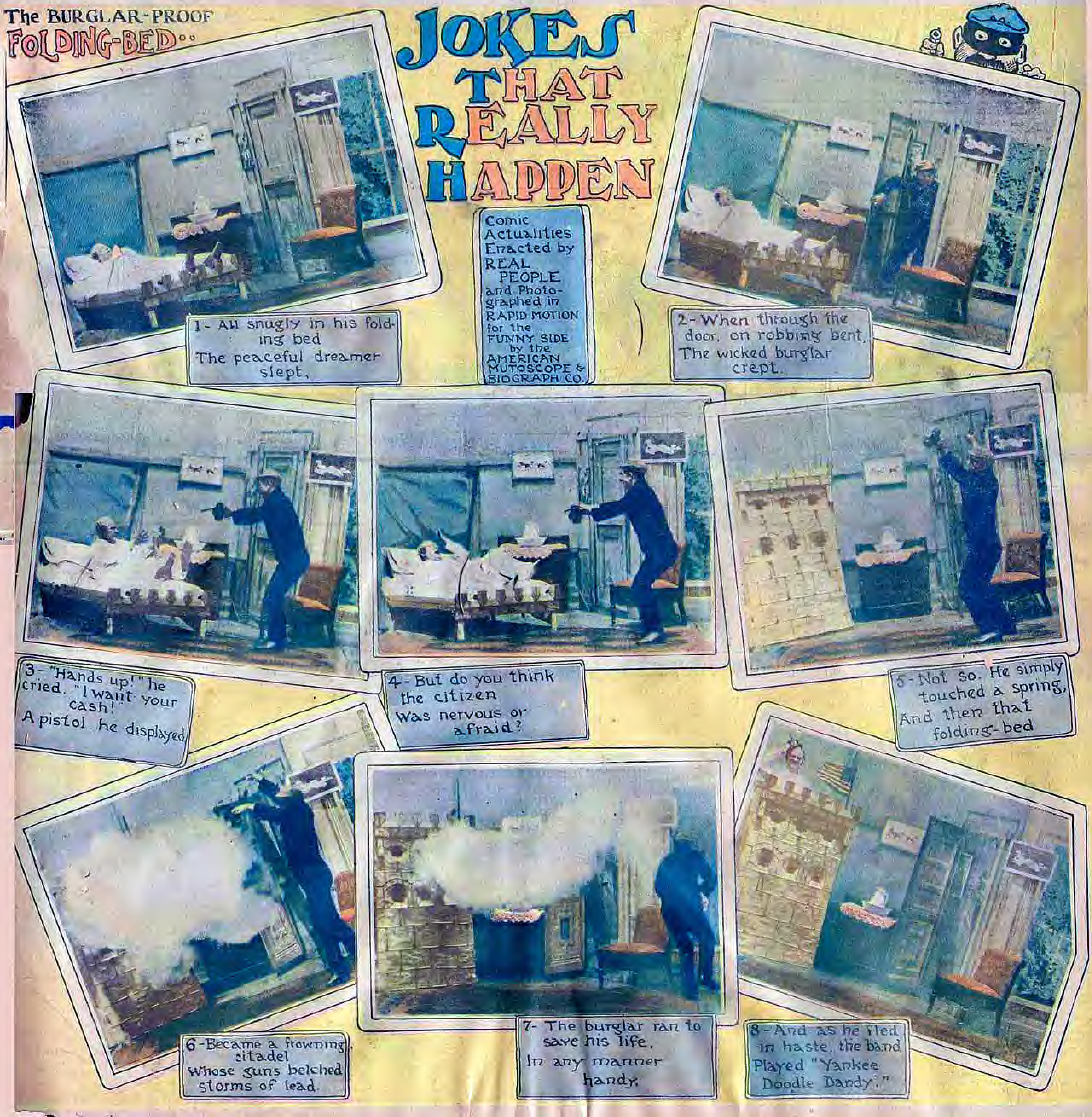
Supplement to the St Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis. Sunday Sept. 2, 1900

Copyright 1900 by the Press Pub. Co. N.Y.

The BURGLAR-PROOF FOLDING-BED..

JOKES THAT REALLY HAPPEN

Comic Actualities Enacted by REAL PEOPLE and Photographed in RAPID MOTION for the FUNNY SIDE by the AMERICAN MUTOSCOPE & BIOGRAPH CO.



1- All snugly in his folding bed
The peaceful dreamer slept,

2- When through the door, on robbing bent,
The wicked burglar crept.

3- "Hands up!" he cried. "I want your cash!"
A pistol he displayed

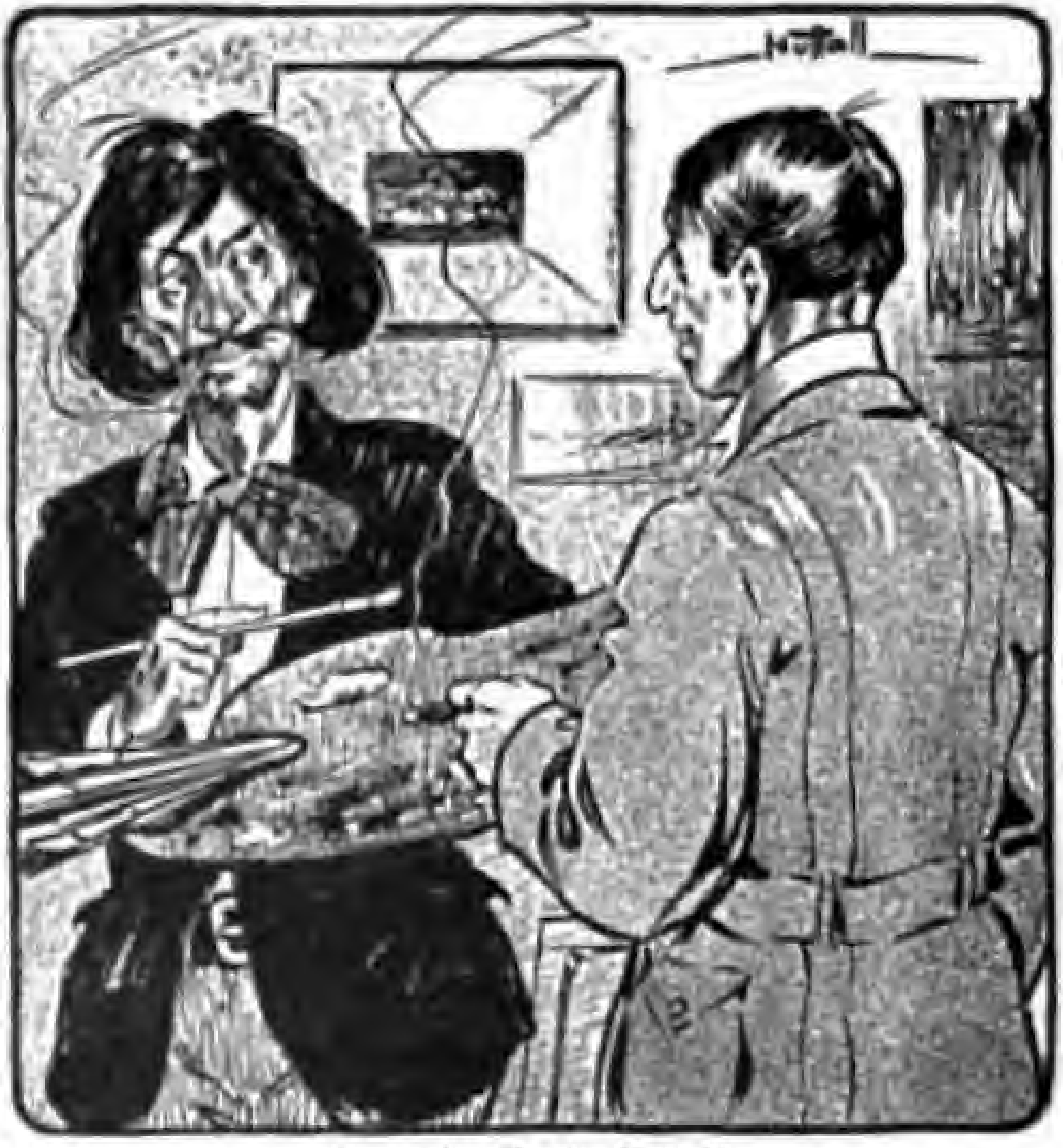
4- But do you think the citizen
Was nervous or afraid?

5- Not so. He simply touched a spring,
And then that folding-bed

6- Became a frowning citadel
Whose guns belched storms of lead.

7- The burglar ran to save his life,
In any manner handy.

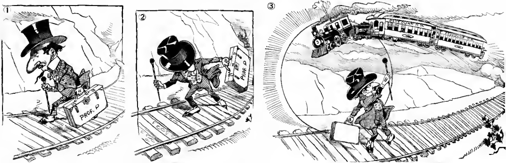
8- And as he fled in haste, the band
Played "Yankee Doodle Dandy."



Drawn by Charles Nuttall

French Artist: Oui, Monsieur, eet ees my intention to work vare hard an' zen von day I vill make ze exhibition of myself.

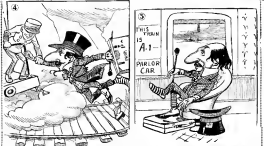
HOW PROFESSOR PRESTOCHANGE SAVED HIS LIFE AGAIN.


①
PROF. P
②
PROF. P
③
SAUFDUNK R.R.
SAUFDUNK R.R.

1—"Ah, I love to walk upon the track."

2—"Heavens! A train!"

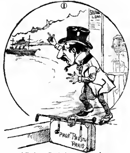
3—"Bingo, Bango. Hoochee! Coochee! Over!"


④
PROF. P
⑤
THIS TRAIN IS A.1—
PARLOR CAR

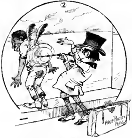
4—"Howdy do."

5—"That was lucky!"

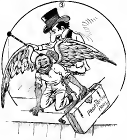
HOW PROFESSOR PRESTOCHANGE CAUGHT THE BOAT FOR EUROPE.


①
STEAM
LEAV
PROF PRESTO
PARIS

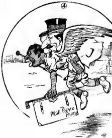
1—Professor Prestochange was mad,
Because the boat he'd missed


②
PROF PRESTO
PARIS

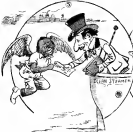
2—But calling on the porter, he
Just mentioned, "Bingo! Hist!"


③
PROF PRESTO
PARIS

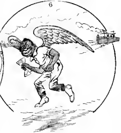
3—And wings grew on the sable lad,
And the wizard he


④
PROF PRESTO
PARIS

4—Just mounted on the porter's back,
And sailed straight out to sea


⑤
100
OCEAN STEAMER

5—The boat they quickly overtook,
Then money passed from hand



6—To hand and sailing off again,
The porter flew to land

THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Supplement to the St Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis, Sunday Oct. 14. 1900

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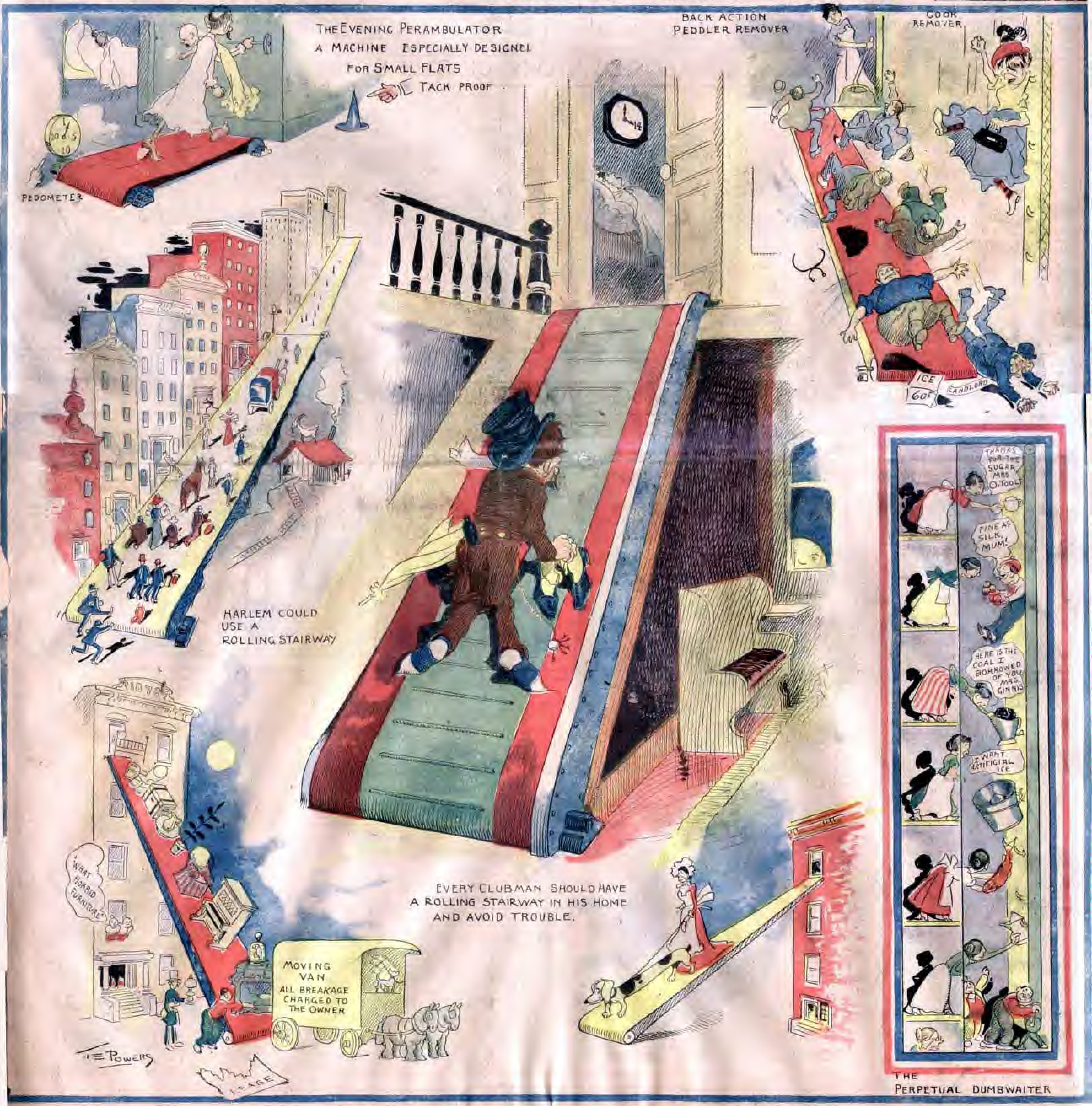
THE WRANGLE FLATS,

MOST UP-TO-DATE APARTMENTS IN THE WORLD,
WITH NEW IMPROVEMENTS, INCLUDING THE ROLLING STAIRCASE.

Introduced by the Famous Comic A
T. E. POWERS.


THE EVENING PERAMBULATOR
A MACHINE ESPECIALLY DESIGNED
FOR SMALL FLATS
TACK PROOF
PEDOMETER
BACK ACTION
PEDDLER REMOVER
COOK
REMOVER
ICE
60¢
LANDLORD
THANKS FOR THE SUGAR MRS O.TOOL
FINE AS SILK, MUM!
HERE IS THE COAL I BORROWED OF YOU MRS. GINNIS
I WANT ARTIFICIAL ICE
HARLEM COULD
USE A
ROLLING STAIRWAY
"WHAT HORRID FURNITURE"
MOVING
VAN
ALL BREAKAGE
CHARGED TO
THE OWNER
T.E. POWERS
LEASE
EVERY CLUBMAN SHOULD HAVE
A ROLLING STAIRWAY IN HIS HOME
AND AVOID TROUBLE.
THE
PERPETUAL DUMBWAITER

I CAN SPELL CAT

THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Supplement to the St Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis, Sunday Oct. 21, 1900

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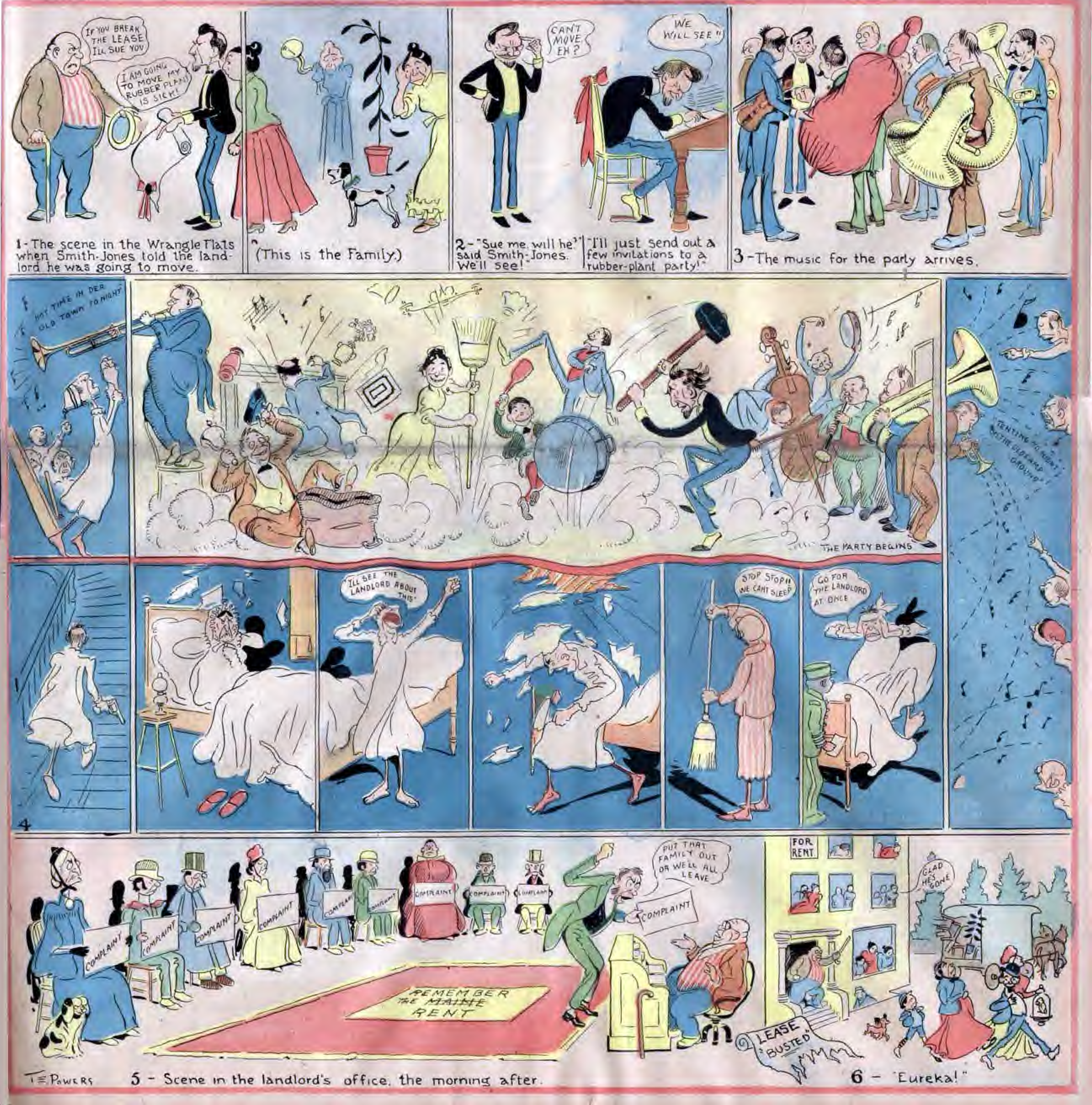
LIFE IN THE WRANGLE FLATS, | HOW MR. SMITH-JONES MOVED IN SPITE OF THE LANDLORD AND HIS LEASE. | BY T. E. POWERS.


IF YOU BREAK THE LEASE I'LL SUE YOU
I AM GOING TO MOVE MY RUBBER PLANT IS SICK!
CAN'T MOVE, EH?
WE WILL SEE!!
HOT TIME IN DER OLD TOWN TO NIGHT
TENTING TO NIGHT ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND
THE PARTY BEGINS
I'LL SEE THE LANDLORD ABOUT THIS
STOP STOP!! WE CAN'T SLEEP
GO FOR THE LANDLORD AT ONCE
4
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
COMPLAINT
PUT THAT FAMILY OUT OR WE'LL ALL LEAVE
COMPLAINT
REMEMBER THE ~~MAINE~~ RENT
FOR RENT
GLAD HE'S GONE
LEASE "BUSTED"
T. E. POWERS

1 - The scene in the Wrangle Flats when Smith-Jones told the landlord he was going to move.

"(This is the Family.)

2 - "Sue me, will he?" said Smith-Jones. We'll see!"

"I'll just send out a few invitations to a rubber-plant party!"

3 - The music for the party arrives.

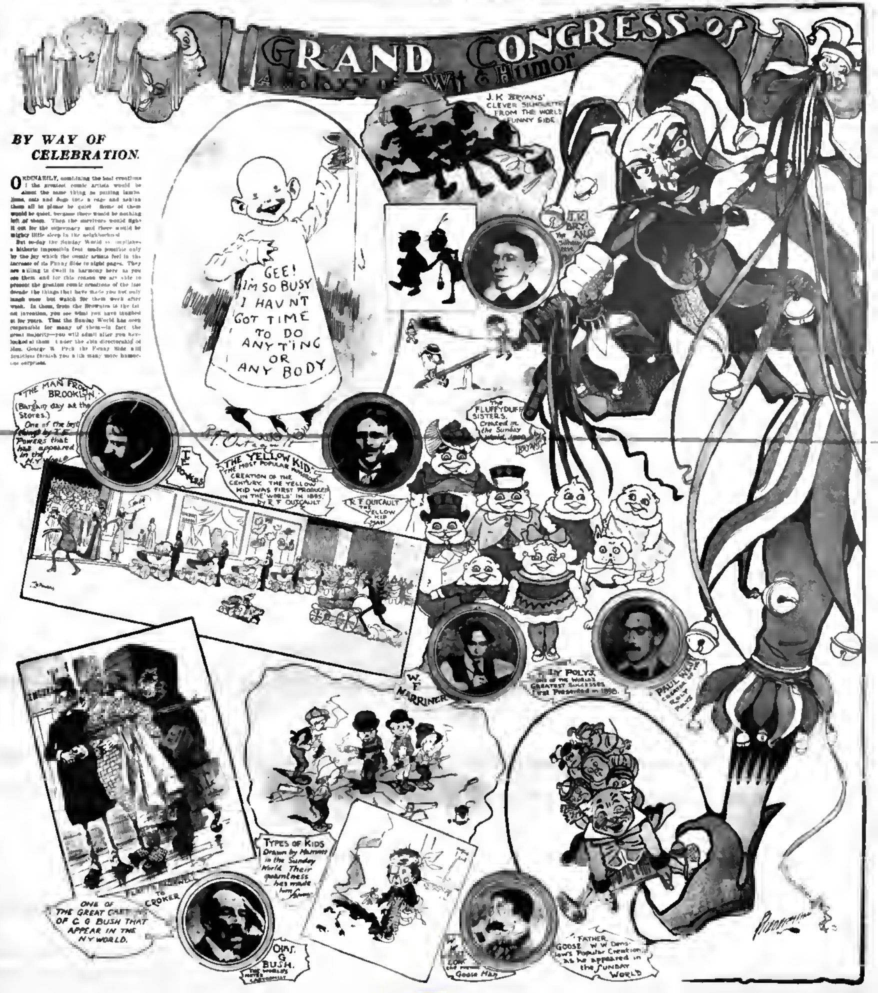
5 - Scene in the landlord's office, the morning after.

6 - "Eureka!"

BY WAY OF CELEBRATION.

ORDINARILY, combining the best creations of the greatest comic artists would be about the same thing as putting lambs, lions, cats and dogs into a cage and asking them all to please be quiet. Some of them would be quiet, because there would be nothing left of them. Then the survivors would fight it out for the supremacy and there would be mighty little sleep in the neighborhood.

But to-day the Sunday World accomplishes a hitherto impossible feat, made possible only by the joy which the comic artists feel in the increase of its Funny Side to eight pages. They are willing to dwell in harmony here as you see them, and for this reason we are able to present the greatest comic creations of the last decade, the things that have made you not only laugh once but watch for them week after week. In them, from the Brownies to the latest invention, you see what you have laughed at for years. That the Sunday World has been responsible for many of them—in fact, the great majority—you will admit after you have looked at them. Under the able directorship of Hon. George W. Peck the Funny Side will doubtless furnish you with many more humorous surprises.


GRAND CONGRESS of
A Galaxy of Wit & Humor
J. K. BRYANS' CLEVER SILHOUETTES FROM THE WORLD FUNNY SIDE
J. K. BRYANS the Silhouette Artist
GEE! I'M SO BUSY I HAVN'T GOT TIME TO DO ANYT'ING OR ANY BODY
R. F. Outcault
"THE MAN FROM BROOKLYN." (Bargain day at the Stores.) One of the best things by T. E. Powers that has appeared in the N.Y. World.
T. E. POWERS
THE YELLOW KID. THE MOST POPULAR HUMOROUS CREATION OF THE CENTURY. THE YELLOW KID WAS FIRST PRODUCED IN THE 'WORLD' IN 1895, by R. F. OUTCAULT
R. F. OUTCAULT THE YELLOW KID MAN
The FLUFFYDUFF SISTERS. Created in the Sunday World by BRYANS
W. F. MARRINER
ROLY POLYS, One of the World's Greatest Successes, first Presented in 1899.
PAUL WEST Creator of Roly Polys
ONE OF THE GREAT CARTOONS OF C. G. BUSH THAT APPEAR IN THE N.Y. WORLD.
TO CROKER
CHAS. G. BUSH. THE WORLD'S NOTED CARTOONIST
TYPES OF KIDS Drawn by Marriner in the Sunday World. Their quaintness has made him famous
W. W. DENSLOW the famous Goose Man
FATHER GOOSE W. W. Denslow's Popular Creation as he appeared in the SUNDAY WORLD

THE ST · LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Supplement to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St · Louis, Sunday, May 20, 1900.

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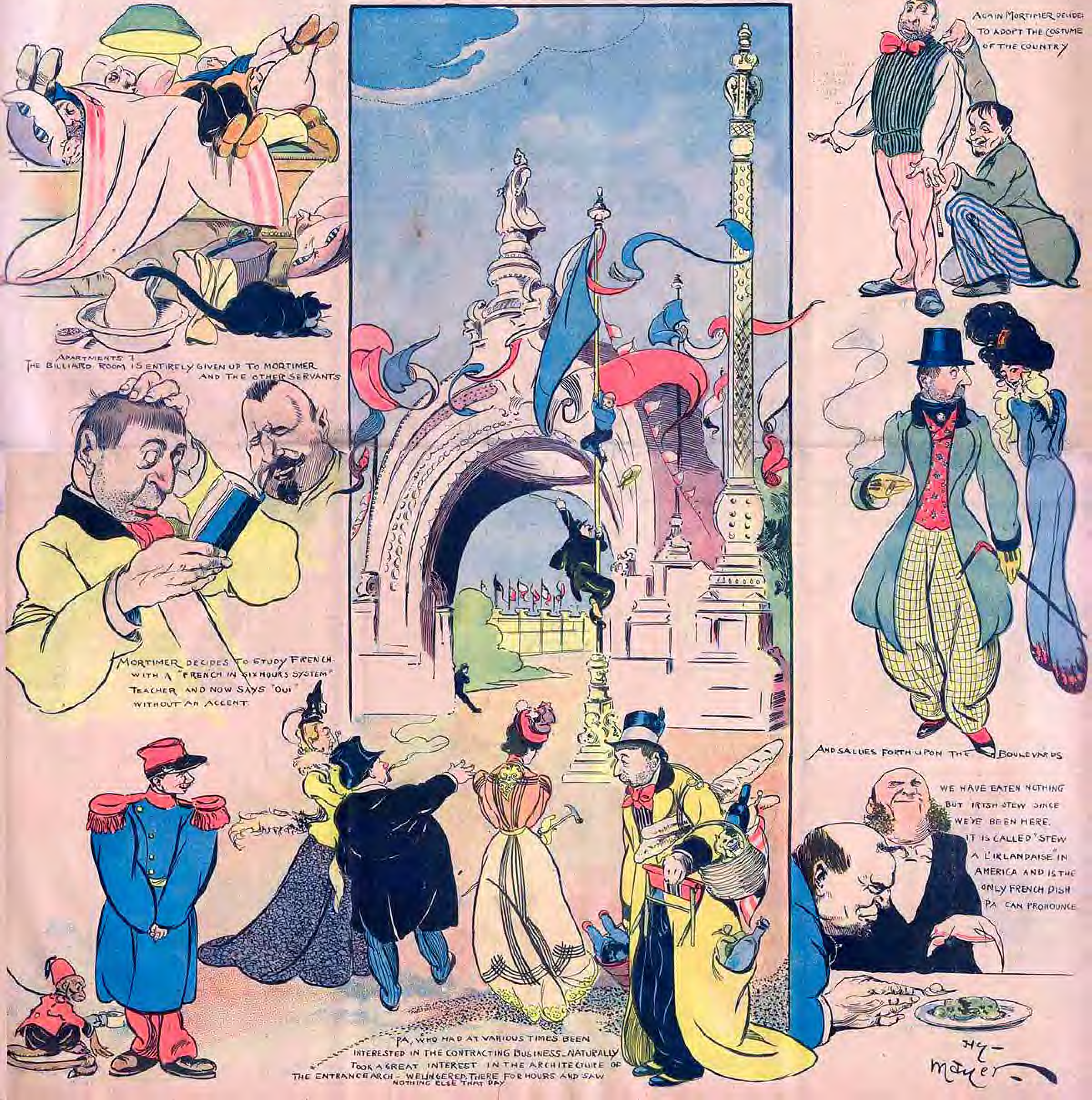
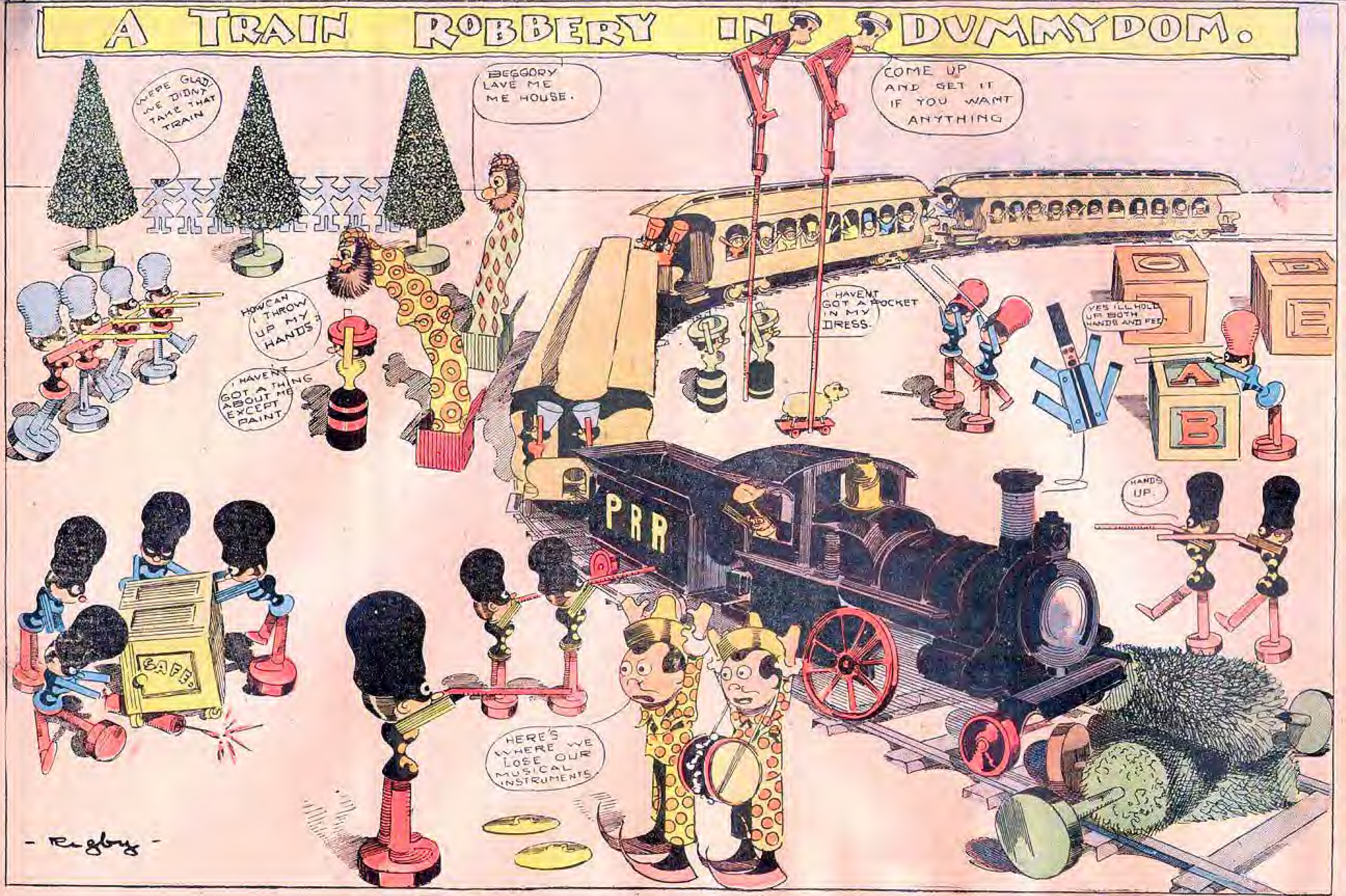
THE PLUNK FAMILY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

NO. 2. THE FRENCHIFYING OF MORTIMER.

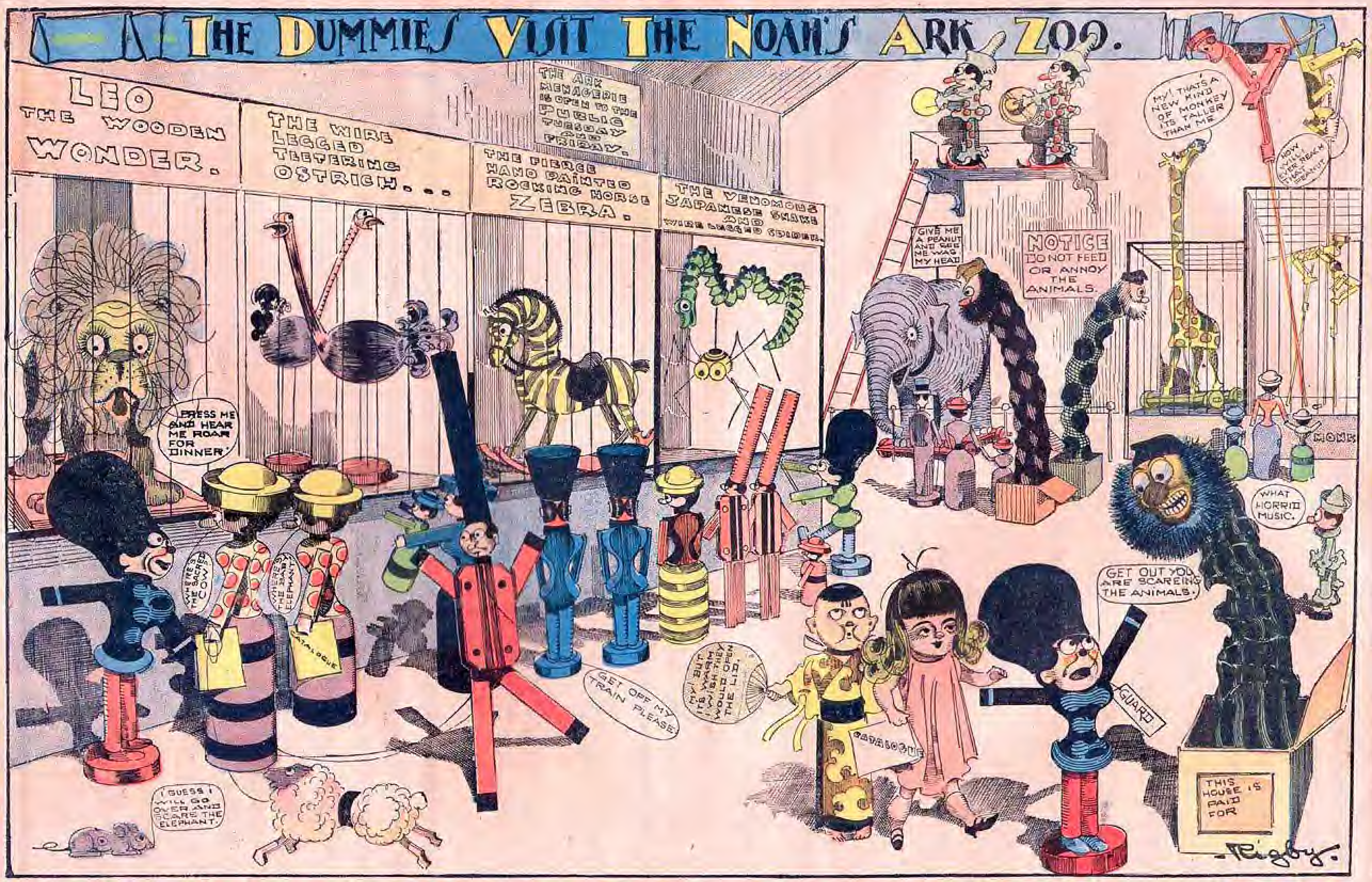
DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR THE FUNNY SIDE BY THE FAMOUS ARTIST, HY. MAYE


APARTMENTS ?
THE BILLIARD ROOM IS ENTIRELY GIVEN UP TO MORTIMER AND THE OTHER SERVANTS
MORTIMER DECIDES TO STUDY FRENCH WITH A "FRENCH IN SIX HOURS SYSTEM" TEACHER AND NOW SAYS "OUI" WITHOUT AN ACCENT.
AGAIN MORTIMER DECIDES TO ADOPT THE COSTUME OF THE COUNTRY
AND SALLIES FORTH UPON THE BOULEVARDS
WE HAVE EATEN NOTHING BUT IRISH STEW SINCE WE'VE BEEN HERE. IT IS CALLED "STEW A L'IRLANDAISE" IN AMERICA AND IS THE ONLY FRENCH DISH PA CAN PRONOUNCE
PA, WHO HAD AT VARIOUS TIMES BEEN INTERESTED IN THE CONTRACTING BUSINESS - NATURALLY TOOK A GREAT INTEREST IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ENTRANCE ARCH - WE LINGERED THERE FOR HOURS AND SAW NOTHING ELSE THAT DAY
HY - MAYER

A TRAIN ROBBERY IN DUMMYDOM.


WERE GLAD WE DIDNT TAKE THAT TRAIN
BEGGORY LAVE ME ME HOUSE.
COME UP AND GET IT IF YOU WANT ANYTHING
HOW CAN I THROW UP MY HANDS?
I HAVENT GOT A THING ABOUT ME EXCEPT PAINT.
I HAVENT GOT A POCKET IN MY DRESS.
YES I'LL HOLD UP BOTH HANDS AND FEET
D
E
A
B
HANDS UP.
PRR
SAFE.
HERE'S WHERE WE LOSE OUR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
- Rigby -

THE DUMMIES VISIT THE NOAH'S ARK ZOO.

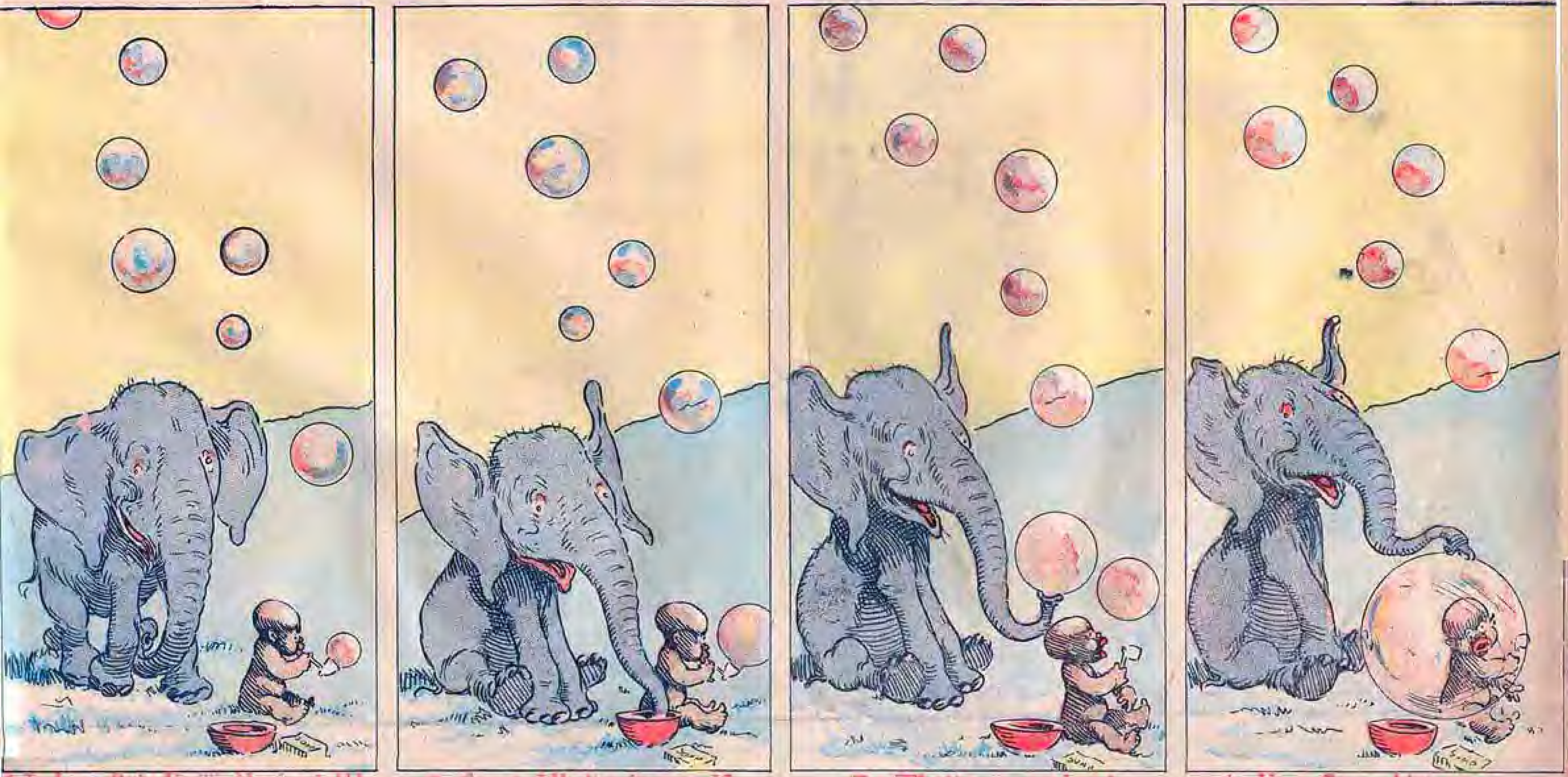

LEO THE WOODEN WONDER.
THE WIRE LEGGED TEETERING OSTRICH....
THE ARK MENAGERIE IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
THE FIERCE HAND PAINTED ROCKING HORSE ZEBRA.
THE VENOMOUS JAPANESE SNAKE AND WIRE LEGGED SPIDER.
PRESS ME AND HEAR ME ROAR FOR DINNER.
WHERE'S THE SACRED COW?
WHERE'S THE BABY ELEPHANT?
CATALOGUE
GET OFF MY TRAIN PLEASE.
MY! BUT IT'S WARM I WISH THEY WOULD OPEN THE LID.
CATALOGUE
GIVE ME A PEANUT AND SEE ME WAG MY HEAD
NOTICE DO NOT FEED OR ANNOY THE ANIMALS.
MY! THAT'S A NEW KIND OF MONKEY ITS TALLER THAN ME
HOW WILL I EVER REACH THAT PEANUT
MONK
WHAT HORRID MUSIC.
GET OUT YOU ARE SCAREING THE ANIMALS.
GUARD
THIS HOUSE IS PAID FOR
I GUESS I WILL GO OVER AND SCARE THE ELEPHANT.
Rigby.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
SUNDAY FEB. 24. 1901

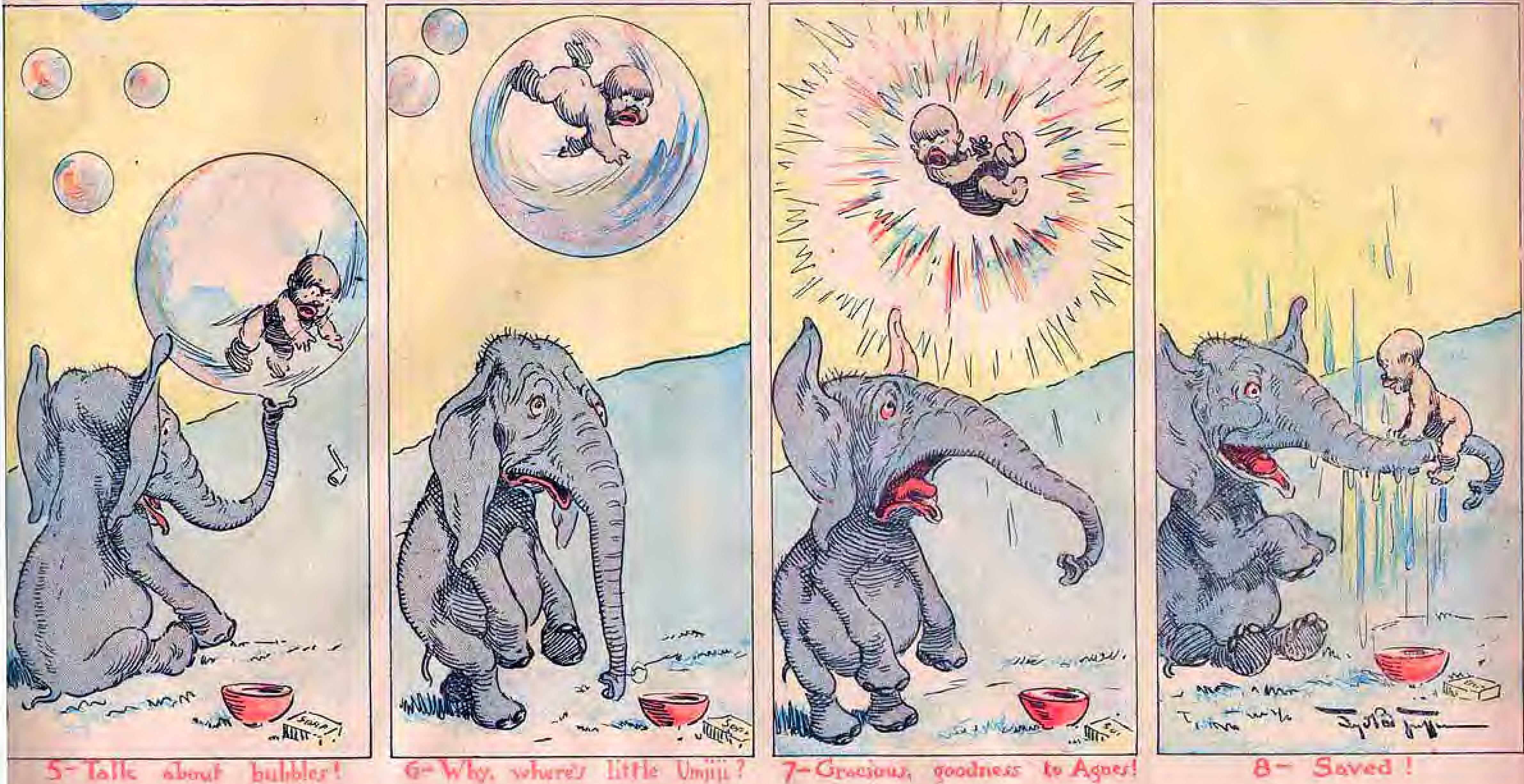
FUNNY SIDE
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

EDITED BY
GEO. W. PECK
AUTHOR OF
Peck's Bad Boy.

A CATASTROPHE IN JUNGLE BABY-LAND; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE UMJIJI AND THE BABY ELEPHANT.



1-Look at little Umjiji blowing bubbles. 2-Guess I'll try it myself. 3- That's a corker! 4-Now for a big one.

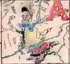


5-Talk about bubbles! 6-Why, where's little Umjiji? 7-Gracious, goodness to Agnes! 8- Saved!

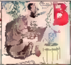
A NEW NONSENSE ANIMAL ALPHABET.

BY CAROLYN WELLS,
The Well-Known Nonsense Versifier

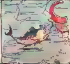
Illustrated by
W. F. MARRINER



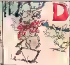
A was an elegant APE
Who bought a magnificent cape
'Twas [illegible], and frilled
And plaited and quilled
And trimmed round about with blue crape.



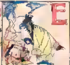
B was a burly BABOON
Who always ate breakfast at noon
He called for two kegs
Of soft scrambled eggs
And ate them all up with a spoon.



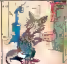
C was a clever old CATFISH
Who was an exceedingly odd fish.
He hadn't a shoe,
But he knew what to do
He went to a place where they shod fish.



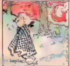
D was a dignified DEER
Who wore a large ring in each ear
A wide flowing tie,
And a glass in his eye,
And he did look most awfully queer.



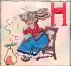
E was an elegant EAGLE
Who wore a fur robe that was regal.
He once practiced law,
But had to withdraw,
For they said that his mind [illegible]



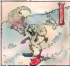
F was a lazy old FOX
Who purchased a pair of blue socks.
He said I won't wear them,
For fear I will tear them.
So he put them away in a box.



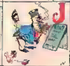
G was a gay GUINEA PIG
Who wore a ridiculous rig.
It was nothing at all
But a black and white shawl
And a powdered Colonial wig.



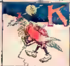
H was a heart-broken HARE
Who purchased a large lorgnette pair.
When her friends said It will
Make you awfully ill,
She sat down and howled in despair.



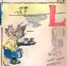
I was an IBEX who said
"I fear I am wrong in my head
For I gave my left shoe
To an old Kangaroo
And am wearing a mitten instead."



J was a jolly old JAY
Who went to a gay matinee.
He wore a new hat
And a speckled cravat,
And carried a gorgeous bouquet.



K was a Kilkenny KITE
Who wanted to learn how to write.
But all through the day
He wanted to play;
So he went to a night school at night.



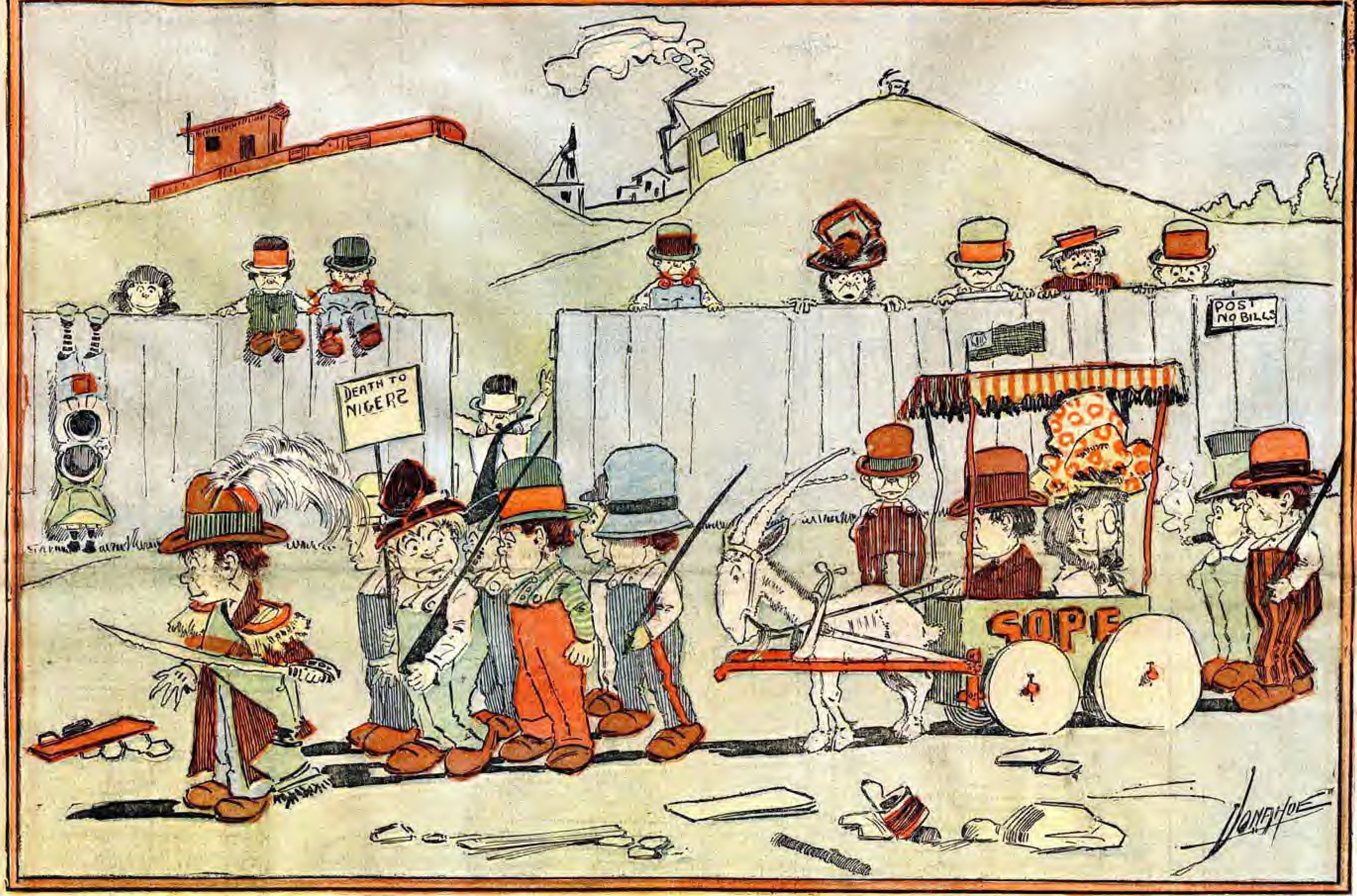
L was a [illegible] old LYNX
Who set out to visit the Sphinx
He took her some clams,
Some jellies and jams
And a large bunch of carnation pinks.

COMIC SECTION OF THE

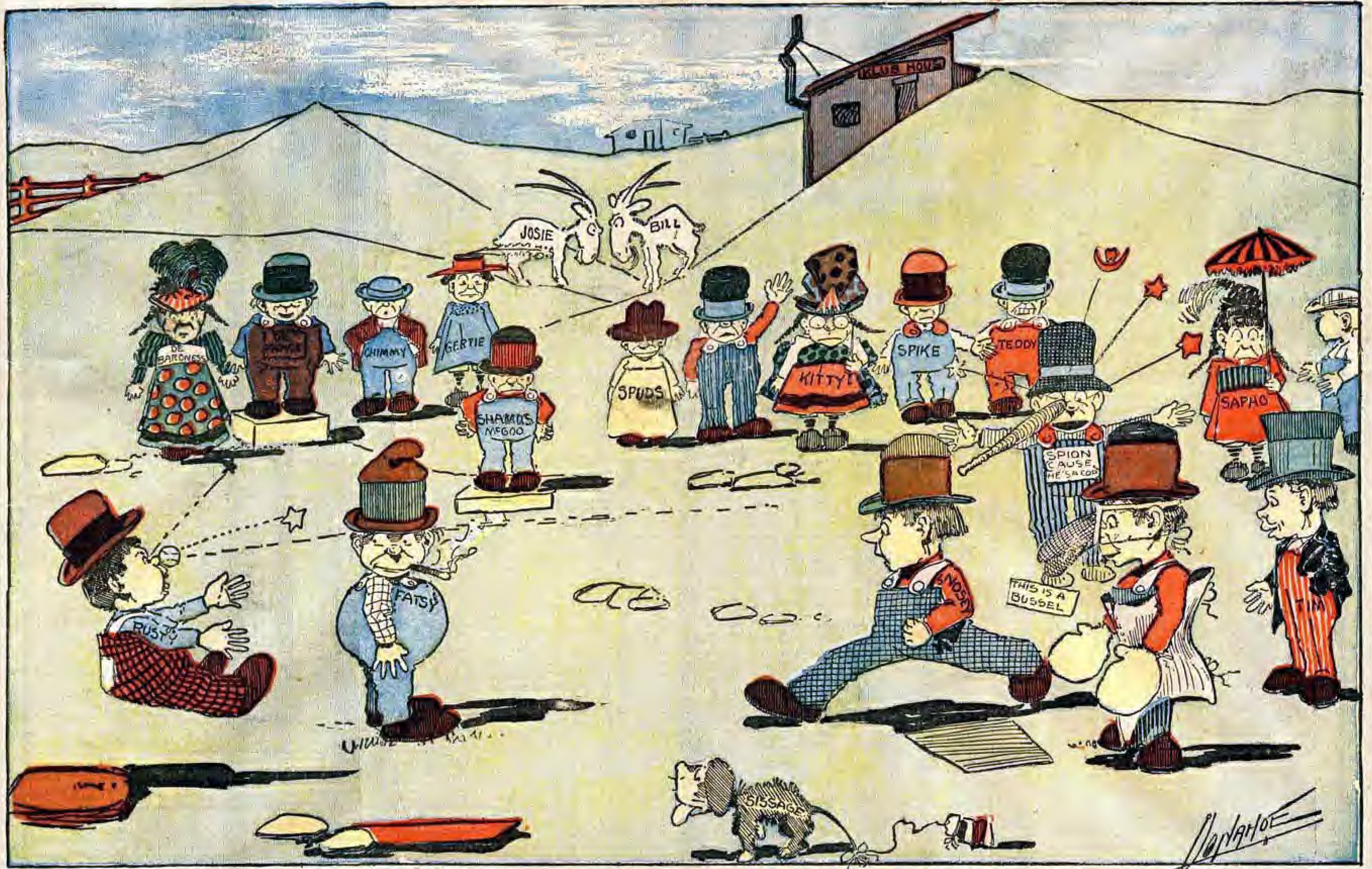
ST. LOUIS STAR

SUNDAY MARCH 17 1901

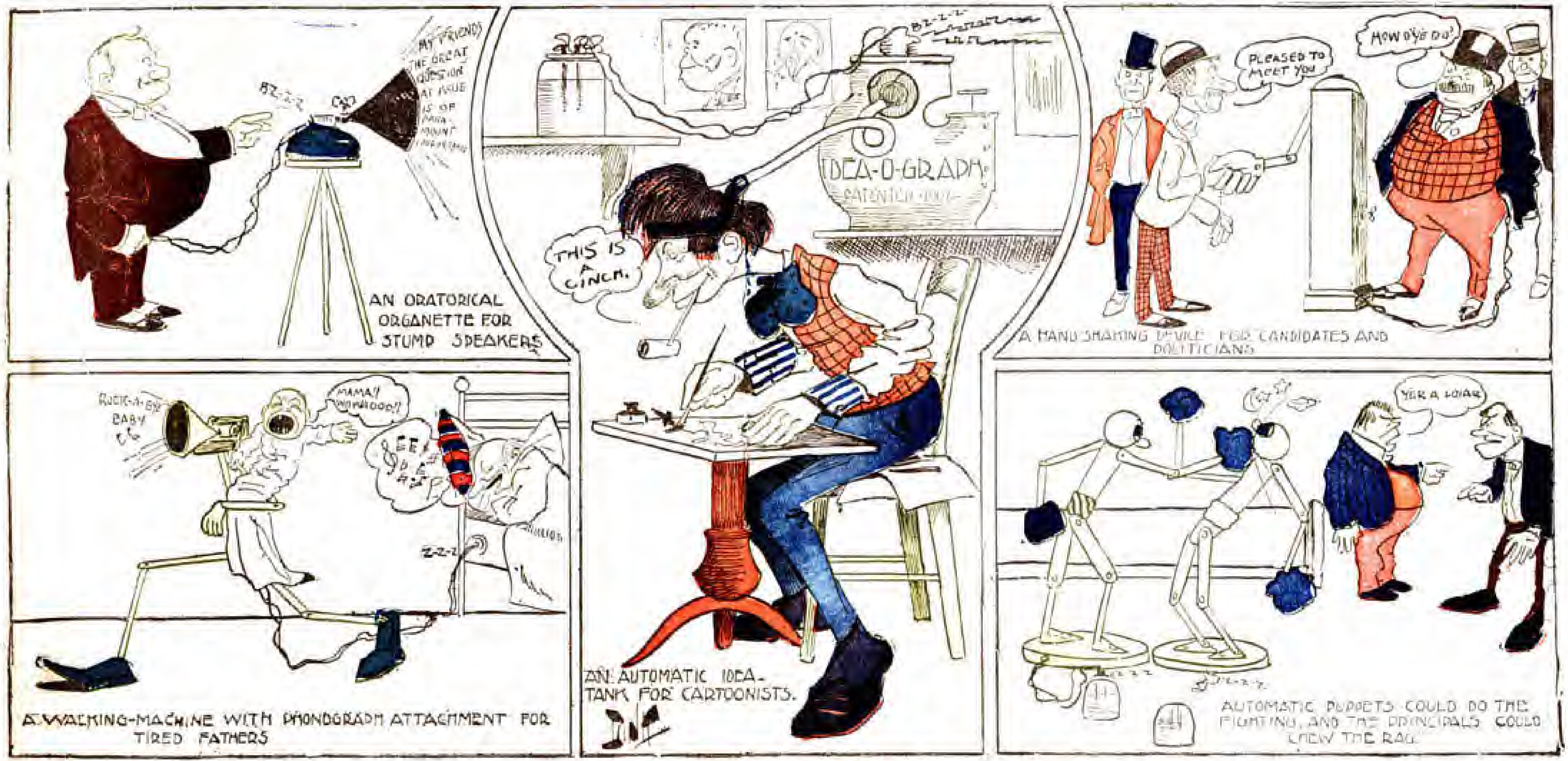
ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN CASEYVILLE.

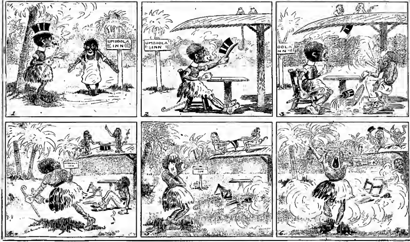

DEATH TO NIGERS
POST NO BILLS
SOPE
DONAHOE

THE BALL SEASON OPENS IN CASEYVILLE.


KLUB HOUSE
JOSIE
BILL
DE BARONESS
CHIMMY
GERTIE
SHAMUS McGOO
SPUDS
KITTY
SPIKE
TEDDY
SAPHO
SPION CAUSE HE'S A COP
THIS IS A BUSSEL
RUSTY
FATSY
SNOSY
TIM
SISSAGE
Donahoe

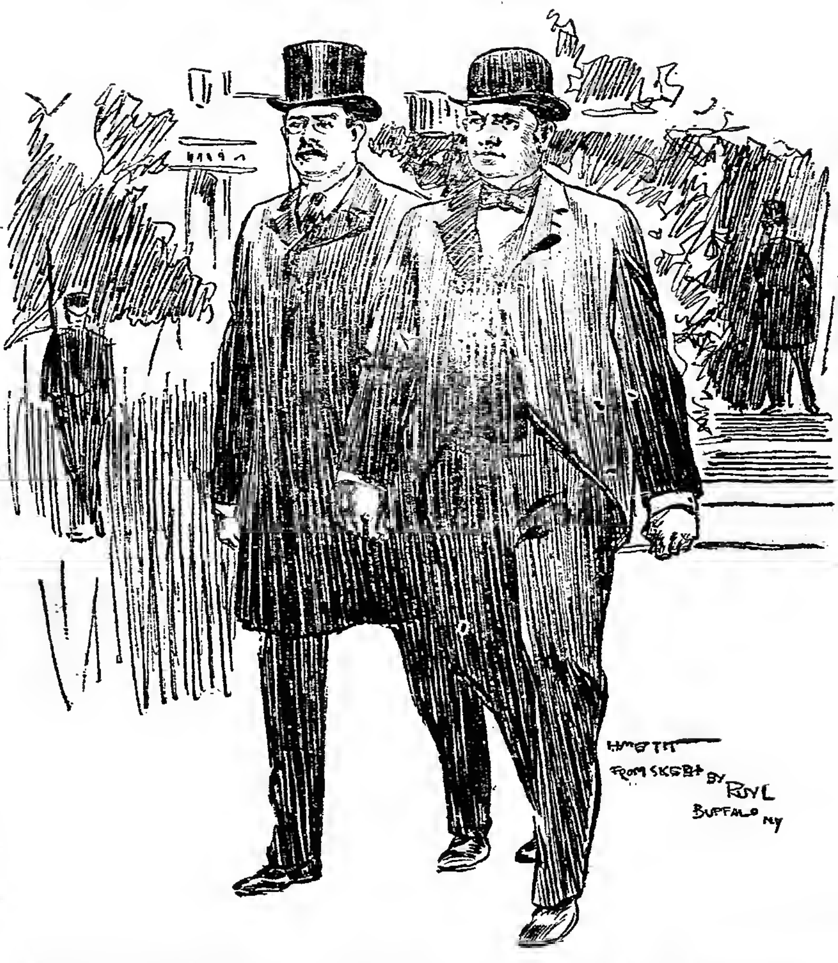
LABOR SAVING DEVICES OF THE FUTURE.


BZ-Z-Z
MY FRIENDS THE GREAT QUESTION AT ISSUE IS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE
AN ORATORICAL ORGANETTE FOR STUMP SPEAKERS
BZ-Z-Z
IDEA-O-GRAPH
PATENTED 1907
THIS IS A CINCH.
AN AUTOMATIC IDEA-TANK FOR CARTOONISTS.
HOW D'YE DO?
PLEASED TO MEET YOU
A HAND SHAKING DEVICE FOR CANDIDATES AND POLITICIANS
ROCK-A-BY BABY
MAMA!! WAHHOOO!!
Z-Z-Z
A WALKING-MACHINE WITH PHONOGRAPH ATTACHMENT FOR TIRED FATHERS
YER A LOIAR
BZ-Z-Z
BZ-Z-Z
AUTOMATIC PUPPETS COULD DO THE FIGHTING, AND THE PRINCIPALS COULD CHEW THE RAG


UMBOOLA INN
1
UMBOOLA INN
2
OOLA NN
3
4
5
6

THE FIRST SILK TILE IN UMBOOLALAND

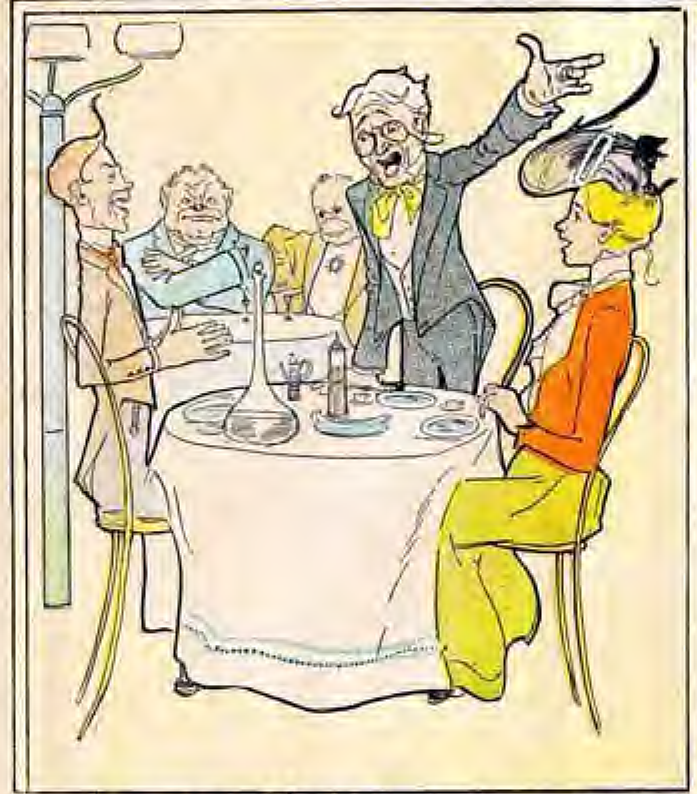
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE WARMEST THING IN TOWN, BUT THE MONKS SPOILED THE GAME


FROM SKETCH BY RUYL
BUFFALO NY

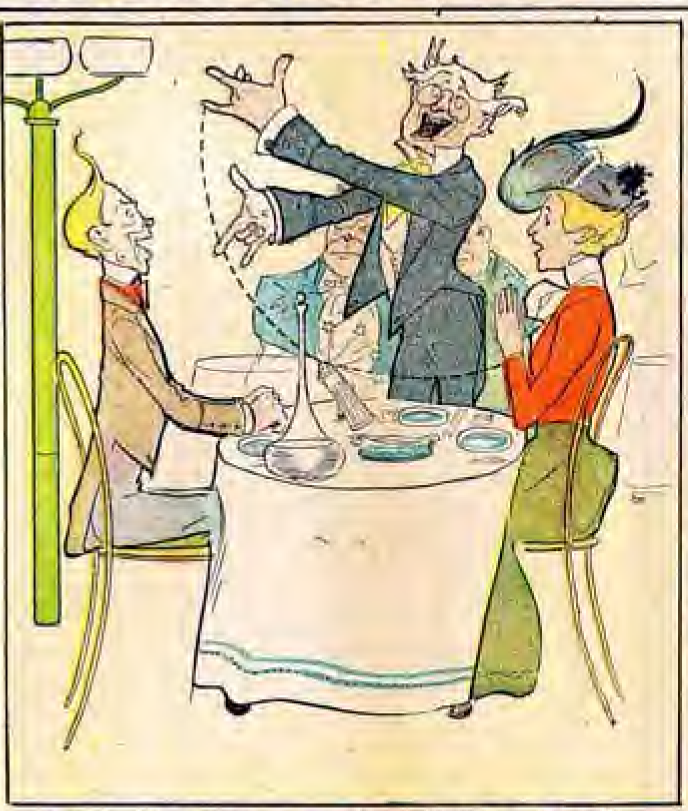
VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND SENATOR HANNA LEAVING THE MILBURN RESIDENCE.

[Drawn by Mr. H. Methfessel from a sketch by Mr. L. H. Ruyl of The Boston Herald Art Department.]

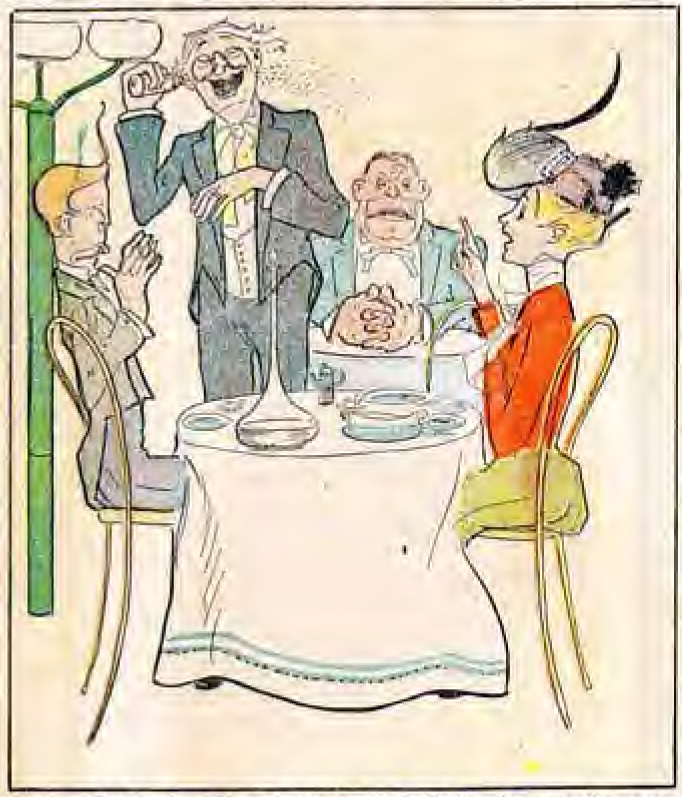
MR. HANKINSON WAS NOT SUPERSTITIOUS—NO, INDEED!



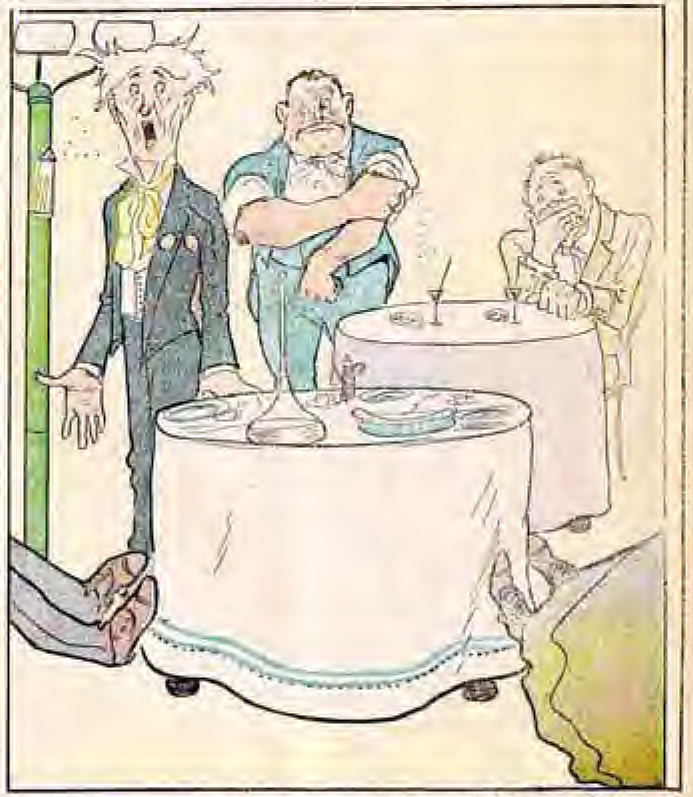
1. "You see it was this way, Miss Perkins," said Hankinson, "I made a sweeping gesture like this—"



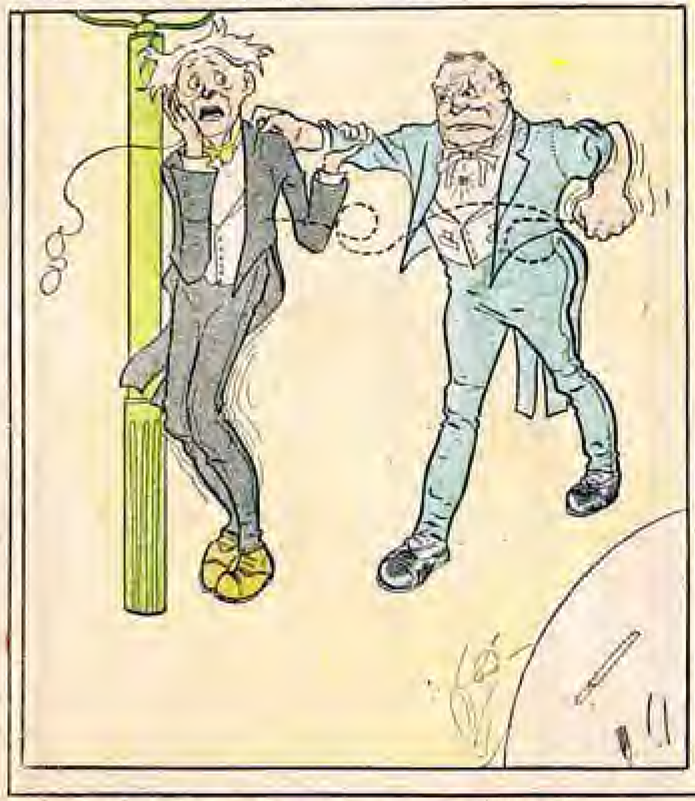
2. "Oh, Mr. Hankinson, you've spilled the salt! Throw some over your left shoulder or you will have a dreadful row."



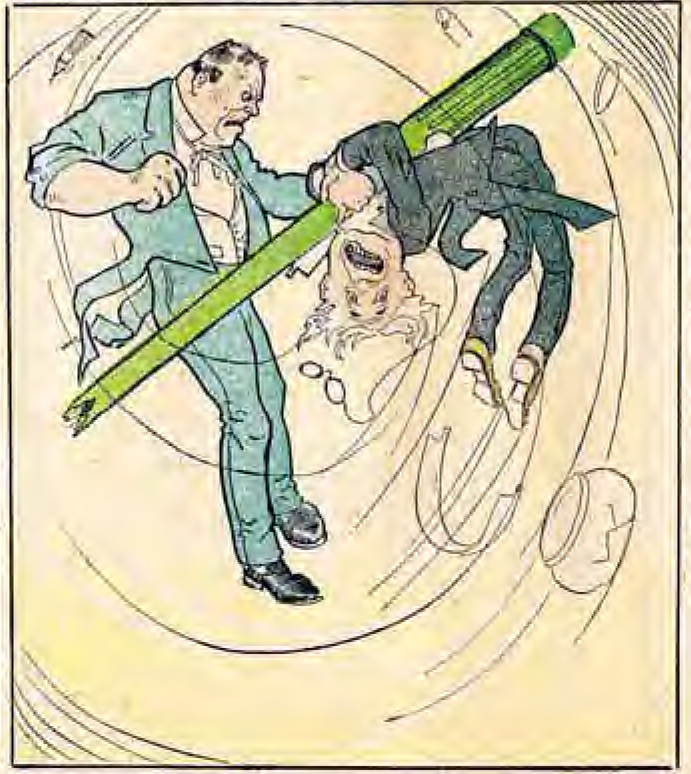
3. "Oh bosh, Miss Perkins," replied Hankinson, "just to prove it, I will throw salt over my right shoulder."



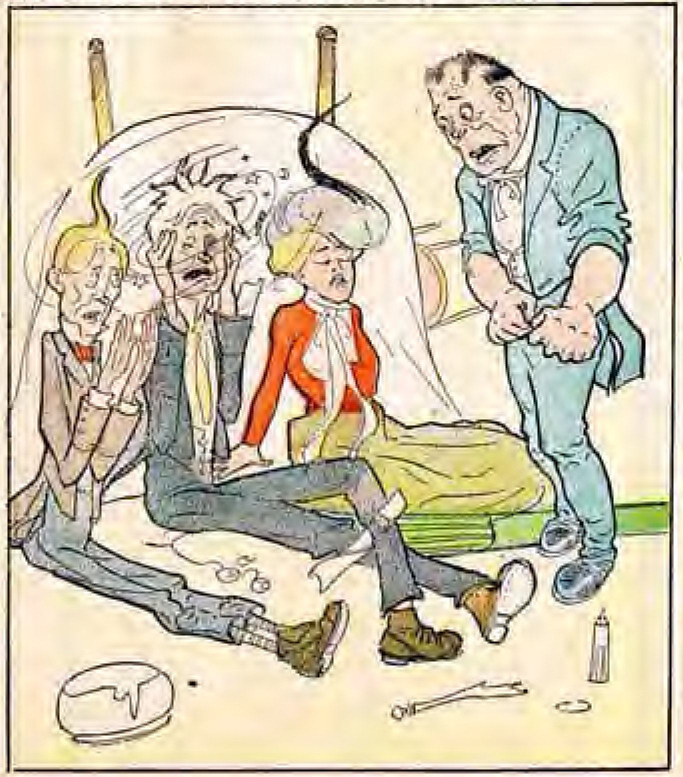
4. Pugsy, at the next table—"De guy did dat on poipose."



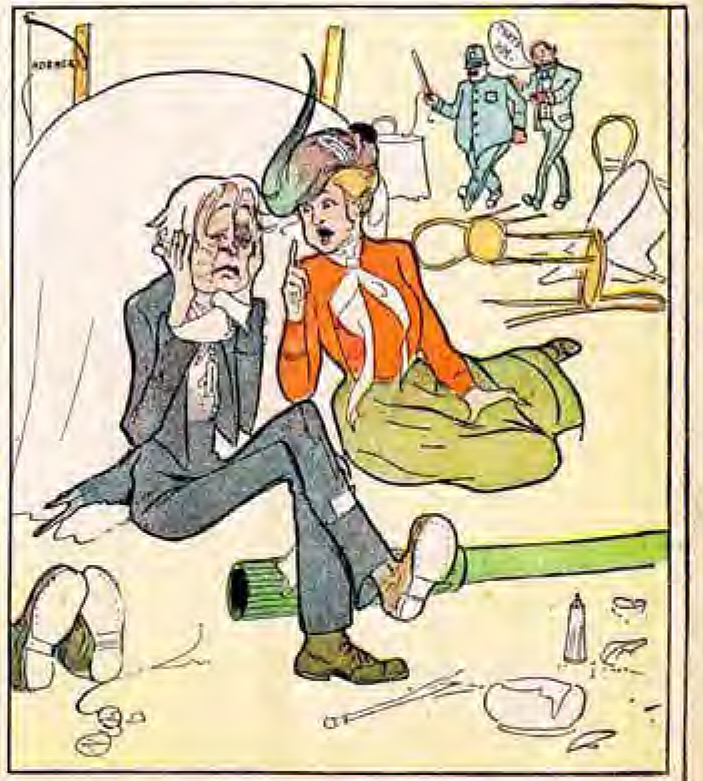
5. "I don't like salt any way, young feller—"



6. "and I don't like it in my eyes at all—"



7. "So don't throw any more at me. See!"



8. "There, Mr. Hankinson, I told you so. You should have thrown it over your LEFT shoulder."

Funny Side
ST. LOUIS
POST-DISPATCH
Supplement to the
St. Louis Post-Dispatch,
Sunday. Oct. 20. 1901.

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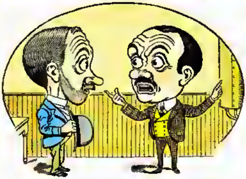
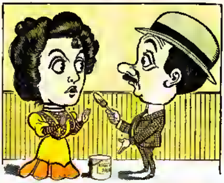
INTRODUCING
"THE MISHAPS OF
MR. & MRS. BOWERS"
A NEW COMIC CREATION BY THE
F. M. HOWARTH

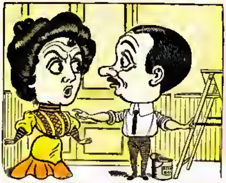
MR. BOWERS DOES A LITTLE PAINTING.



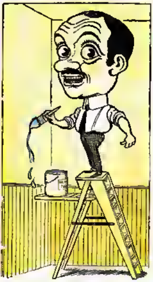
1—MR. BOWERS (angrily to painter)—What! You want thirty dollars to paint this kitchen wall and ceiling? Do you think I'm a cinch? An easy thing? Not on your life. I'll do it myself. Good evening.



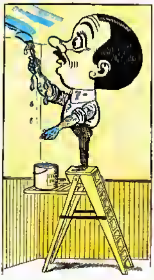
2—MR. BOWERS—Look, Mary. See what a money saver a great head as mine is. This paint and this brush—enough to do the whole job—only cost me three dollars, and that robber wanted to charge me thirty.



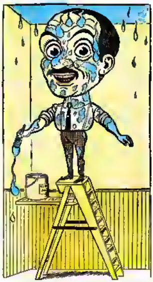
3—MR. BOWERS—Now we will fix things. I'll start on the ceiling first—begin at the top and work down, you know. Now, you get your things on and run around to your mother's while I am at work. You will annoy me if you stand around watching me.



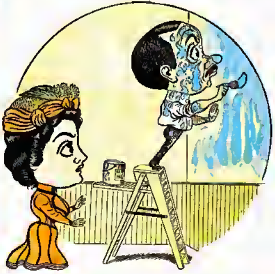
4—MR. BOWERS—And here we are! I was always handy with a brush. Thirty dollars! Just think of it.



5—MR. BOWERS—Why, this is just as easy as rolling off a log. I don't see why painters claim to be skilled mechanics. Just look at me—I never took a lesson.

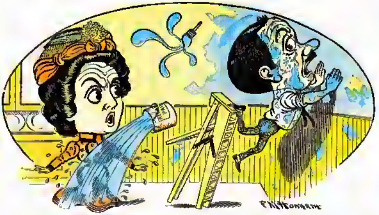


6—MR. BOWERS—It is pretty hot up here, but I have the ceiling nearly finished. Thirty dollars! Bah!

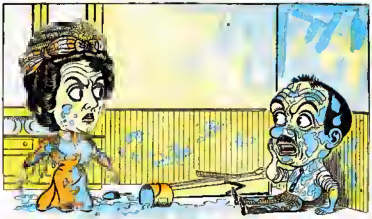


7—MRS. BOWERS—Why, John Bowers! Just look at you! You are a sight!

MR. BOWERS (scornfully resuming operations)—Oh, yes! I'm a sight to save thirty dollars, Mrs. Extravagance. I know it.

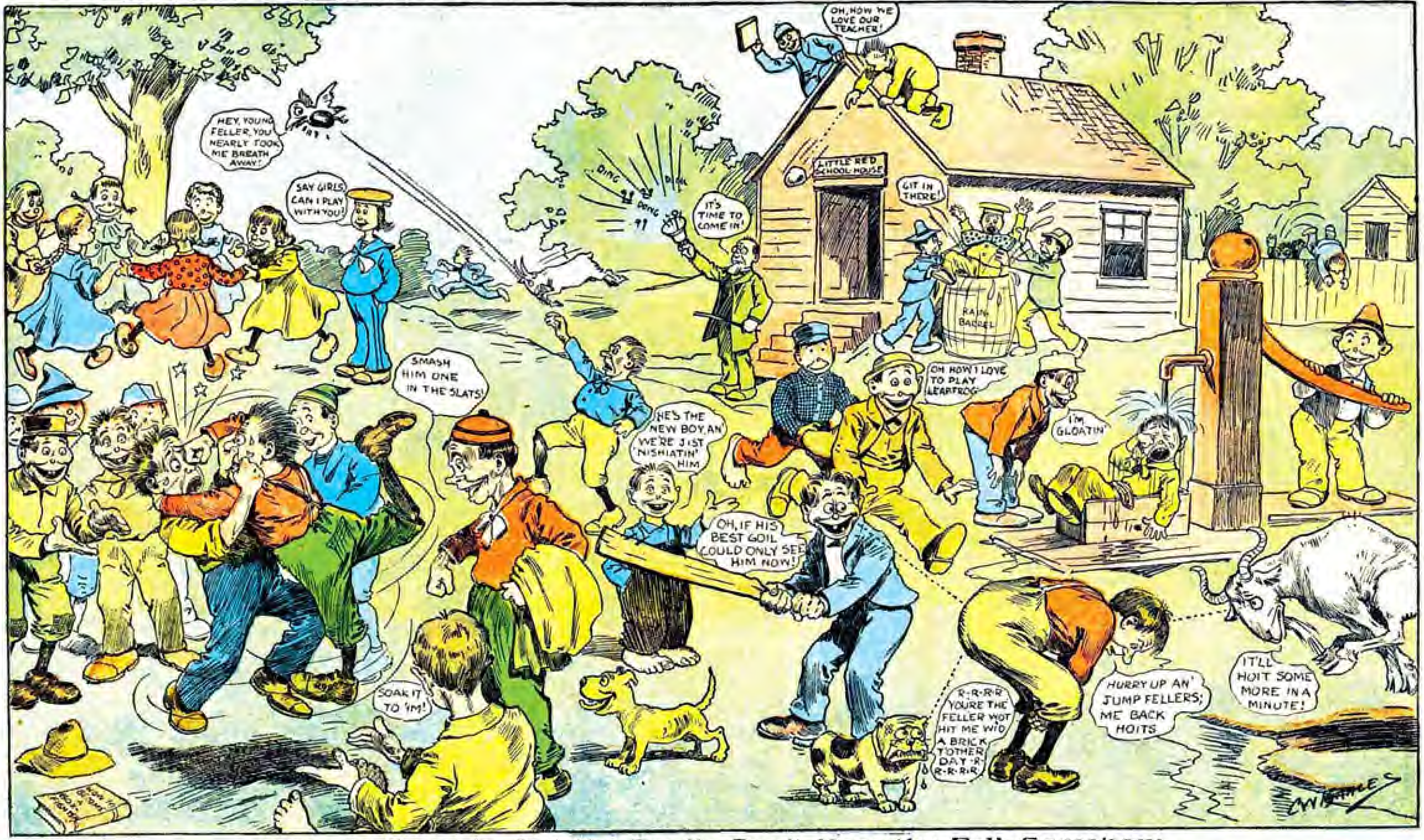


8—MR. BOWERS (as he overbalances the ladder)—There! I told you to keep aw————!!!!!!!!!!!!?



9—MRS. BOWERS (in deep disgust)—I didn't touch the ladder, so there! Save thirty dollars! Bah! Look at my hat and dress—they alone will cost you a hundred dollars. Look at your own clothes ruined. See the ceiling—just dripping paint. We will have to have new oilcloth on the floor. Save thirty dollars! Bah! Go get some turpentine, a cake of sand soap, and go in and take a bath.

RECESS AT THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE


OH, HOW WE LOVE OUR TEACHER!
HEY, YOUNG FELLER, YOU NEARLY TOOK ME BREATH AWAY!
SAY GIRLS, CAN I PLAY WITH YOU!
DING DING DING
LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE
IT'S TIME TO COME IN!
GIT IN THERE!
RAIN BARREL
SMASH HIM ONE IN THE SLATS!
HE'S THE NEW BOY, AN' WE'RE JIST NISHIATIN' HIM
OH HOW I LOVE TO PLAY LEAPFROG
I'M GLOATIN'
OH, IF HIS BEST GOIL COULD ONLY SEE HIM NOW!
SOAK IT TO 'IM!
R-R-R-R YOU'RE THE FELLER WOT HIT ME WID A BRICK T'OTHER DAY-R R-R-R-R
HURRY UP AN' JUMP FELLERS; ME BACK HOITS
IT'LL HOIT SOME MORE IN A MINUTE!
C.W. KAHLES

Time to Come in, but the Pupils Don't Hear the Bell. Somehow.

FUNNY
SIDE
SUNDAY
Nov. 3, 1901

St LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
Comic Supplement to the Post-Dispatch.
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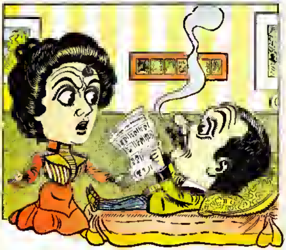
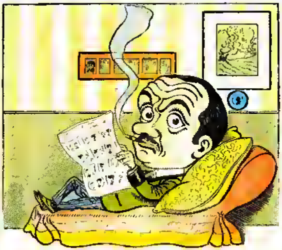
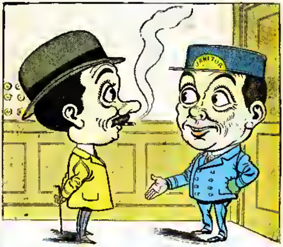
MR. BOWERS HAS AN EXPERIENCE WITH A MEMBER OF THE REFORMED JANITORS' ASSOCIATION.



1. Mrs. Bowers (tearfully)—John, I'm nearly fretted to death by our janitor. He is a regular boor. Besides, he filches our morning rolls, skims the cream off the milk, our vegetables disappear, he levies a duty of 20 per cent. on all meat the butcher delivers, pays no attention to any request I make; in fact, life is not worth living.

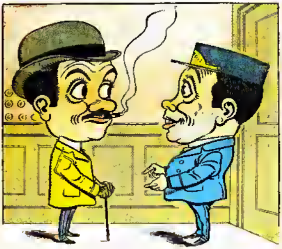


2. Mr. Bowers—By the towering fate, I'll see that fellow the first thing in the morning. (Goes on reading paper and smoking.)

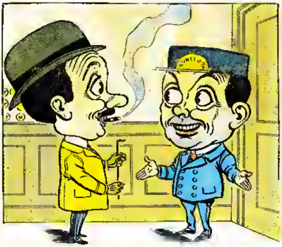


3. Mr. Bowers—Look here, janitor——

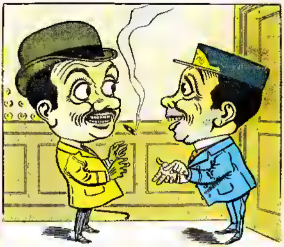
The Janitor (interrupting)—Ah, Mr. Bowers, good morning! Have been waiting to see you. You see, I have joined the Reformed Janitors' Association, and you will find things quite different in this flat after this.



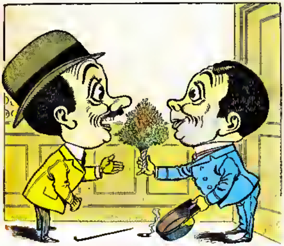
4. The Janitor—Now I am going to try to make amends for my past misconduct. Ever since you have lived here I have levied tribute upon your supply of bread and rolls; for this I will furnish you your daily supply free for the next two weeks.



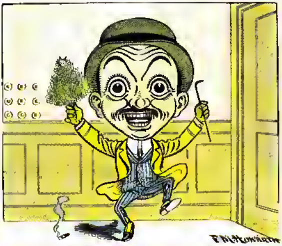
5. The Janitor—And as for the meat and vegetables I took, I will see that they are replaced two-fold.



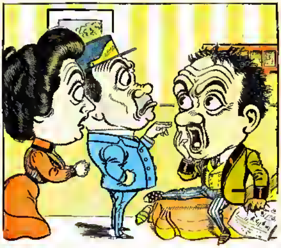
6. The Janitor—And as for the cream I have skimmed from your milk, I have directed your milkman to send me your bill for the next month and I will settle it.



7. The Janitor—And would you mind presenting this little bouquet to your good lady? Tell her that my previous boorishness will in the future be turned to the utmost gallantry and desire to serve her.



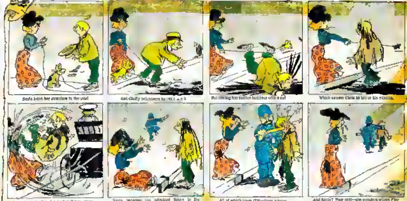
8. Mr. Bowers—By Jove! This is luck! I'll not let Mary know that he has joined the Association of Reformed Janitors, but make her think that it was I, through my personal force and greatness, who compelled him to change his methods. It will be a winner for me!



9. Mrs. Bowers (tearfully)—John, John! Wake up! What do you mean by lying there jumping and laughing in your sleep when the janitor is waiting here to see you?

The Janitor—Say, Bowers, I hears dere is some guys in dis flat as is kickin' about me, an' I wants ter tell dem same guys as if dey don't like it dey kin git out! See?

A STUDY in MUD — How Cholly recovered Susie's Lost Overshoe



Susie loses her overshoe in the mud

And Cholly volunteers to [illegible] it

But the dog has sudden business with a cat

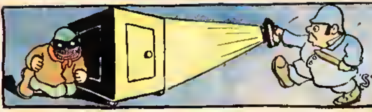
Which causes Cholly to fail in his mission.

A passing automobile pushes things along.

Susie becomes the principal figure in the scrimmage

All of which gives O'Hooligan a job—

And Susie? Poor girl—she wonders where Fido went!!



FUNNY SIDE

SUPPLEMENT TO THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY FEB. 9, 1902.

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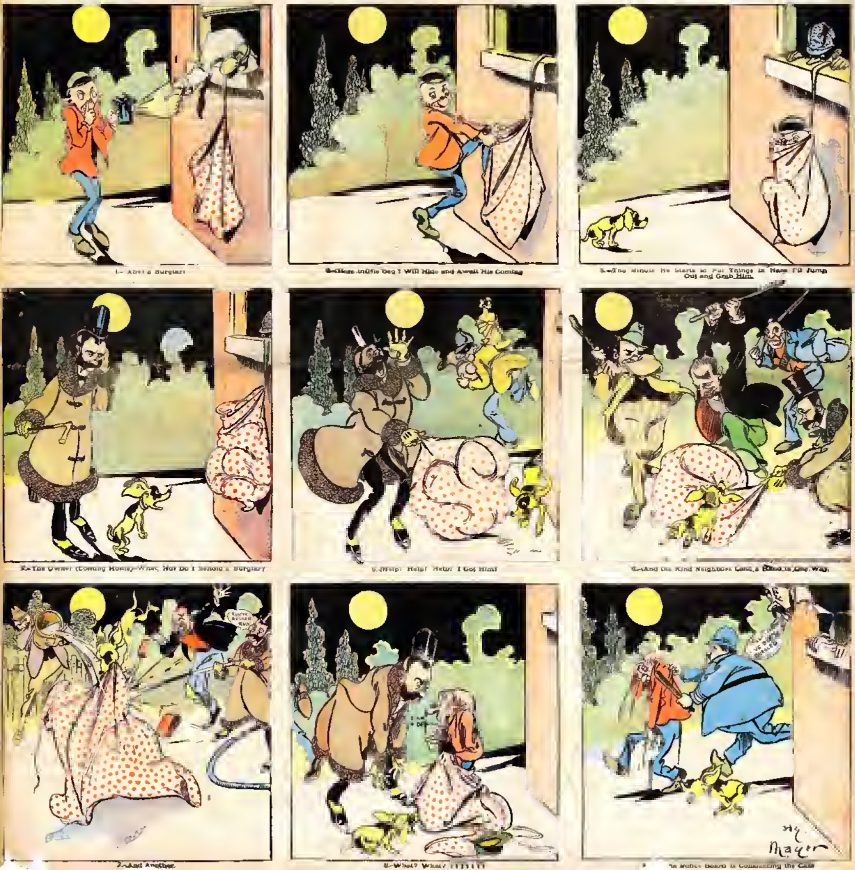
CHARLEY HIST, THE SLY DETECTIVE, TRAPS A ROBBER.



1—Ah! a Burglar!

2—Here in this Bag I Will Hide and Await His Coming.

3—The Minute He Starts to Put Things in Here I'll Jump Out and Grab Him.

4—The Owner (Coming Home)—What, Ho! Do I Behold a Burglar?

5—Help! Help! Help! I Got Him!

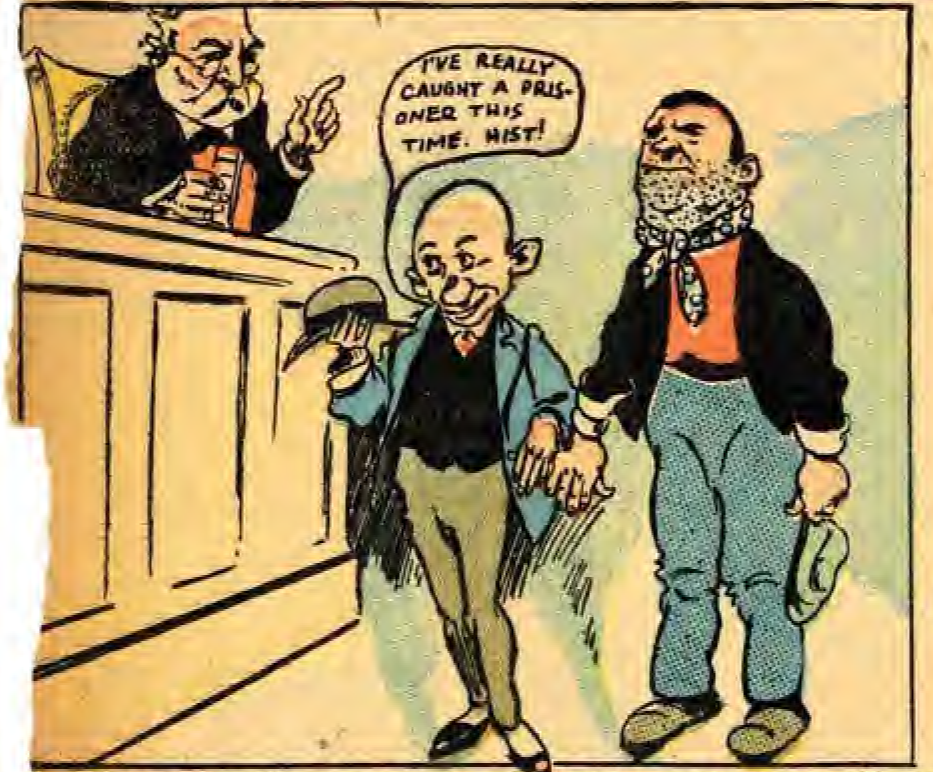
6—And the Kind Neighbors Lend a Hand in One Way.

7—And Another.

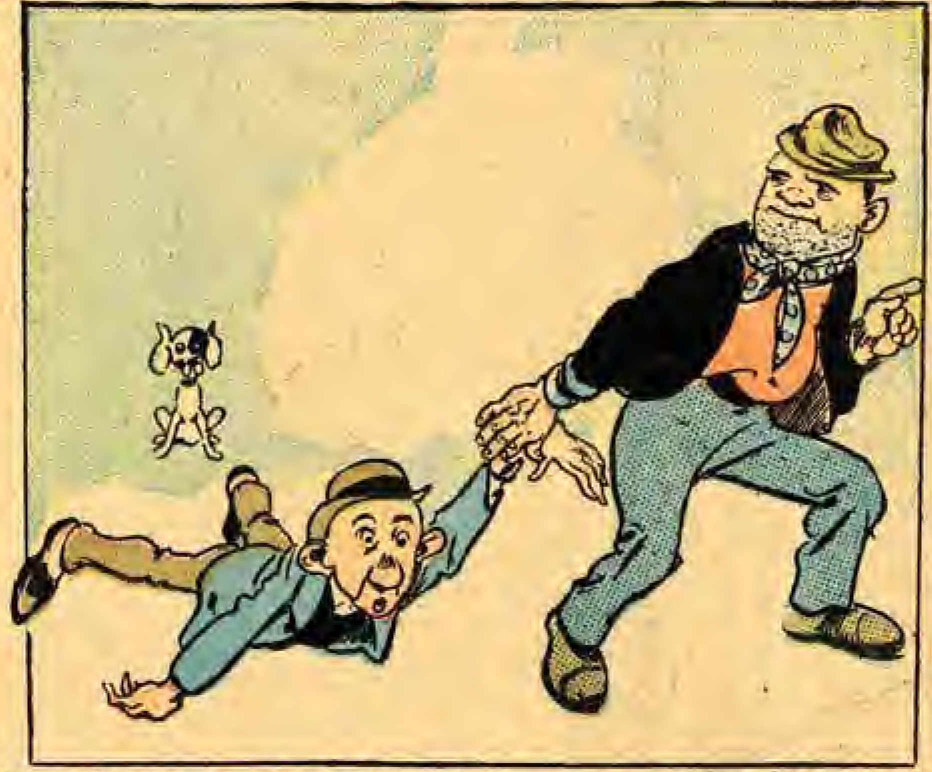
8—What? What? !!!!!!!

9—The Police Board is Considering the Case.

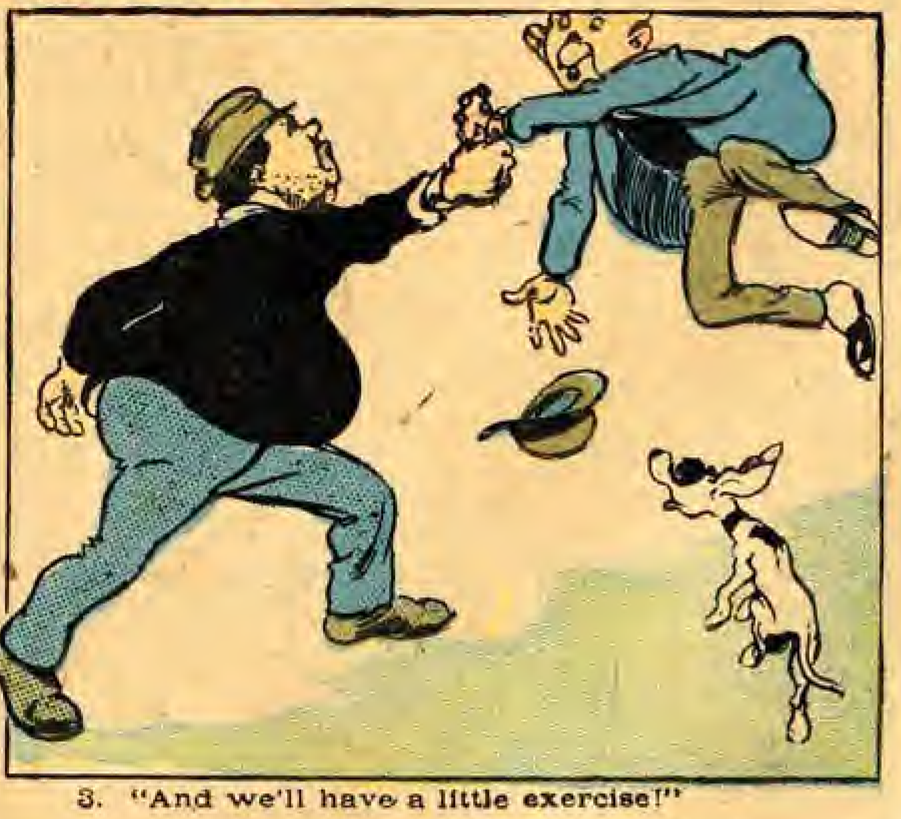
CHARLEY HIST, THE DETECTIVE.


I'VE REALLY CAUGHT A PRISONER THIS TIME. HIST!

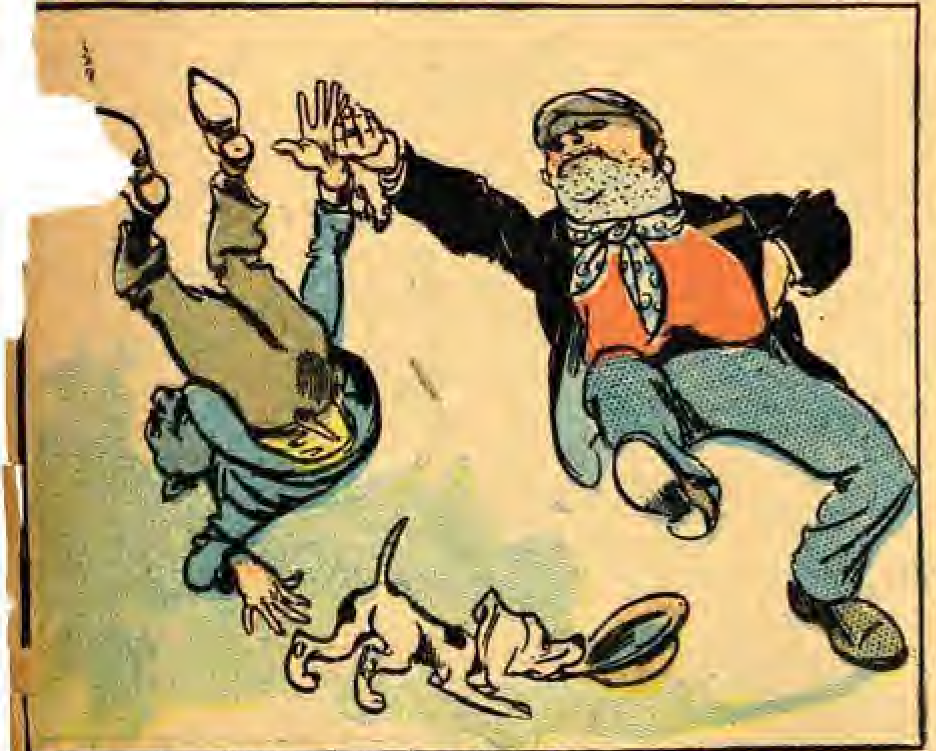
1. Magistrate—Good! Handcuff him to yourself and ake him to jail.



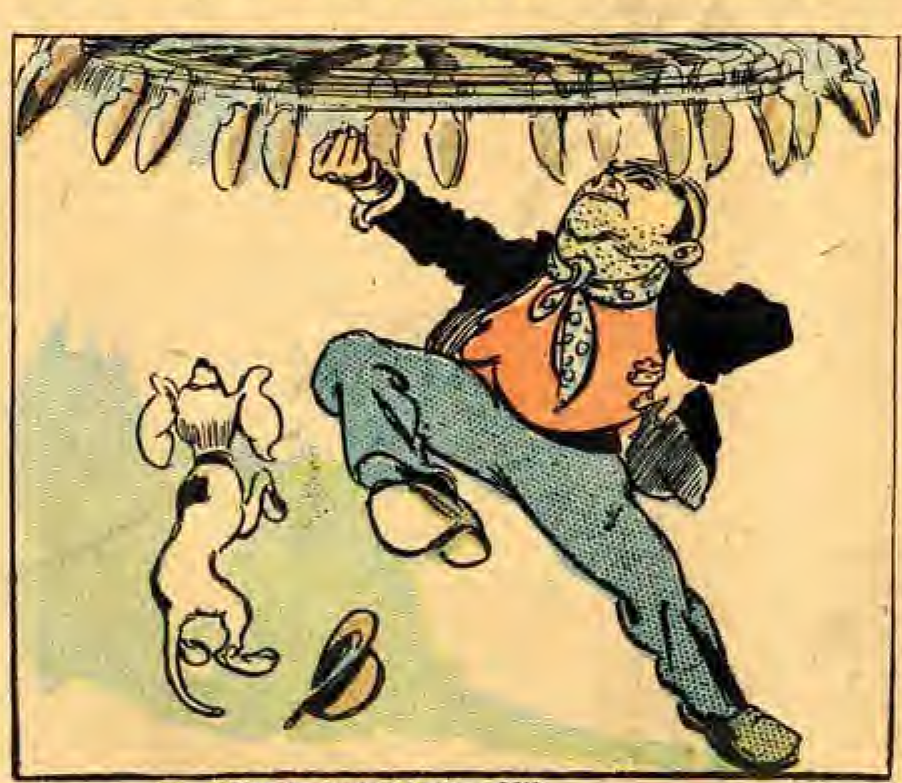
2. The Prisoner—Now let's go to a nice, quiet place.



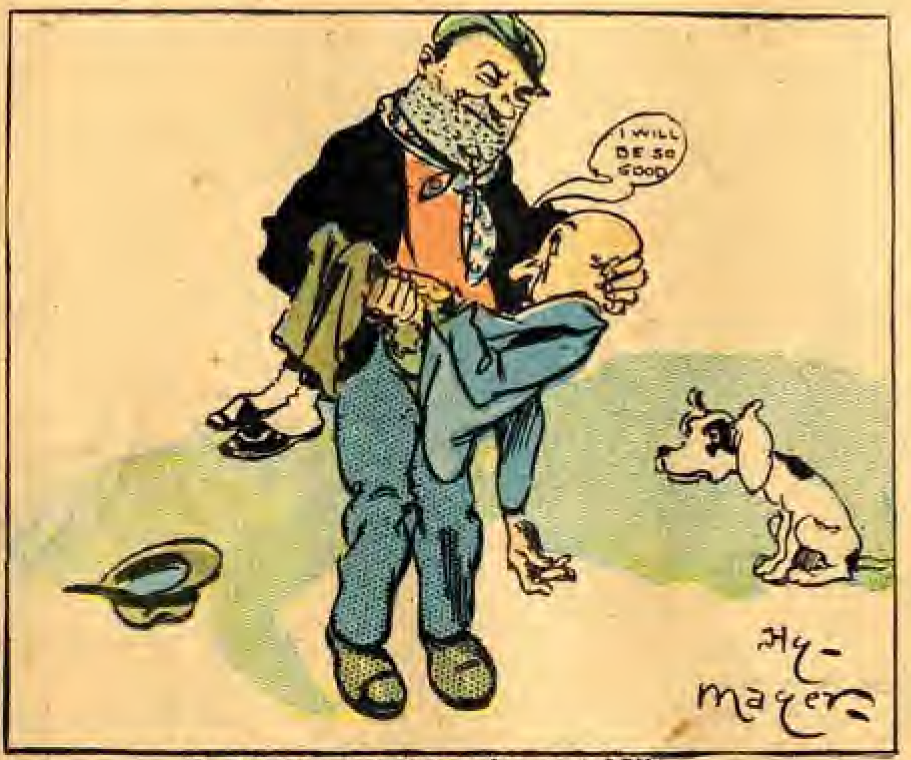
3. "And we'll have a little exercise!"



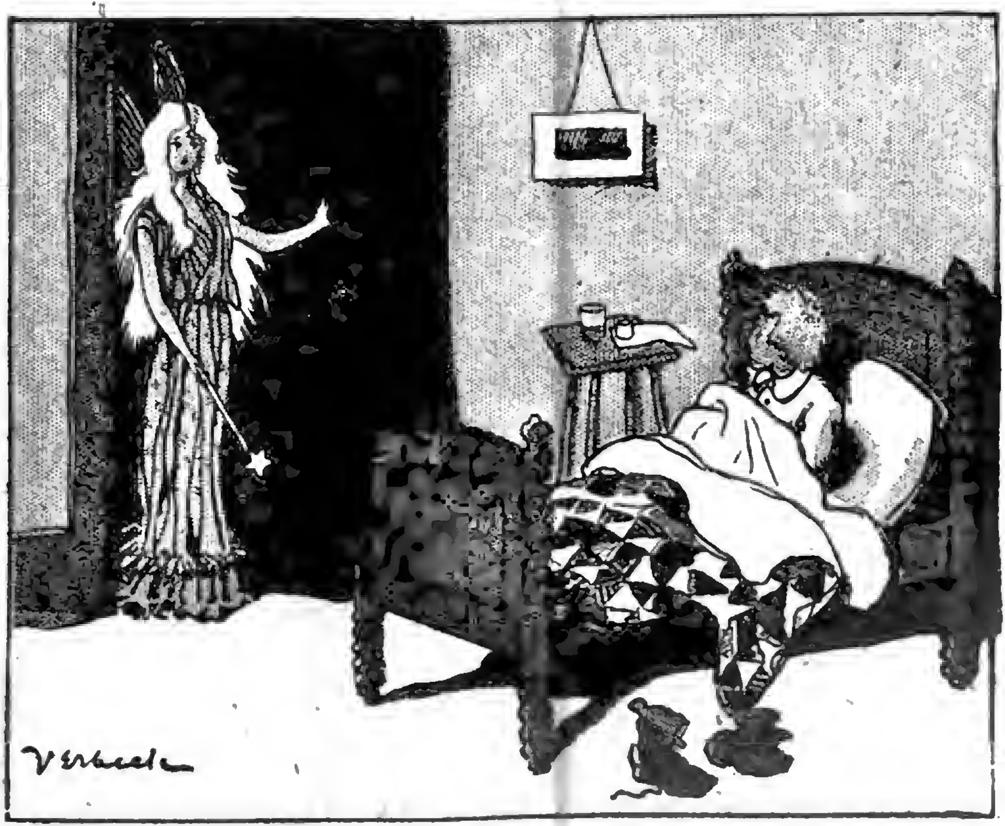
4. "Now, waltz a little!"



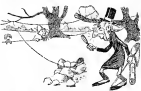
5. "All hands around!"


I WILL BE SO GOOD
Hy-Mayer

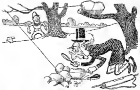
6. "Now will you be good?"


Verbeek

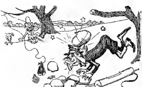
NATURE STUDY.



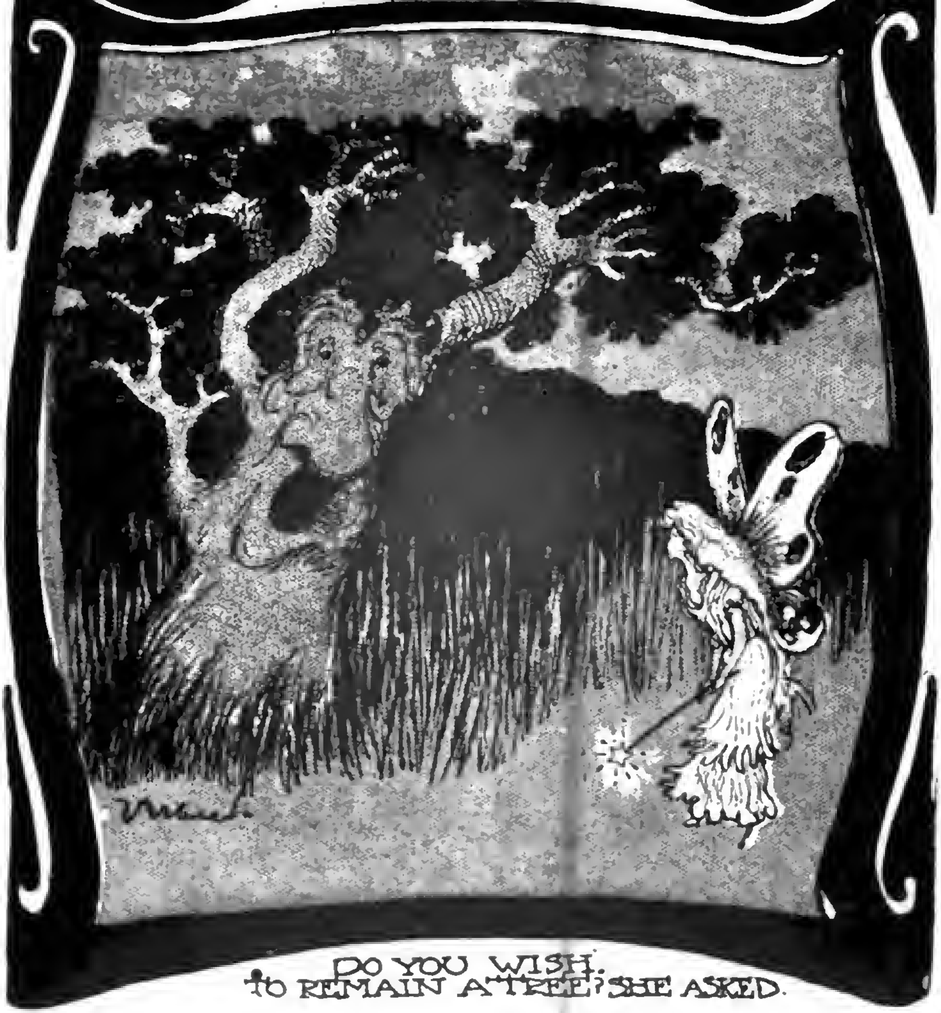
Prof Bughunter—"Ah, a petrified mutton chop, evidently This is——



Indeed a most remarkable——

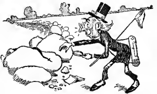


Discovery."

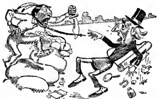


DO YOU WISH TO REMAIN A TREE? SHE ASKED.

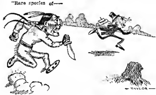
CHANGED HIS MIND.



Prof. Bughunter—"Ah, that must be a——

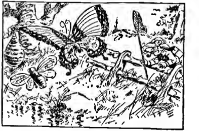


"Rare species of——

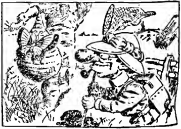


"Well, anyhow, it's nothing I want."

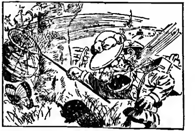
THE BATTLE IS NOT ALWAYS TO THE STRONG.



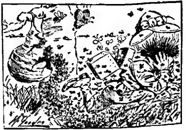
Mr. Bumble Bee—"Now, you go settle on that hornet's nest, and don't move till he tries to put the net over you; then leave the rest to me—see?"
Miss Butterfly—"Yess, all right."



Professor Bughunter—"Now, me beauty, I'll just move you off that nest so I can put the net over you without—



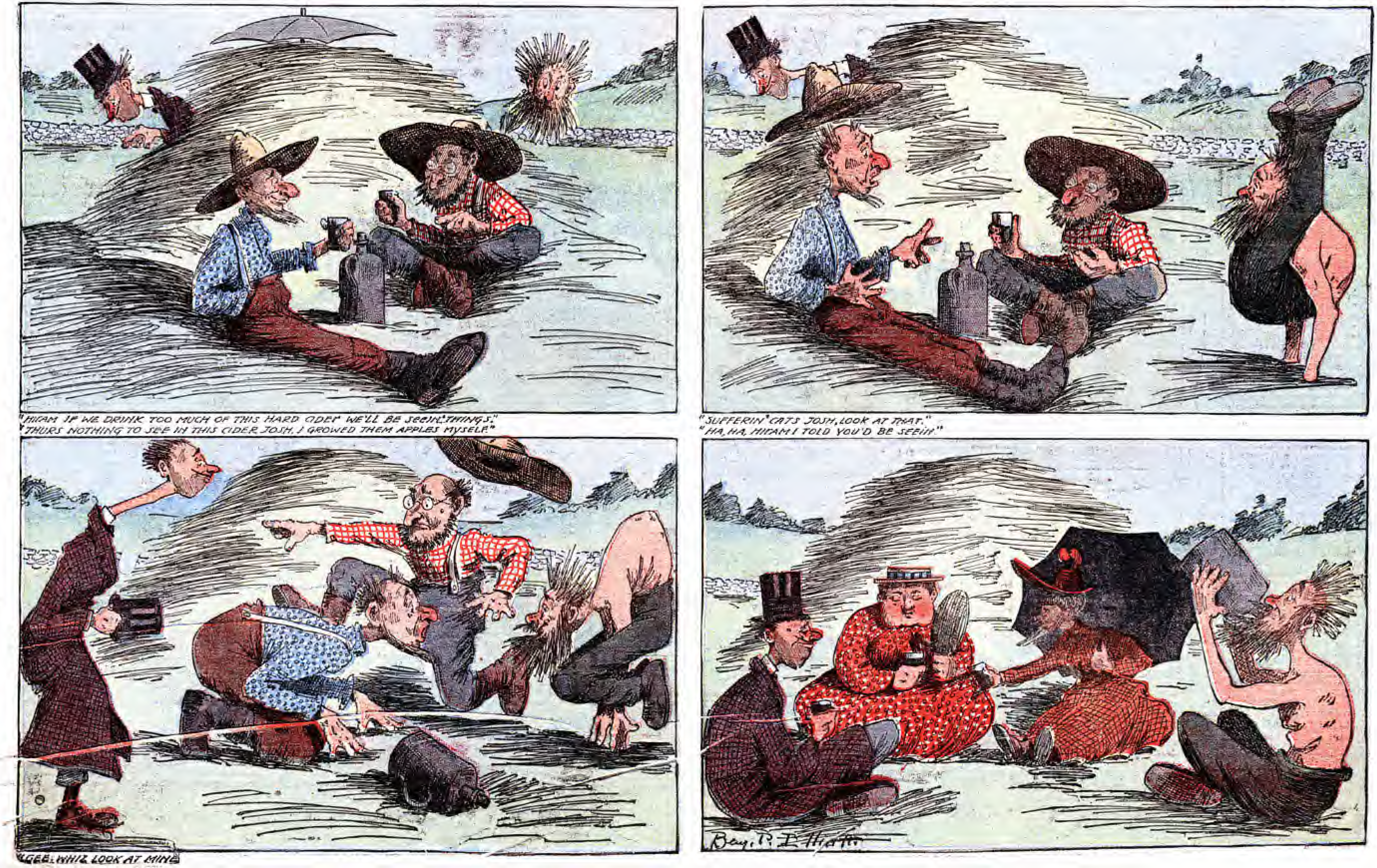
—disturbing the hornets."
Mr Bumble Bee—"Bzzzzzzz—zip—bizz."
Professor Bughunter—"Bang—gosh ! ! !"



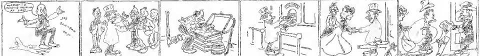
Hornets—"Biz is is is is is is is zip zip zep m' !"
Bee—"Now, my dear, do you observe, the battle is not always to the strong?"

THE STRANDED DIME MUSEUM FREAKS DIDN'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN THE FARMERS, BUT THEY SIMPLY HAD TO HAVE A DRINK

MARCH 30, 1902.


"HIRAM IF WE DRINK TOO MUCH OF THIS HARD CIDER WE'LL BE SEEIN' THINGS."
"THURS NOTHING TO SEE IN THIS CIDER JOSH, I GROWED THEM APPLES MYSELF."
"SUFFERIN' CATS JOSH, LOOK AT THAT."
"HA, HA, HIRAM I TOLD YOU'D BE SEEIN'."
GEE, WHIZ LOOK AT MINE
Bey. P. Elliott

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED


HURRAH A [illegible] VACATION AT LAST
JOY

That when you have at last succeeded in getting a vacation——

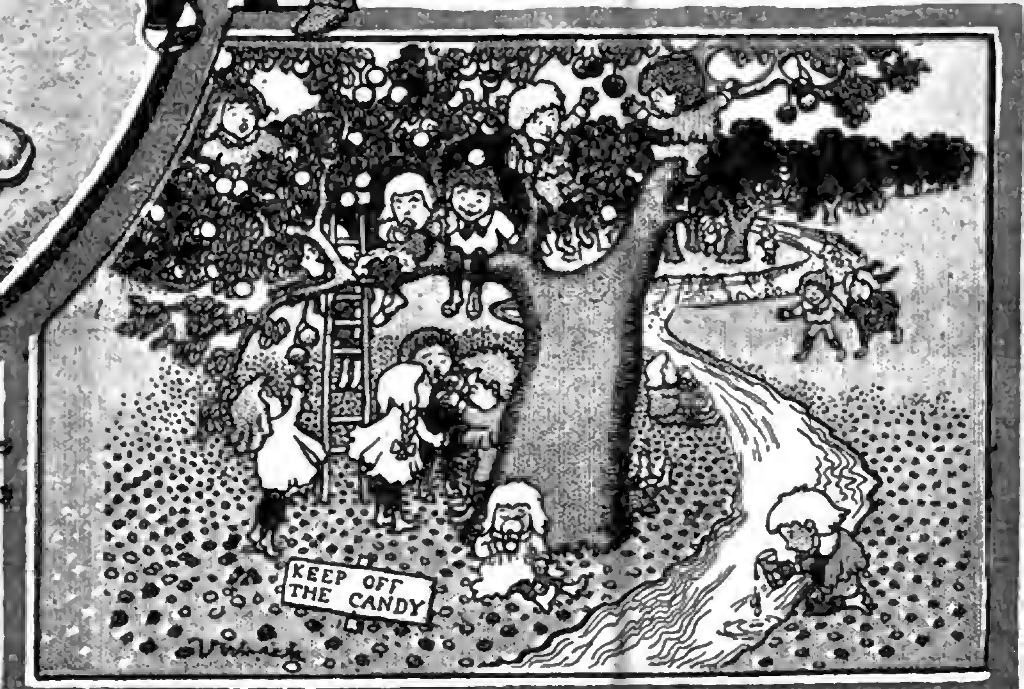
From business, and after you have received congratulations——

And have carefully and elaborately packed your trunk——

And have selected a delightful retreat in the mountains——

And bade your wife and family good-by, one of those awful——

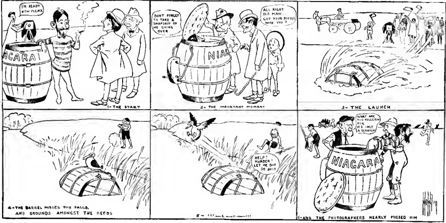
Court bailiffs appears and summons you to serve on a jury?


KEEP OFF
THE CANDY

THE CANDY TREE — ON THE BANKS OF THE SODA WATER RIVER

THE ADVENTURES OF HORACE, THE HERO.

(He Seeks a Tablet in the Hall of Fame by Going Over Niagara Falls, but the Fates Are Against Him.)


I'M READY NOW PLEASE
NIAGARA
DON'T FORGET TO TAKE A SNAPSHOT OF ME GOING OVER
ALL RIGHT OLD MAN GOT YOUR BOTTLE WITH YOU?
NIAG
HELP! MURDER! LET ME OUT I'M SHOT
WHAT ARE YOU HOLLERIN FOR IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH
NIAGARA

1—THE START

2—THE IMPORTANT MOMENT

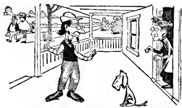
3—THE LAUNCH

4—THE BARREL MISSES THE FALLS, AND GROUNDS AMONGST THE REEDS

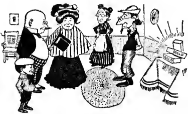
5—!!! [illegible] !!!

6—AND THE PHOTOGRAPHERS NEARLY MISSED HIM

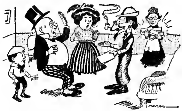
TALE OF LAST SEASON.



Deacon Smart—"Where's them gold brick, Hannah? Here come some people looking for summer board."

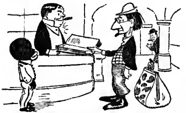


Citycus (aside to wife)—"See those gold bricks. These people are suckers. We won't say anything about terms, but just engage board."

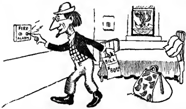


Deacon Smart (at settling time)—"Well, you didn't ask. Our terms are $4 a day fur each of ye, with a gold-brick souvenir thrown in as a rebate."

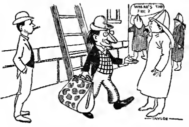
AVOIDING THE SNARES OF A GREAT CITY.



Deacon Smart (at the Sokem hotel)—"What's that? My bill? I'll take it up to my room and look it over.

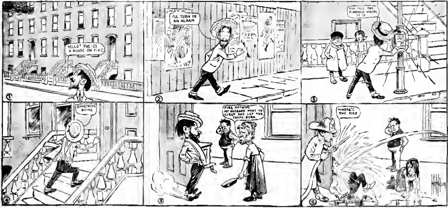

FIRE ALARM
BILL $80.00

"Whew! Eighty dollars! I won't pay it. I'll see if I can't call up one of those extension ladders I saw to-day at the fire engine house, and—

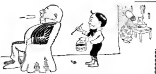

WHERE'S THE FIRE ?
TAYLOR

"Quit this den of robbers. Thanks, cap. If ya ever come down our way, drop in."

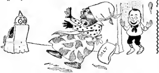
HORACE THE HERO DISCOVERS A FIRE---IN HIS MIND.


①
HELLO! THERE'S A HOUSE ON FIRE
②
I'LL TURN IN AN ALARM
③
YOU TELL THE FIREMEN WHERE IT IS
④
SOMETHING DOING
⑤
FIRE NOTHING MY HUSBAND WENT TO SLEEP AND LET THE CHOPS BURN
⑥
WHERE'S THE FIRE

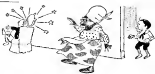
POOR AUNT HANNAH.



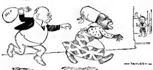
Johnnie—"Aunt Hannah says the ha'nts take people while they're asleep and leave a goblin in the bed. When this is ready I'll run out and tell her they've got grandpa."



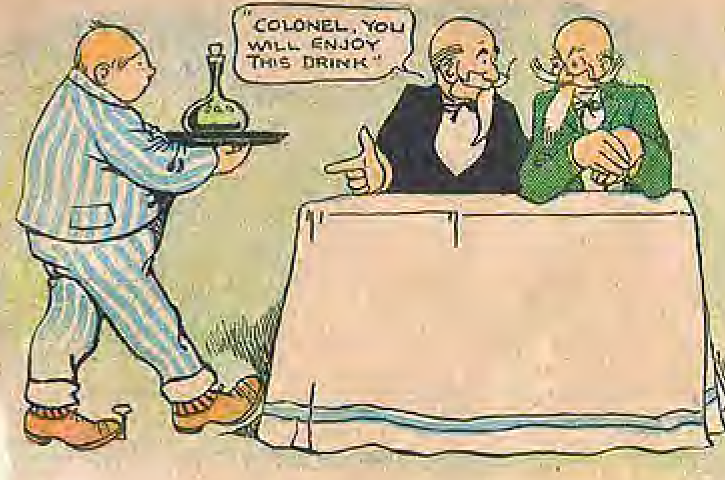
Aunt Hannah Sloe—"Whoopee! Laws save me! Cross yo' li'l han's, honey, while I fro de salt on dis ha'nt! De on'y way you kin dispel dem ha'nts is to——



"Fro somepin at um—— Mah goodness! Dat ain' no ha'nt!"

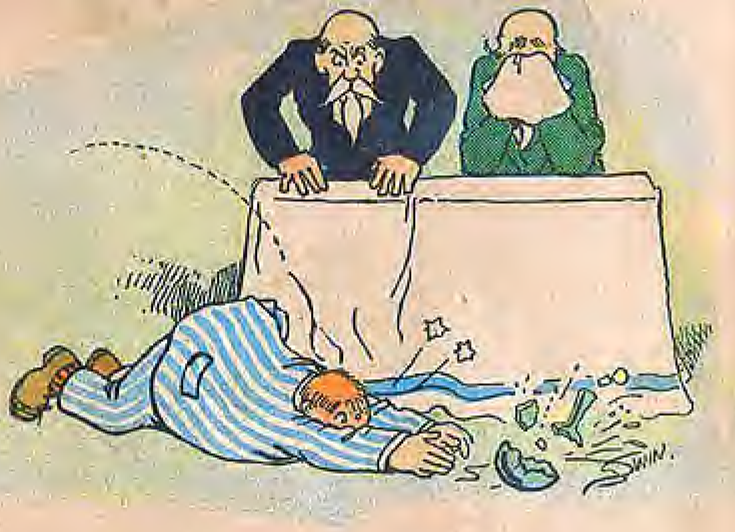


"Dat's de ole cunnel hisself!"


"COLONEL, YOU WILL ENJOY THIS DRINK"

COMIC SUPPLEMENT
OF THE
Hearst's Chicago
American
MAY 18th. 1902.

COPYRIGHT BY W. R HEARST.



Tumble Tom.

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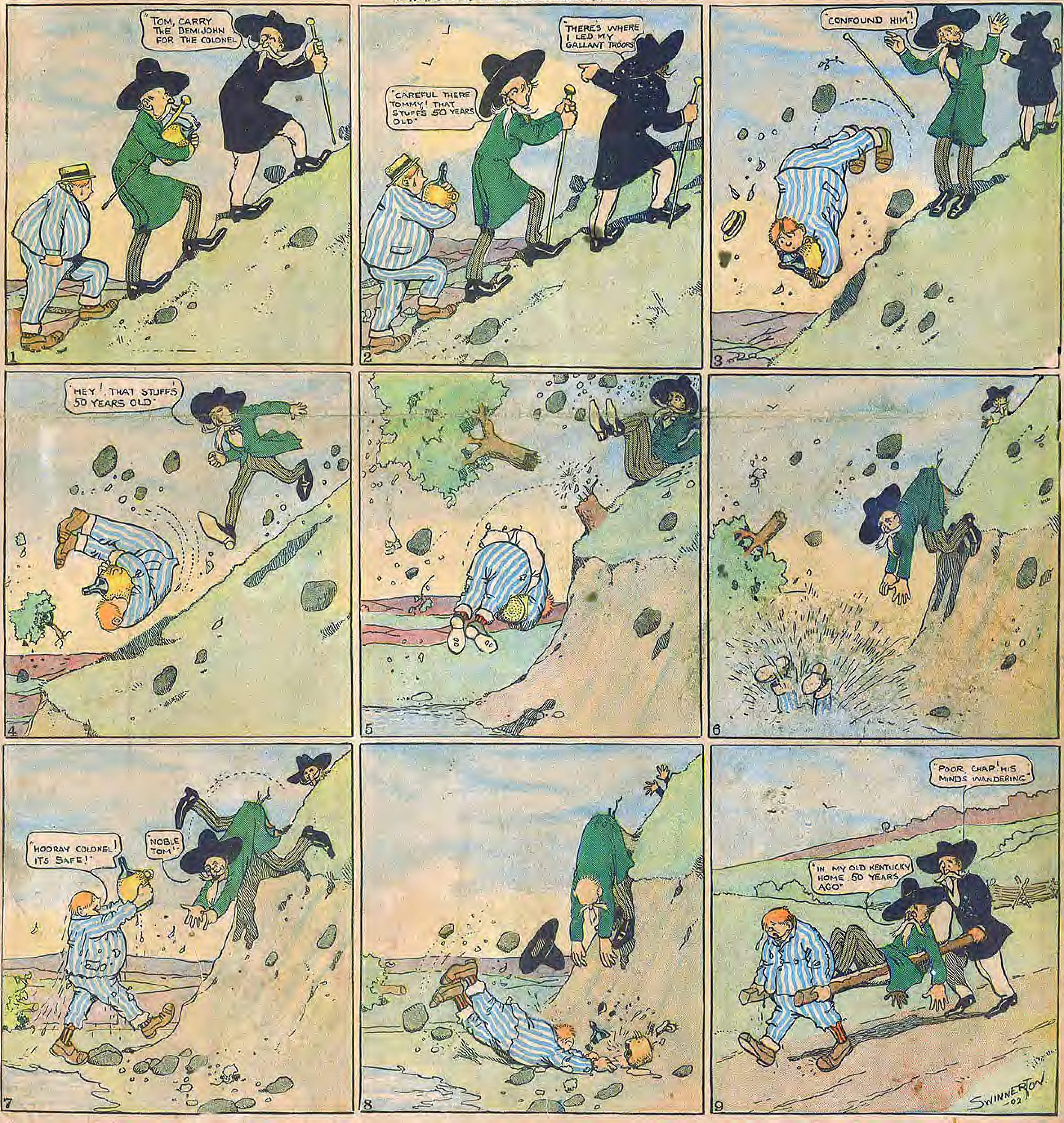
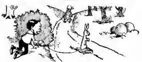
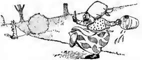

"TOM, CARRY THE DEMIJOHN FOR THE COLONEL"
1
"THERE'S WHERE I LED MY GALLANT TROOPS"
"CAREFUL THERE TOMMY! THAT STUFF'S 50 YEARS OLD"
2
"CONFOUND HIM!"
3
"HEY! THAT STUFF'S 50 YEARS OLD"
4
5
6
"HOORAY COLONEL! ITS SAFE!"
"NOBLE TOM"
7
8
"POOR CHAP! HIS MINDS WANDERING"
"IN MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME 50 YEARS AGO"
9
SWINNERTON -02

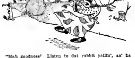
POOR AUNT HANNAH.



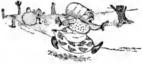
Johnnie—"Aunt Hannah says when a rabbit crosses your path you must go back and start over I'll make her carry that water 'way back to the spring."



Aunt Hannah Sloe—"Drat dem ole rabbits! Ah spec yo' fink Ah ain' got nuffin to dew but go cleah back to dat well, eh?

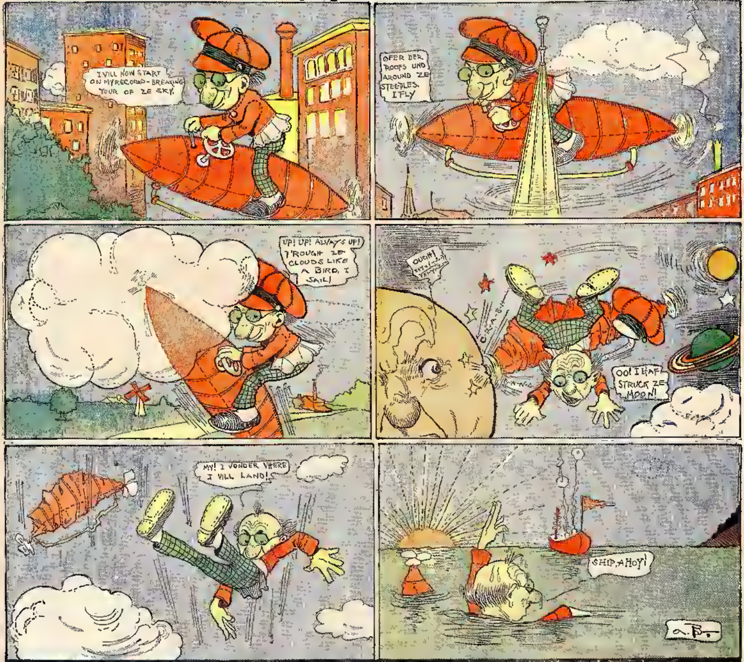


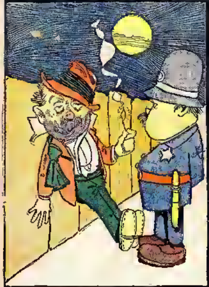
"Mah goodness! Listen to dat rabbit yellin', an' he ain' nevah moved! Dat ain' no rabbit——



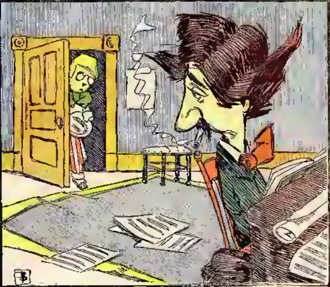
"Dat's one ob dem ole ha'nts!"

Prof. Wayupski's Aerial Stunts

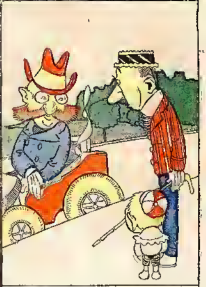

I VILL NOW START ON MY RECORD-BREAKING TOUR OF ZE SKY.
OFER DER ROOFS UND AROUND ZE STEEPLES. I FLY
UP! UP! ALWAYS UP! T'ROUGH ZE CLOUDS LIKE A BIRD, I SAIL!
OUCH!
C-R-A-S-H
B-A-N-G
OO! I HAF STRUCK ZE MOON!
MY! I VONDER VHERE I VILL LAND!
SHIP, AHOY!
a. B.



"SAY, YE'RE DRUNK AGIN! OI'VE A NOTION TO RUN YEZ IN!"
—OI (HIC) NO! LEMME GO (HIC) HOME. WIFE'SH 'XPECTIN' (HIC) ME."
"ALL RIGHT. THIN! YEZ KIN CHOOSE YER OWN PUNISHMENT."



STRANGER—*EXCUSE* ME. BUT ISN'T THERE ANOTHER MUSICIAN ON THIS FLOOR?"
THE LONG-HAIRED ONE—"WELL, THERE'S A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ABOUT THAT. THERE'S ANOTHER FELLOW WHOSE SIGN SAYS HE'S A MUSICIAN."



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS KID OF MINE. THE LESS HE KNOWS ABOUT A THING THE MORE HE TALKS ABOUT IT."
"MAKE A LAWYER OF HIM."

San Francisco Chronicle
For Young and Old

Yes or No.

The late Sir Frank Lockwood was once dining with Joseph Chamberlain, and the conversation turned upon the subject of the cross-examination of witnesses in courts of law. Mr. Chamberlain understood that the failure of the man or woman in the box to give clear consecutive answers was frequently due to the overbearing bullying methods employed by cross-examining counsel, but Sir Frank declared that any real honest person ought to answer a direct question with "Yes" or "No."

"Indeed," said Mr. Chamberlain, with one of his knowing smiles. "May I ask you if you have left off beating your wife?"

Another Matter.

[illegible]

He Was It

Jack: [illegible]

Tom (sadly): Yes, [illegible]

Big Enough

"I must be understood," announced the large, fat gentleman who was made up as Falstaff, "that I am [illegible] the company."

"Goodness," exclaimed the pert soubrette. "You spread out enough to be a nebula."

[illegible]

It was Sunday morning, and [illegible] to get ready for church.

"William," he said, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Chalmers," he said, turning to the [illegible]

"I didn't forget it, [illegible]," replied Chalmers, "but I [illegible]"

"William," said [illegible] goodness, [illegible] Sabbath [illegible].—Chicago Tribune.

Extravagance

Judge Edwards of Lee county [illegible] has married [illegible] couples [illegible] seated in a buggy [illegible]. The ceremony [illegible] tied in his parlor and hitched up [illegible].

"Judge," he said, [illegible] money [illegible] honeymoon [illegible].—Atlanta [illegible].

He Worked Both

Wife (to her husband): I want you to give baby a good talking-to this morning.

Husband—What for? [illegible] satisfied with the fellow.

Wife—Well, you see, he [illegible] the cornet to-morrow [illegible] even so much as [illegible] temper.

Charcoal Eph's Daily Thought

Day of [illegible], said Charcoal Eph, [illegible]—Baltimore News.

Abundantly Occupied

What does the society which you have just joined find [illegible]," asked Mrs. [illegible] husband.

"A great deal [illegible] the work we can possibly attend to."—Washington Star.

A Sure Way

A number of country neighbors are asking the wife of the village [illegible] what sort of person the squire's new-married wife is.

To these inquiries they receive the [illegible] but none the less convincing reply:

"A perfect lady. She doesn't know one joint of meat from another."

He Spoke Too Soon.

Countryman: I spoke to our herb doctor [illegible]

Doctor (contemptuously)—Oh, he gave you some idiotic advice, I don't doubt.

Countryman: He advised me to see you.

No Credit

One feature of mortality
A [illegible] below
The debt we owe to Nature we
Must all pay as we go.
—Philadelphia Press.

Dead Secret.

Tommy—My, but those folks that's moved into the next house is awful [illegible].

Bobby—How do you know?

Tommy—They've got a lock that says plain, [illegible] of this lock.—Chicago Tribune.

[illegible]

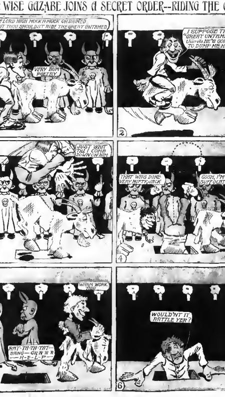
An amusing incident occurred recently at one of the large new London hotels.

A scullery maid, in writing to her friends in Ireland, used the hotel [illegible] for paper. The surprise of the [illegible] may be imagined on finding a letter [illegible] addressed:

Miss M——,
"Care of —— Hotel
All modern improvements. Etc.
"Teeth on application.
"Terms moderate.
London,
"England."

It was evident that the maid's Irish friend was determined the letter should not miscarry for want of full directions.

THE WISE GAZABE JOINS A SECRET ORDER--RIDING THE GOAT


THE LORD HIGH MUCK-A-MUCK ORDAINED THAT THOU SHOULDST RIDE THE GREAT UNTAMED
VERY BUM POETRY
1
I SUPPOSE THE "GREAT UNTAMED" thinks HE'S GOIN' TO DUMP ME HA, HA!
2
JUST WAIT TILL I COME DOWN ON HIM
3
THAT WAS DONE VERY NIFTY, JACK
GOSH, I'M SUFFOCATIN'
4
WARM WORK THIS
RAT-TA-TA-TAT—BANG—GR R R R—H-E-L-P—
5
WOULD'NT IT RATTLE YER?
6

Mark Twain the Hunter.

Mark Twain gives a great deal of time to the composition of his books and articles, sometimes writing and rewriting a page half a dozen times. Once when stopping with a sister-in-law he disappeared for a whole day, leaving a half-finished story on his desk.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked Mrs. Quarry on his return.

"I—have — been hunting — for — a word," drawled Mark quietly, "and—I've found—it so please give—me—something—to—[illegible]"

Was Very Ancient.

Two young ladies on the promenade of a seaside resort had been watching the vessels pass through a telescope lent them by an old salt.

On handing the glass back one of the ladies remarked that it was a very good one.

"Yes, miss," said the ancient mariner, "that 'ere telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."

"Good gracious! Why, Nelson has been dead nearly a hundred years!"

"Well, I'm blowed!" replied the old man, quite abashed. "'Ow time do fly!"

Chatter.

"Yes," said Miss Oldie, "when I told Mr. Frank that I was 25 he seemed surprised."

"I believe he did [illegible] that he couldn't reconcile that age with the way you talked."

"Gracious! I hope he didn't consider my conversation too frivolous."

"Oh, no; he merely remarked that you talked like sixty."—Philadelphia Press.

A Worldly Wastrel

Expenditure is a teacher [illegible]
But oft her pupils rush
And [illegible] in what they ought to do
But don't possess the cash.
—Washington Star.

The One Wise Man

Mr. Blink: There goes Professor Knowall, the great philosopher, psychologist and physician. He is the wisest man in the world.

Mrs. Blink—Oh, [illegible] In what way?

Mr. Blink—He can tell whether a woman is an angel or a [illegible] before marrying her.—New York Weekly.

Waiting His Turn.

"You got the worst of it in that horse trade, eh?" said his friend.

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel.

"I suppose it makes you angry every time you see the horse?"

"No. I like to look at him. It gives me a heap of satisfaction to think of how I am going to be the other fellow in the next trade."—Washington Star.

All in the Imagination

He—She declares she won't marry the best man living.

She—Probably she won't; but that won't prevent her from marrying some day the man whom she considers the best man living.—Philadelphia Press.

In Great Luck

"Poor man," said the sympathetic old lady, "I suppose [illegible] your [illegible] up [illegible]"

"No, ma'am, not particularly," replied [illegible] "I'm in luck [illegible]"

None at All.

Mrs. Bronson—You know I went to the employment agency.

Mrs. Pease: Did you [illegible]

Mrs. Bronson: Why, I couldn't even get a cook that [illegible]—Puck.

[illegible]

If you hadn't quit [illegible] so much, Willie, you [illegible]—Indianapolis News.

A Sage His Question

"I say, pa," began little Clarence, "What—"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied his long-suffering sire wearily.

"But the question I wanted to ask isn't foolish, pa."

"Well, what is it?"

"Well, pa, if the end of the world was to come and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in a balloon, where would he land when he came down?"

What's in A Name!

Down Towne—I fired a fine typewriter this morning.

Upton Towne: Why, where is she? I don't see her around.

Down Towne—When I learned that her name was [illegible], I fired her.

Upton Towne—What for?

Down Towne—Why, do you suppose I want my letters signed "per [illegible]"?—Princeton Tiger.

Castles in Spain

Many good men grow poor dreaming of millions in thousand-dollar [illegible] and planning Queen Anne cottages for Mary Ann neighborhoods.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Louder Than Words

No man whose actions speak need [illegible] mention of his actions.—Life.

What He Said

Fogg—Oh, yes, he had a great deal to say about you. For one thing he declared there were the makings of a great man in you.

Parleigh—Did he? But that wasn't bad, now.

Fogg—He said you had a good shell; all you needed was the filling.—Boston Transcript.

Took Him Literally.

Cinder Charley—I told der lady I was merely tryin' to keep soul an' body together.

Billy Tracks—What did she say?

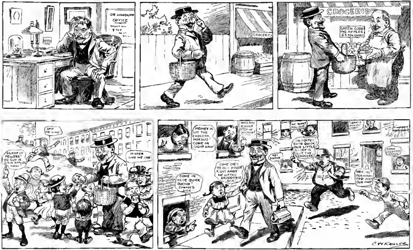
Cinder Charley—She gave me a safety pin.—Philadelphia Record.

Debates.

"Do you ever have any quarrels in your woman's club?"

"Oh, no! We call them 'debates.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HOW DR. HARDUP'S CUNNING SAVED HIM FROM THE POORHOUSE


DR HARDUPP OFFICE
GROCERIES
GROCERIES
GREEN COOKING APPLES 5¢ PER QUART
SAVE ME SOME!
HURRY UP FELLERS! DE GUY IS GIVIN' APPLES AWAY!
MISTER GIVE ME ONE!
HEINEY IS GOT THE CHOLERA MORBUS! COME IN RIGHT AWAY!
WILL YOU KINDLY STEP IN DOCTOR?
COME IN HERE QUICK DOCTOR! JIMMY'S SICK!
COME OVER TO OUR HOUSE RIGHT AWAY ME LITTLE BRUDDER IS SICK!
HEY DOCTOR
WE WANT YOU DOC
OH DOCTOR COME QUICK! OUR LITTLE LIBBY IS GOT THE CHOLERA!
HEY, DOC YER WANTED OVER OUR WAY!
COME OVER HERE DOCTOR
C W KAHLES

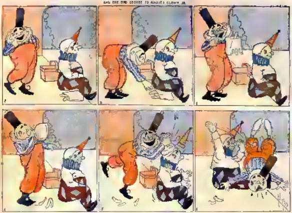
COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF THE

St. Louis Star.

— [illegible] 17th [illegible] —

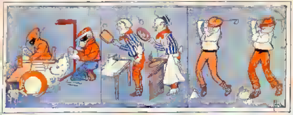
THE RUDE AWAKENING OF MR. CLOWN, SR.

AND THE SAD SEQUEL TO MASTER CLOWN JR.

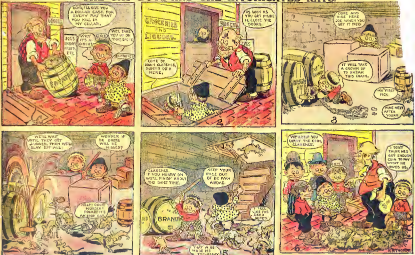


CHARACTER STUDY OF DOUBLES.

THEY [illegible] THEIR [illegible]



THE GAY BOYS AND THE INTOXICATED RATS.


BOYS, I'LL GIVE YOU A DOLLAR CASH FOR EVERY RAT THAT YOU KILL IN MY CELLAR.
GROCER
EGGS ONIONS FRUITS ETC.
POTATOES
WHY IT'S A CINCH!
JOE
WE'L TAKE YOU UP ON THAT, SPORT.
CLARENCE
1
GROCERIES AND LIQUORS.
GROCER
AS SOON AS YOU GET INSIDE I'L CLOSE THE DOORS
COME ON DOWN CLARENCE, SUMPIN DOIN HERE.
2
COME AND HIDE HERE JOE WHEN YOU GET IT TIED
IT WILL TAKE A GROWN UP TO BREAK THIS CHAIN.
BRANDY
BRANDY
MY FIRST PICK
MINE NEXT AFTER YOURN
3
WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THEY GET JAGGED, THEN WE'LL SLAY EM' ALL.
WONDER IF DE BOOZE WILL BE MISSED?
HELP! OUCH MURDER! POLICE! IT'S AN IRON CAT.
4
CLARENCE IF YOU HURRY ON WE'LL FINISH ABOUT THE SAME TIME
KEEP YOUR FACE OUT OF DE WAY ABOVE
BRANDY
I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEED DOPED.
THAT WINE MADE ME TOP-HEAVY
5
WE'LL HELP YOU CARRY THE COIN, CLARENCE.
DAVE
TOM
CLARENCE
I DON'T THINK HE'S GOT ENOUGH COIN TO PAY WHAT HE OWES US.
$100
JOE
6
H.R.THOMAS

San Francisco Chronicle
COMIC SECTION
FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Ballade of Lucius Pancree

There was a young man, an M. D.
His name it was Lucius Pancree—
A young man more clever I know that you never
In all your life ever did see.

His [illegible] [illegible] blue,
His [illegible] [illegible] green,
His [illegible] was black and his [illegible] his [illegible],
And [illegible] were [illegible], [illegible] true.

His [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
His [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], for he [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] habits in music.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] go,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
He the good little boy [illegible] mother's [illegible]
Said "I'll never be any girl's beau."

So, [illegible] [illegible] Lucius [illegible] belongs,
And he [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] sings,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] matter what's [illegible]
For [illegible] [illegible] apron strings.

Paderewski's Bon Mot

[illegible] [illegible] Paderewski [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Handel [illegible] [illegible] Joseph Barnby [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "I've got [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]." "[illegible]," replied Sir Joseph. "I [illegible] [illegible] have no [illegible], but I hope [illegible] [illegible] them off here."

Imitating Him.

First [illegible]—Yes, some one poked [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible].

Second [illegible]—What are you going to do about it?

First [illegible]—Oh, we'll [illegible] [illegible] reduction on account of the [illegible] [illegible] by Queen [illegible].—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Fishing Trip.

[illegible] [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] engagement.

"Was [illegible] [illegible]?"

"The old [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Dealer.

Probably He Would.

I see [illegible]?"

Doubt it. [illegible] be [illegible] to raise the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] of [illegible].—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A [illegible] Compliment.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]?" "Well, [illegible] those in habit of [illegible] [illegible] around [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Power of Whisky.

Whisky, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] take the cold [illegible] [illegible] a stomach." [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it will take the [illegible] [illegible].—Philadelphia Record.

A Slight Correction.

"I suppose you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]?"

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Comrox [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his wife [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].—Washington Star.

Dubbed.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible].

"What [illegible] it?"

"The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Drawing the Line.

"That is the thing that Captain [illegible] [illegible] should have [illegible] [illegible] understood."

"And what is the [illegible] thing?"

"[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lighted by Electricity.

Stranger—Is your village lighted by electricity?

Native—Yes, when there happens to be a thunderstorm.—Chicago Daily News.

A Comfortable Reflection.

[illegible] we [illegible] the goods and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and the [illegible], and the [illegible].

Let [illegible] be glad that the wearing of crowns [illegible] a popular fashion.

All the Same Size.

I found [illegible] [illegible] that we brought back from the summer hotel in our trunk to-day home," said Mrs. Tan[illegible]brown, "but I can't make up my mind what it is."

"Humph," remarked Tanbrown, "does it look like a mosquito?"

"No," said Mrs. Tanbrown, "it's [illegible] but I don't know what to call it when [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] or [illegible]."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

To Tommy's Taste.

It was Tommy's first glass of soda water that he had been teasing for for so long.

"Well, Tommy, how does it taste?" asked his father.

"Why," replied Tommy with a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], "it tastes like your foot's asleep."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Phonetic Similarity.

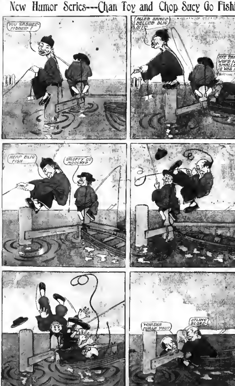
"So you are going to take your airship and go home?"

"I am," answered the aeronaut.

"Simply because funds are not forthcoming."

"Precisely. You have in your own language, if I remember it correctly, a proverb which says, 'Money makes the air[illegible] [illegible].'"—Washington Star.

New Humor Series---Chan Toy and Chop Suey Go Fishing.


YOU SABBEE FISHEE?
ALLEE SAMEE BELLEE BLIG BITE
AYE TANK BOT WOPE ISS SMALLER AS IO VAS AINT ID.
HEAP BLIG FISH
SHLOFFY GO MOOCHYE
WHASHA MALLA YOU?
STLING BLOKE.

[illegible] Situation.

"So you ran across Dingbat in New York, did you? Has he got a good position there?"

"He had when I saw him last. He was sitting in a hammock with the daughter of a big banker."—Chicago Tribune.

Who's [illegible] a [illegible]

"Are you a real Indian?" asked the investigating youth of one of the [illegible] [illegible] Indians who accompanied a 'Wild West' medicine show.

"Shure!" replied the Indian. "I was born an' raised in Indianapolis, Ind."—Ohio State Journal.

Parental Advice.

Young Monkey—Dad, I'm going to be the guest of honor at a dinner given by some leaders of the "[illegible]" to-night.

Old Monkey—Well, for heaven's sake, try to control your feelings! Don't [illegible] any more bread than you can plainly help.—Puck.

[illegible]

Tourist—Why you scoundrel, I hired you to protect me from highwaymen, and took the first chance you got [illegible] rob me yourself.

Guide—Yes, pal'ner, I warned you [illegible] a dangerous neighborhood this [illegible].—Life.

[illegible]

She—So you lost all your money in speculation?

The [illegible] Capo—Yo'es.

"But, [illegible] [illegible], didn't you have one legitimate business?"

"Oh, yes. I was a dealer [illegible] [illegible]."—Life.

Elemental Jealousy.

"You b'gosh," said Uncle Jim from the cracker barrel. "Jealousy is found everywhere—even in th' elements. I knowed of one case that proved it."

"In the elements?" repeated the grocery clerk, slipping an egg out of the sugar. "What do you mean, Uncle Jim?"

"Just what I say. Little town o' Hung[illegible] got a boom an' a few weeks ago got a lectric light plant. Lightnin' come along an' knocked it clean out that night it was opened. If that ain't elemental jealousy I don't know what is!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Played the Queen.

As Elizabeth approached the mud puddle she noticed Raleigh unfastening his mantle. "What is your game?" demanded the monarch, showing a regal frown.

"To play the queen for all it's worth," answered the courtier, laying his cloak at her feet.

"Take my hand," rejoined the sovereign, raising him.

Those in attendance thought the cards would soon be cut, but Sir Walter, being promoted to command the royal yacht, secured a new deck.—New York Times.

Not Favoring Florists.

Stranger (out West)—If the man you just lynched had been brought to trial he would have been found guilty and hung [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Native—Yes, sirree.

Stranger—Then why didn't you let the law take its course?

Native—Wall, you see, there's two or three weddin's comin' off soon, and we didn't want to raise the price of cut flowers.—New York Weekly.

Like a King.

Porus, the Indian prince, had just been taken prisoner, and Alexander asked him how he expected to be treated.

"Like a king," replied the eastern warrior.

Pleased by the manliness of the answer, Alexander immediately made him janitor of the Flatiron apartment-house and ten [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as closely to business as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].—New York Sun.

A Horse on Mahomet.

Mahomet had just sprung his little aphorism, "Knowledge is power."

"Very good," exclaimed the grand vizier with a green look. "Then do we understand that horse sense is horse power?"

This being too much for the great prophet, he went forth and was forced himself [illegible] a pony.—New York Sun.

One Patriotic Effort.

"Why do you name your children after all the naval and military heroes?"

"Because each [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a trace of indignation, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a little example to show that republics [illegible] not ungrateful."—Washington Star.

Comforts to Home.

Mrs. Bright—I don't understand, Henry, about wireless telegraphy. How would I know when I am going to get a message and how would I be able to know what it was if [illegible] got it, and how would I know anything about it?

Henry (looking at her over his paper)—Good Lord.—Smart Set.

Art, Art.

"Yaas, Mister D'Auber, I want ye to paint my pictur," said Mr. Richmondde [illegible] [illegible].

"Ah, yes, sir. Do you wish it full length?"

"Now, lemme see," mused Richmondde, "perhaps I might git it full length. How much do you charge a square foot—or do you sell them things by the yard?"—Baltimore Herald.

A Good Plan.

"So Jack believes [illegible] kissed you last night," commented Miss Antique severely. "Well, it's just like a man [illegible] any man try to kiss me."

"Why not select a nearsighted man and wear a veil," naively suggested the sweet young thing.—Baltimore Herald.

The Scottish [illegible].

"Woman's crowning glory is her hair," quoted the Scottish [illegible] "but that doesn't prevent the millinery stores that sell expensive hats from doing a rushing business."—Baltimore Herald.

An Overworking Planet.

"I've got it at last!" exclaimed the playwright, excitedly.

"What?"

"An idea for a melodrama."

"Some new situation?"

"No. This is a negative idea. I'm going to write a play in which nobody as he cringes beneath the [illegible] [illegible] of the hero or heroine, exclaims, 'Don't say that!'"—Washington Star.

A [illegible] Specialty.

"Yep, he's gettin' rich hand over fist."

"Don't look so pleggoned smart neither. How does he do it?"

"He's a baseball lawyer an' knows all the terms."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only Sun Consolation.

[illegible] did you come out of that last speculation of yours, Slowly?"

"None of your business."

"Sorry that you lost, old man."—New York Daily News.

[illegible] for Prophets.

The seventeen-year locusts promised for this remarkable year did not materialize after all. Prophets have never had such a succession of frost as in this season.—Buffalo News.

The [illegible].

"Now," says Sherlock Holmes, casually, "that story was written by an [illegible] writer."

"True, true!" we exclaim in amazement. "But how could you tell?"

"Don't you see," he says, calmly, "that beneath the title is said 'A true story'!"—Baltimore News.

The Sweeper.

"I shall sweep everything before me in this campaign," said the [illegible] [illegible] politician.

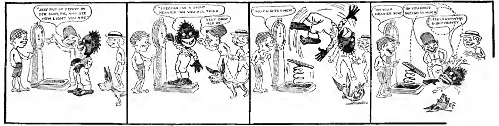
"I bet," said his wife, "that explains what that rude person meant by calling you a new one for the dust."—Washington Star.

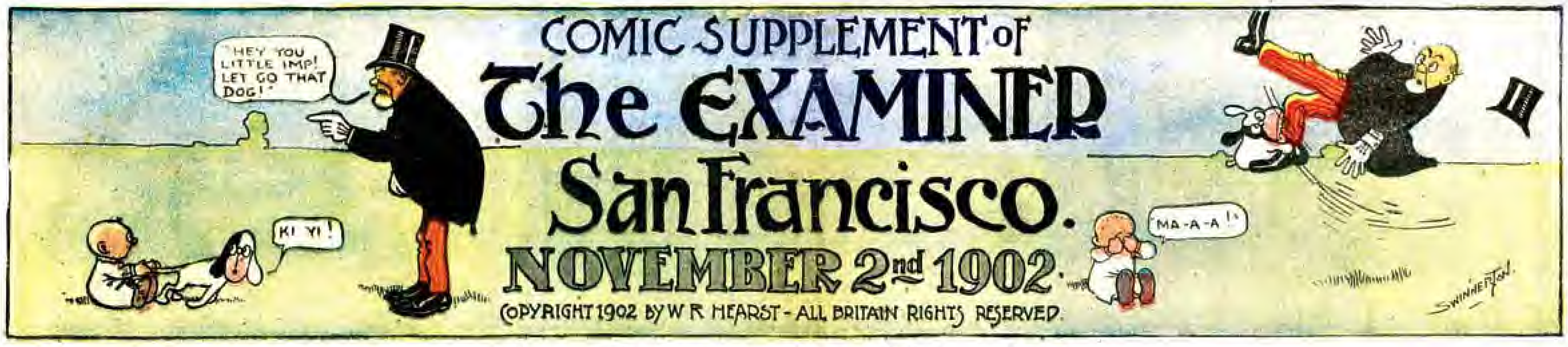
[illegible]

"The world seems to be getting worse and worse," said the first pessimist.

"I don't see how it can," rejoined pessimist No. 2.

LITTLE "PIC" IS PURSUED BY HIS USUAL MISFORTUNES AND A CROWD OF NAUGHTY LITTLE BOYS


"JEST PUT DE PENNY IN DER SLOT, PIC, AND SEE HOW LIGHT YOU ARE"
"I RECKON ISE A SIGHT HEAVIER 'AN YOU ALL THINK
"JEST DROP HER IN
"YOU'R LIGHTER NOW"
"AN YOU R HEAVIER NOW"
"OH YOU DON'T WEIGH SO MUCH
I FEELS A POWFUL SIGHT HEAVEY


"HEY YOU LITTLE IMP! LET GO THAT DOG!"
KI YI!
"MA-A-A!"
SWINNERTON

COMIC SUPPLEMENT of
The EXAMINER
San Francisco.
NOVEMBER 2nd 1902.
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Mr. Grouty—He Gets It!

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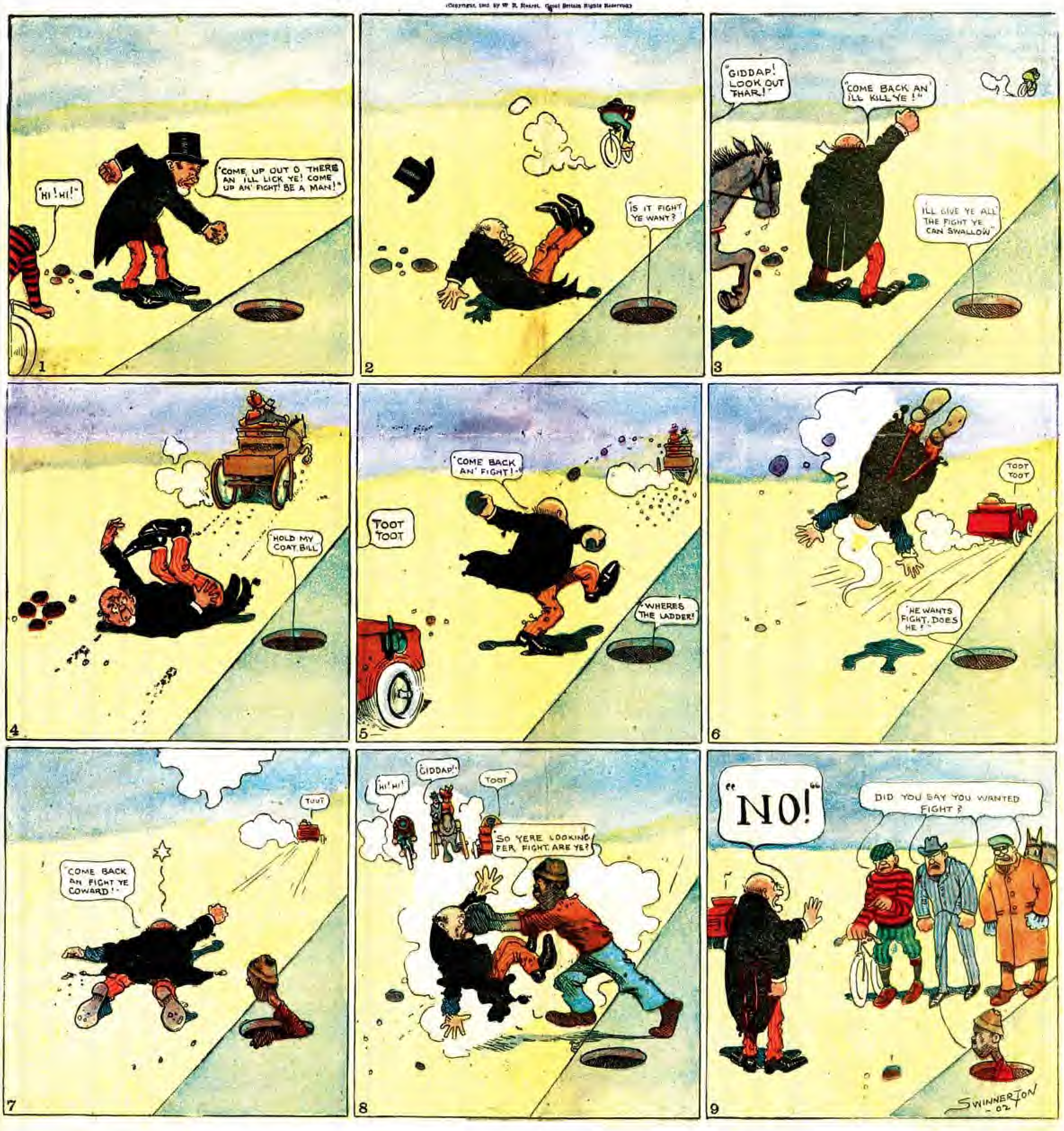
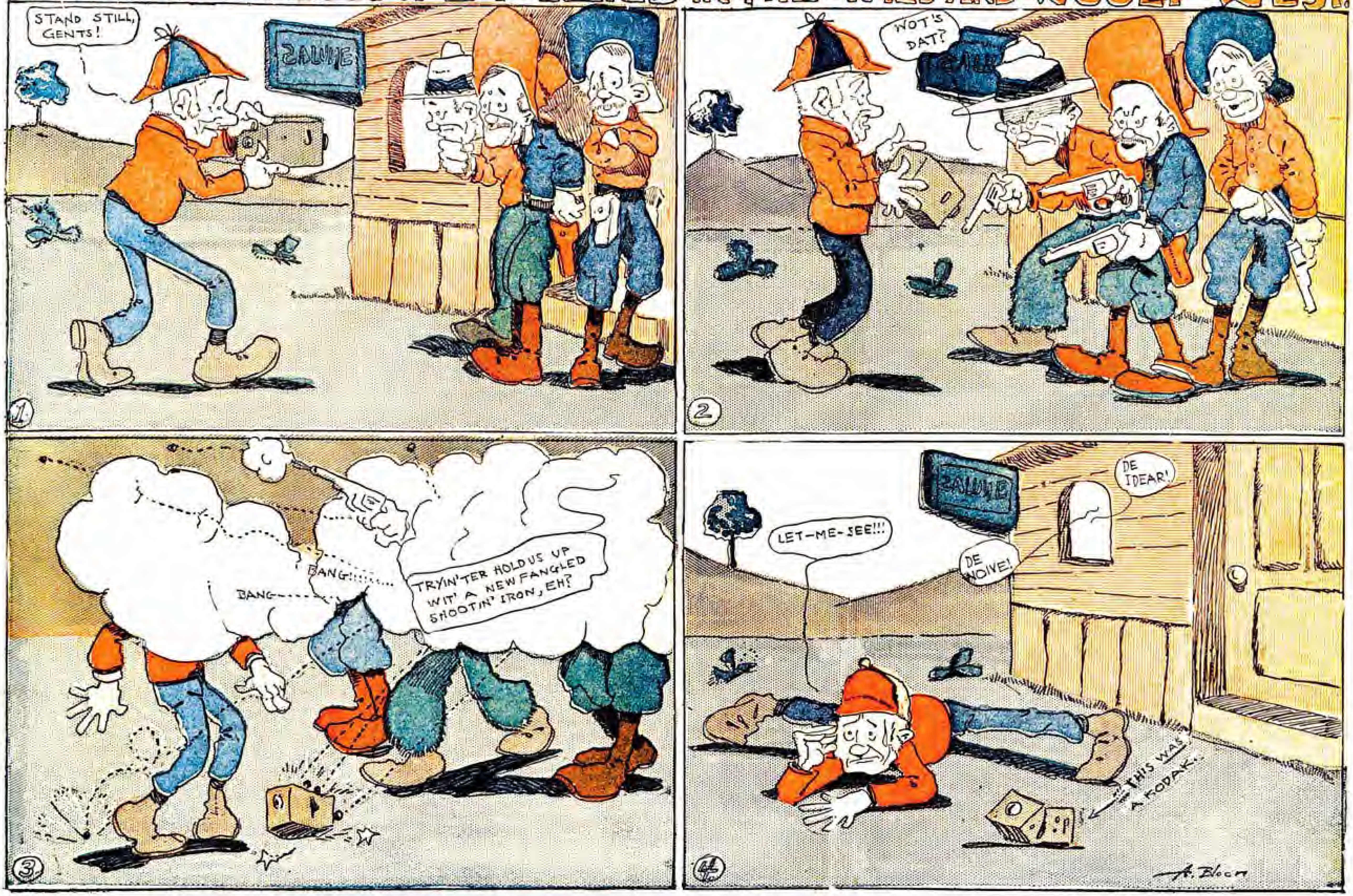

"HI! HI!"
"COME UP OUT O THERE AN ILL LICK YE! COME UP AN' FIGHT! BE A MAN!"
1
"IS IT FIGHT YE WANT?"
2
"GIDDAP! LOOK OUT THAR!"
"COME BACK AN' ILL KILL YE!"
"ILL GIVE YE ALL THE FIGHT YE CAN SWALLOW"
3
"HOLD MY COAT, BILL"
4
"COME BACK AN' FIGHT!"
TOOT TOOT
"WHERES THE LADDER!"
5
TOOT TOOT
"HE WANTS FIGHT, DOES HE!"
6
TOOT
"COME BACK AN FIGHT YE COWARD!"
7
"HI! HI!"
"GIDDAP!"
"TOOT"
"SO YERE LOOKING FER FIGHT, ARE YE?"
8
"NO!"
DID YOU SAY YOU WANTED FIGHT?
SWINNERTON -02
9

THE CAMERA FIEND IN THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST.


STAND STILL, GENTS!
SALUNE
1
WOT'S DAT?
2
BANG!!!!!!
BANG
TRYIN' TER HOLD US UP WIT' A NEW FANGLED SHOOTIN' IRON, EH?
3
SALUNE
DE IDEAR!
LET-ME-SEE!!!
DE NOIVE!
THIS WAS A KODAK.
4
A. Bloom

ANNOUNCEMENT

The popular characters of the Comic Supplement have been published in book form. Your newsdealer can get them for you. They are the best comic books that have ever been published.

COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF

The Examiner.
SAN FRANCISCO.

NOVEMBER 30th 1902

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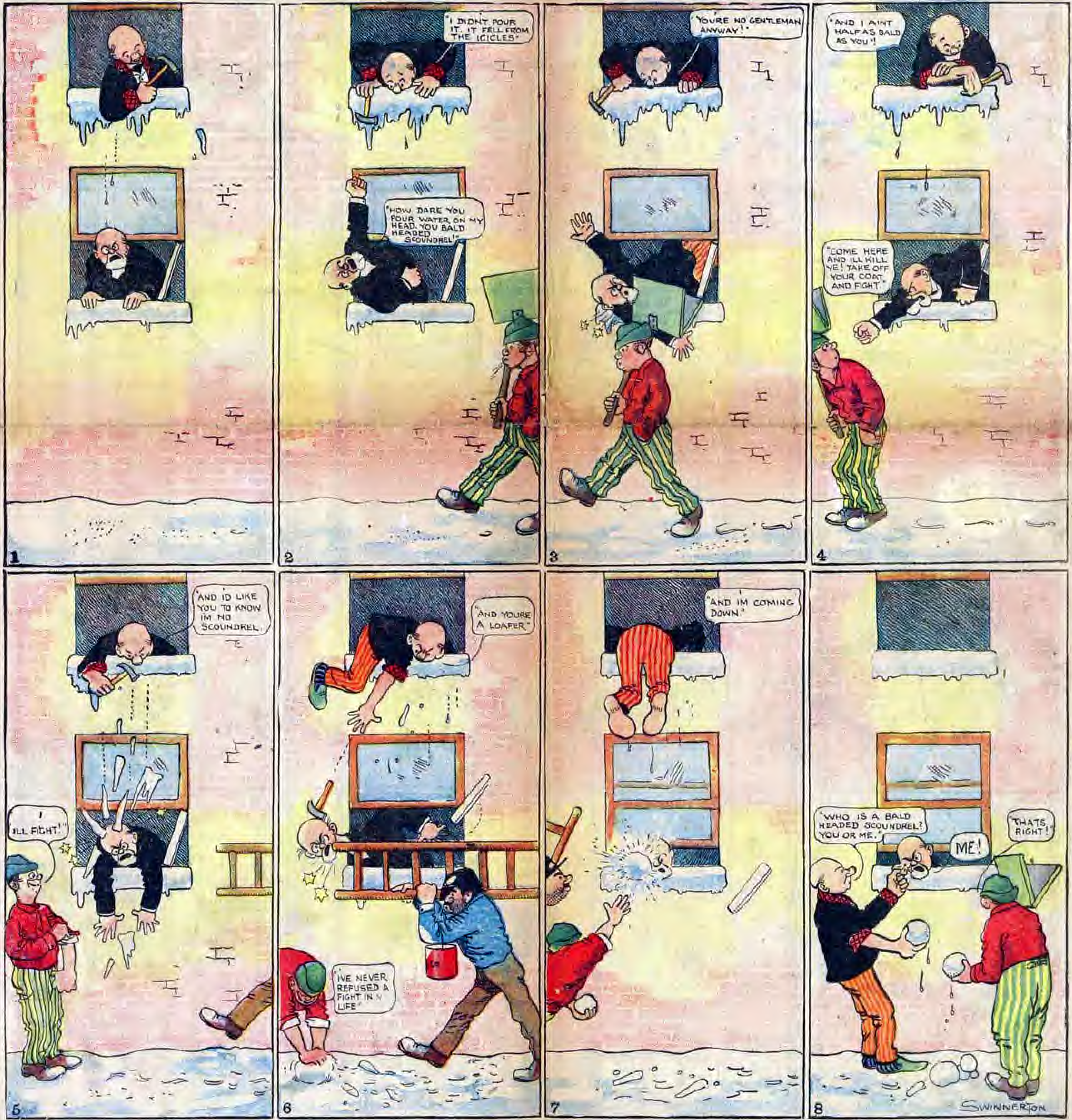
ANNOUNCEMENT

The Alphonse and Gaston Book
Happy Hooligan's Book
The Katzenjammer Book
On and Off Mt. Ararat
The Tigers' Book

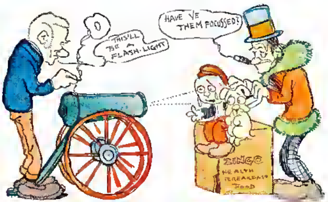
For Sale Everywhere 60 Cents Each

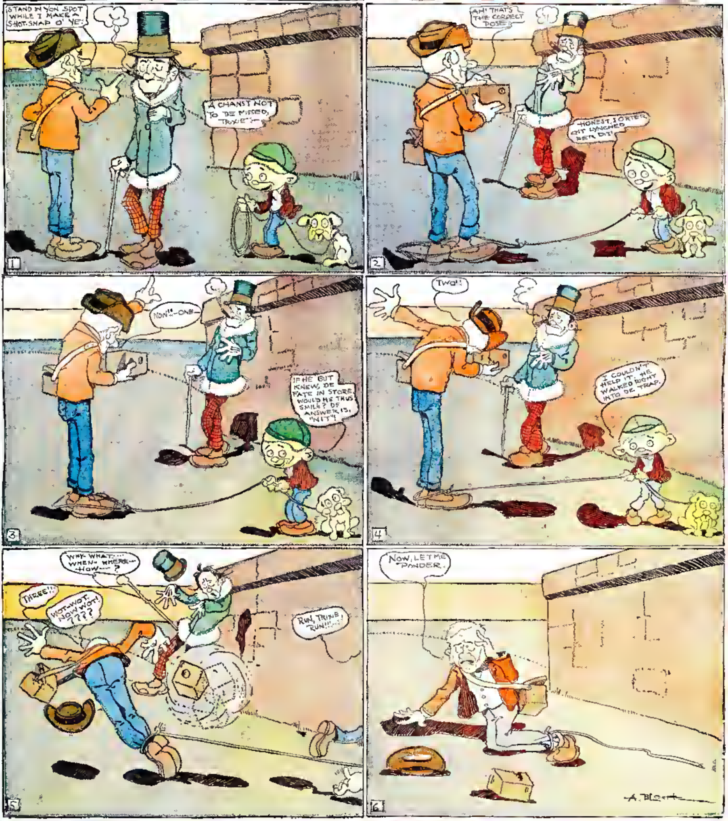
How Mr. Grouty Was Rebuked.


1
2
"I DIDN'T POUR IT. IT FELL FROM THE ICICLES"
"HOW DARE YOU POUR WATER ON MY HEAD, YOU BALD HEADED SCOUNDREL!"
3
"YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN ANYWAY!"
4
"AND I AINT HALF AS BALD AS YOU"!
"COME HERE AND ILL KILL YE! TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND FIGHT."
5
"AND ID LIKE YOU TO KNOW IM NO SCOUNDREL."
"I ILL FIGHT!"
6
"AND YOURE A LOAFER"
"IVE NEVER REFUSED A FIGHT IN MY LIFE"
7
"AND IM COMING DOWN."
8
"WHO IS A BALD HEADED SCOUNDREL? YOU OR ME."
ME!
"THATS RIGHT!"
SWINNERTON

THE CAMERA FIEND—

HE MAKES A "SHOT-SNAP" OF HIS FRIEND,
MR. HORATIO BUMACTOR—
WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF CHIMMY AND TRIXIE.


THIS'LL BE A FLASH-LIGHT
HAVE YE THEM FOCUSSED?
ZINGO
HEALTH BREAKFAST FOOD


STAND IN YON SPOT WHILE I MAKE A SHOT-SNAP O' YE:
A CHANST NOT TO BE MISSED, TRIXIE"—
1
AH! THAT'S THE CORRECT POSE!
HONEST, I ORTER GIT LYNCHED FER DIS!
2
NOW!—ONE—
IF HE BUT KNEW, DE FATE IN STORE, WOULD HE THUS SMILE? DE ANSWER IS, "NIT"!
3
TWO!
I COULDN'T HELP IT. HE WALKED RIGHT INTO DE TRAP.
4
WHY-WHAT-- WHEN-WHERE-- HOW--?
THREE!!
WOT-WOT- NOW WOT! ????
RUN, TRIXIE, RUN!!!
5
NOW, LET ME PONDER.
6
A. BLOCH

NEW YEAR'S EVE ON MT. ARARAT.

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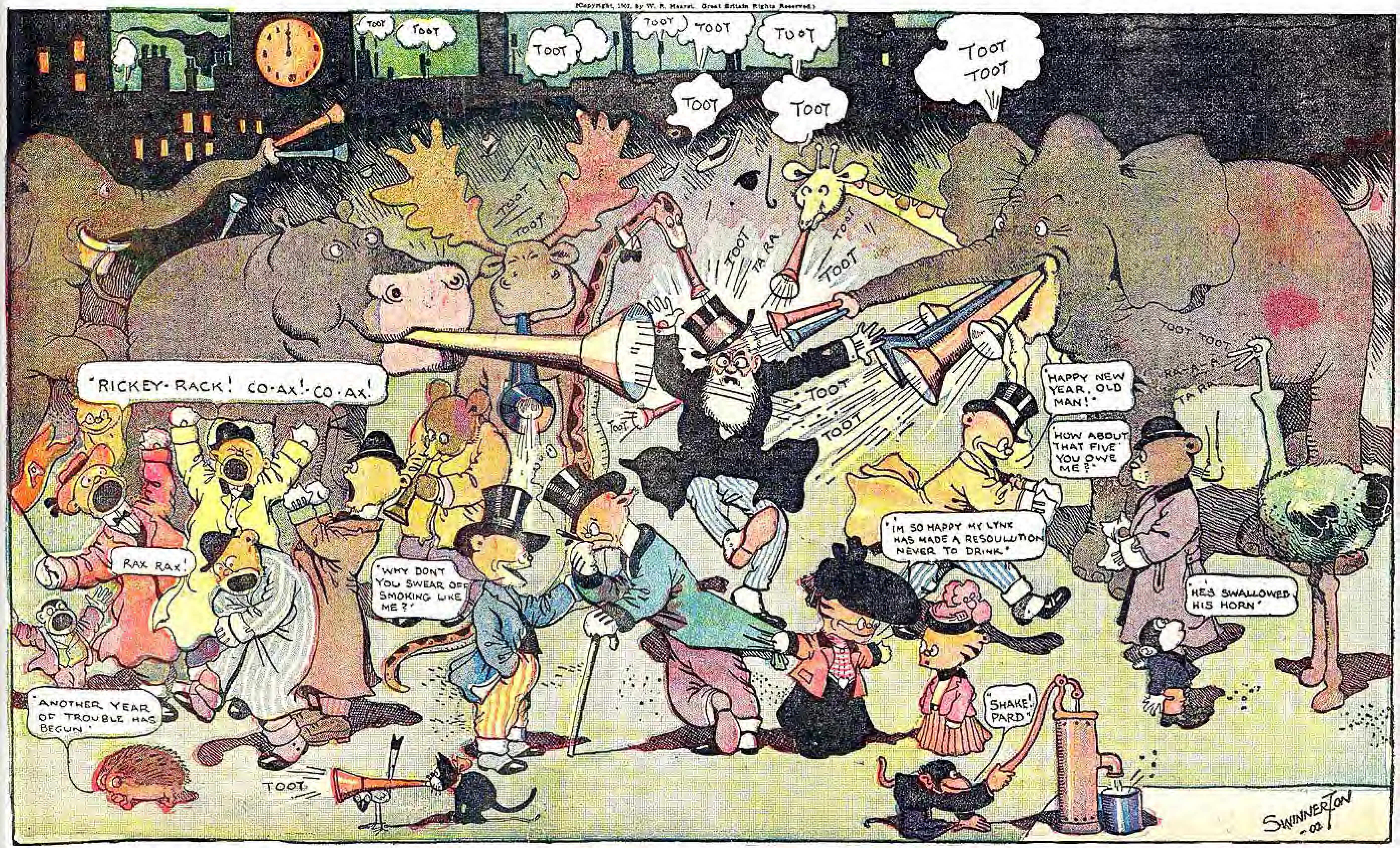
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RA-A-A
TA RA
"RICKEY-RACK! CO-AX! CO-AX!
TOOT
TOOT
TOOT
"HAPPY NEW YEAR, OLD MAN!"
"HOW ABOUT THAT FIVE YOU OWE ME?"
RAX RAX!
"WHY DON'T YOU SWEAR OFF SMOKING LIKE ME?"
"I'M SO HAPPY MY LYNK HAS MADE A RESOULUTION NEVER TO DRINK"
"HE'S SWALLOWED HIS HORN"
"ANOTHER YEAR OF TROUBLE HAS BEGUN"
TOOT
"SHAKE! PARD"
SWINNERTON -02

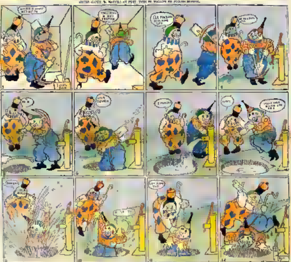
COMIC PAGES

St. Louis Star

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1903.

A FIRST-PRIZE FOOL KILLER.

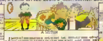
[illegible]



PAGES FROM LITTLE EDDIE'S COMPOSITION BOOK

A HORSE

[illegible]

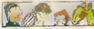


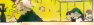
A SISTER

[illegible]

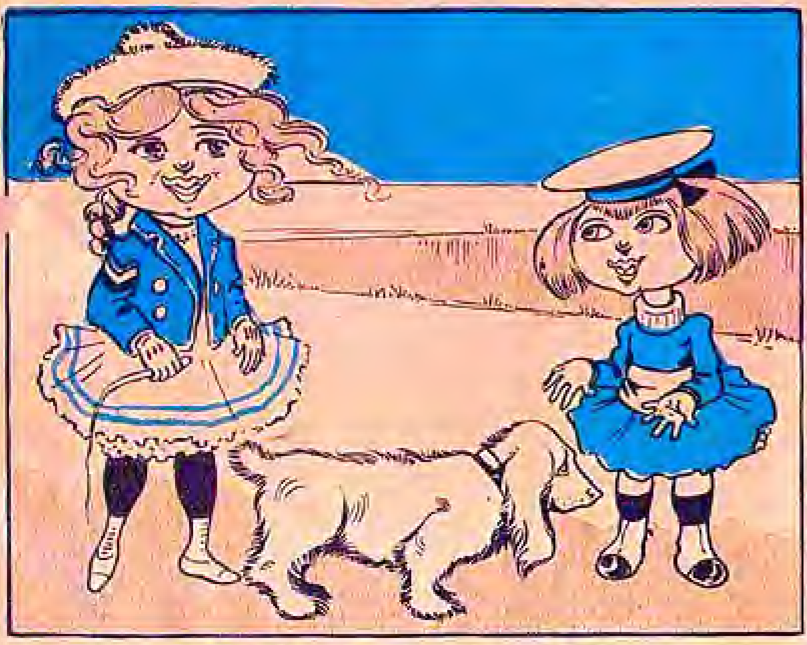
A SNOWBALL

[illegible]

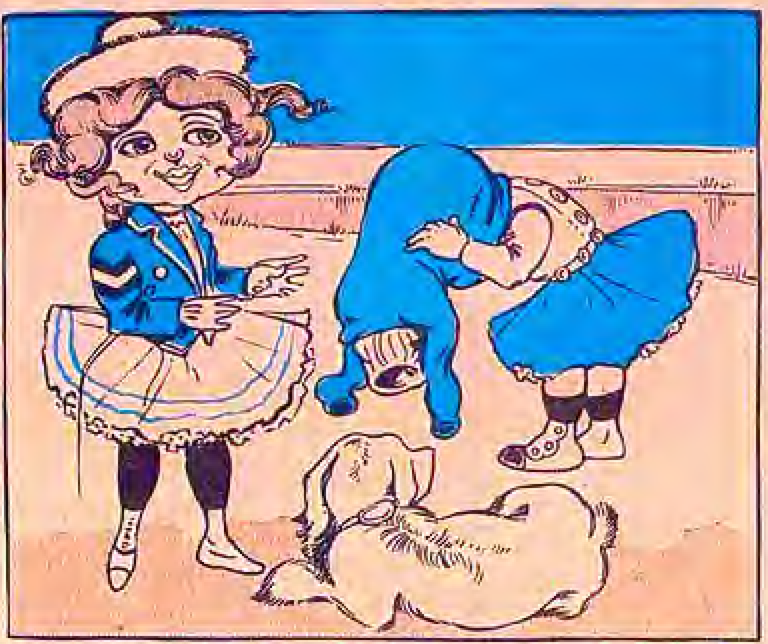




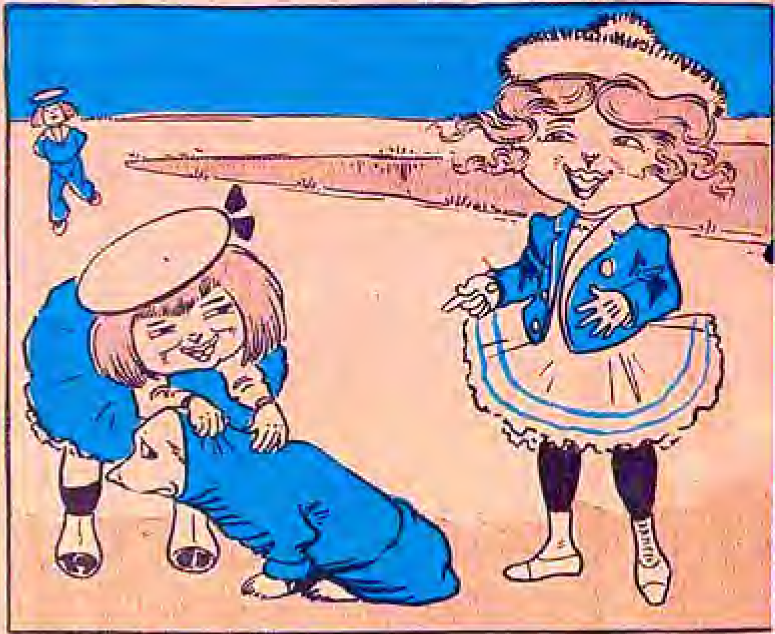
Easy Edgar and the Dog Entertain A Charming Lady.



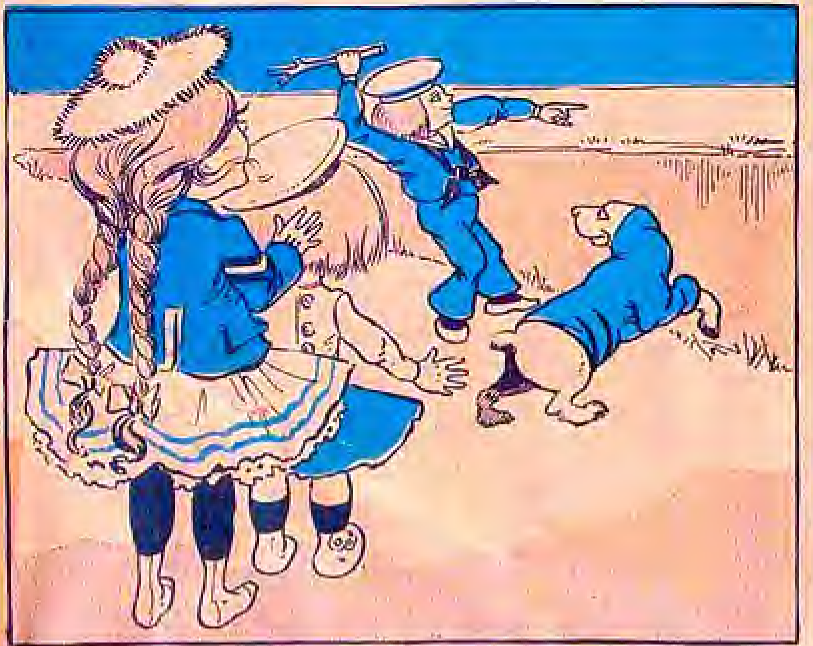
To make a charming lady laugh—



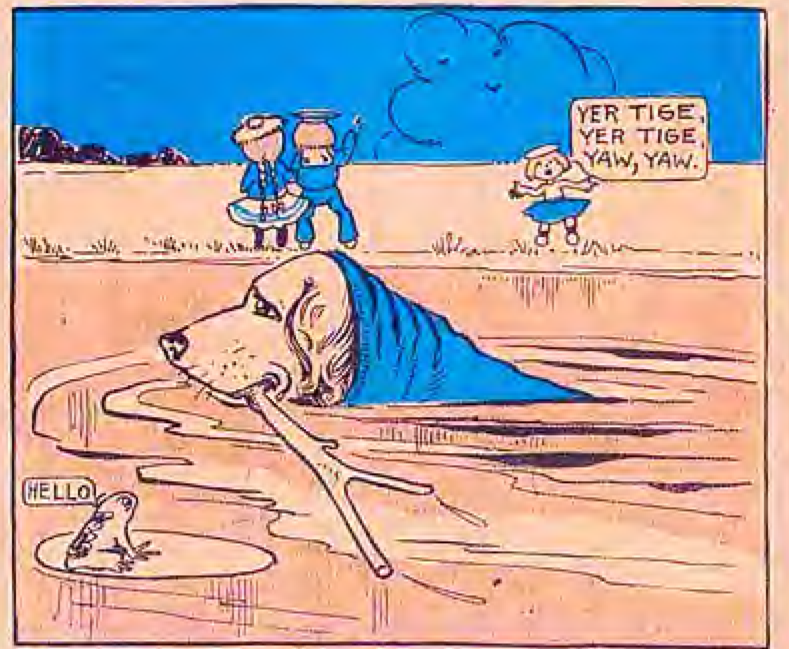
So she would like him better—



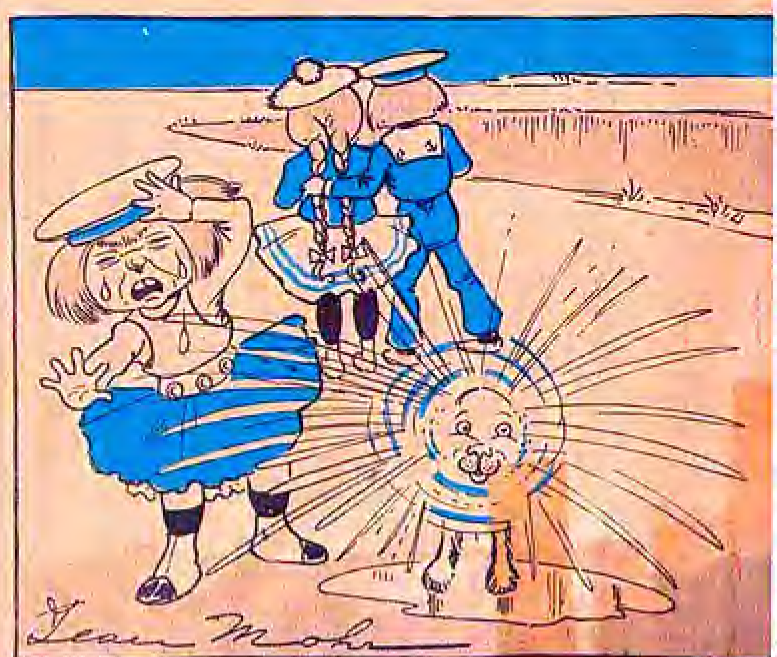
He dressed her doggie up in his new sweater.



Of course his rival came along—


YER TIGE, YER TIGE, YAW, YAW.
HELLO

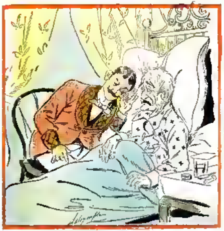
And mixed up with the game.



This is how she treated each. Isn't it a shame?

A Few Dialogues IN A MINOR KEY By C. W. Taylor.

WISE PRECAUTION.



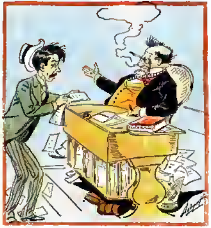
The great man's last hour had come.

He beckoned to his private secretary.

"I want you to give it out as my final utterance," he said, feebly, "that not more than one in half a dozen of the sayings that will be attributed to me after I am gone will have the slightest foundation in fact!"

So saying, he calmly breathed his last.

NOT PREPARED FOR IT.



"Please tell me, senator," said the reporter, opening his notebook, "in a few words, what you conceive to be the proper remedy for the trust evil."

"I don't know of any remedy," replied the eminent statesman.

"Water, please!" gasped the reporter, turning frightfully pale and sinking into a chair.

THINGS THAT WENT WRONG.

INTERESTING CASE OF MR. JUDSON.

Mr. Issachar Judson, a west side carpenter, was narrating his experience with the grip.

"When I had it the first two or three times," he said, "I cured it with quinine and whisky, but I find now that it isn't necessary to take both."

"O, no!" the others said. "Of course not!"

"No," he rejoined. "I take only the quinine."

HER ANSWER.

"Mr. Hankinson," interrupted the young woman, who had listened with manifest impatience to his long and impassioned avowal of love, "nothing you can say will change my mind. I can give you my answer in one word."

"And that word," he faltered, is—"

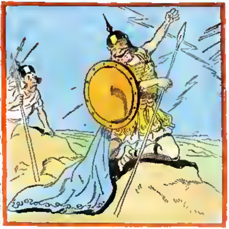
"Yes," she said, softly.

THE ETERNAL FEM—NE.

Girl with the Gibson Girl Neck—"What is the matter now? I thought you and Archie Featherton were the best of friends if not something more."

Girl with the Julia Marlowe Dimple—"I'll never speak to him again as long as I live! I sent him a lovely smoking jacket for a Christmas gift, and on New Year's day he swore off from smoking. Worse than that, I gave him a pair of embroidered slippers, and he wears them on his old feet!"

EQUALLY HARMLESS.

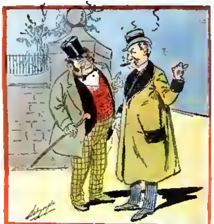


Ajax had just defied the lightning.

"Are you not afraid to do that?" asked one of the shuddering bystanders.

"What is there to fear?" he asked, contemptuously. "Can't you tell the difference between shaking your fists at the clouds and trying to stop a trolley car by getting in the way of it and making faces at the motorman?"

COMMON ILLUSION.



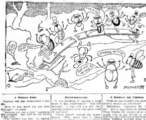
Washington Man—"You are going to make your home here, are you?"

Newcomer—"Yes; I have always wanted to live in Washington. This is the heart of the nation. It is the center of everything. Why, look you, here is where the country's great men assemble!"

Washington Man—"H'm! you'll get over that idea after you have been here awhile."

THE FUNNY SIDE of LIFE

A COASTING ACCIDENT IN BUGVILLE.



A Watery Joke.

Neptune had just propounded a riddle.

"How do you know I'm not from Chicago?" he asked.

"Because you see a fork," answered the mermaid. "And how do you know I am not both?"

"You haven't any feet," he replied. However, when they sprang this on the rest of the company several members reported angry seas.—Judge.

Rare.

Tommy—"Pop, what is meant by the sense of humor?"

Father—"The sense of humor, my son, consists of knowing when not to be funny."—Philadelphia Record.

Doubting Dennis.

Judy—"Will ye give me yer promise, Dennis, that ye'll love me forever?"

Dennis—"Sure, an' I'd like to do that same, Judy, but I'm hardly of the opinion that I'll last as long as that."—Richmond Dispatch.

Recommendation.

"I was thinking of opening a drug store in this neighborhood," said the stranger. "I was told you had frequently declared there was great need of one here."

"That's what!" replied the housekeeper. "Why, there isn't a place around here where a man can get the use of a city directory or telephone, or buy his stamps."—Philadelphia Press.

Expensive.

"I want my photograph to be a natural likeness, a thing only recounting my embellishing. I suppose you will charge less for it."

"On the contrary, madam, we must charge more."

"Indeed! Why is this?"

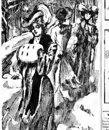
"Madam, to let an exact likeness of you go out of this gallery without any retouching upon it would cost us a hundred customers at least."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Respect for Figures.

"What do you consider the most important means of education?"

"Arithmetic," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Give a boy plenty of arithmetic. What begins the careers of so many young men is the failure to realize that one can't subtract a five-thousand-dollar expense account from a one-thousand-dollar income."—Washington Star.

ENGROSSED.



"When you took the diamond ring, did you tell him that you had a past?"
"No; I was too much interested in the present."

Saw the Point.

Bulston—"How that English chap did laugh at your joke?"

Waller—"Yes, he must have heard it before."—Boston Transcript.

Where the Hitch Is.

"Mr. Edison," asked the literary person who was preparing a magazine article, "what do you anticipate will be your principal difficulty in producing electricity directly from coal?"

"Getting the coal," answered the great inventor, with that dreamy, far-away look you have seen so often on his face when he has been seeking the solution of some mighty problem.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tell-Tale.

Sally Gay—"Do you think he is in earnest?"

Dolly Swift—"Yes; he kisses like a [illegible]."

Final!

It was a pleasant voice that spoke through the telephone.

"Colonel Dipsey," said the woman of the voice, "you know you proposed marriage to me last evening?"

"Yes, Miss Gabriella."

"Well, I accept. * * * Central, are you there?"

"Yes," replied the girl at the telephone exchange.

"That's all. Ring off."—Chicago Chronicle.

Born Lucky.

The Stork—"The Pottses have never known what it is to be hard up."

The Flamingo—"No, they say he was born with a gold bill in his beak."—Puck.

The Only Way.

Hewitt—"How did Grant get his first start as a coach in [illegible] college?"

Jewitt—"He wanted to make a name [illegible] at the Yale-Harvard football game."—New York Sun.

MY DEN

I've a den that's all my own,
That the maid must let alone
Though it be in [illegible]
There I'll [illegible] it stay.

Pipes are lying everywhere
In one's moved the old armchair
Manuscripts is scattered [illegible]
Books and table cannot [illegible] floor.

Pipes are where I put them last
Papers, too, where they were cast,
And the carpet does display
Ashes that have missed the tray.

Thus I'd always have my "den,"
But, alas! the other men,
I've a wife who [illegible] to see
That I can then happy be.

Then my wife her patience tries
I can gather from her sighs,
And at [illegible] is about [illegible]
She [illegible] and [illegible] my den.

I can hear the [illegible]
But my wife is not afraid
She "arranges" now and then
Book and paper shall [illegible].

[illegible]
Everything is in its place
[illegible] my wife [illegible]
Leaving me disconsolate.

Things are then concealed from me
For they're where they ought to be
[illegible]
When my "den" is "put to rights."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

One Way.

Waiter—"The plate is quite cold."

Waiter—"Yes, sir, but the chop is hot, sir, which I think you'll find it'll warm up the plate nicely, sir."—Tit-Bits.

Thought It Might Be.

Mrs. Newrocks—"I've determined that Cynthia's coming out shall pass off with great eclat."

Mr. Newrocks—"What's eclat, Maria—expense?"—Puck.

The Society Mother.

Visitor—"Has the baby any teeth yet?"

Mother—"Teeth! Let me see. I believe the nurse did say something about teeth the other day, but I can't remember what it was."—Smart Set.

The Wise Writer.

Tellit—"I wonder you don't think it's inadvisable to write so many novels of things you don't know the first thing about."

Cliff—"My dear boy, don't you know that the people who read my books don't know even as much as that?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

A Mystery.

"I never could understand why a woman puts anything on her face. She [illegible] has enough."—Life.

Miseries of Idleness.

Bess—"How miserable Arthur looks since I rejected him."

Clara—"I don't wonder, poor fellow. Now he'll have to work for a living."—New York Weekly.

A Case for Sympathy.

"And she refused him! Does he seem much depressed?"

"Oh, yes! He said to my brother it was the turning point in his career."

"That 'The turning-down point'"—Puck.

Alarming Figures.

Old Lady—"I feel awful nervous. Are you sure we won't have any accidents?"

Conductor (kind of statistician)—"Every person who rides on a railway takes one chance in 1,000,000 chances of being killed."

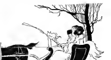
Old Lady—"La, sakes! Why didn't you tell me that before I bought my ticket?"—New York Weekly.

Puzzling.

"Now, what would ye do in a case like thot?"

"Like what?"

"Th' missis obligates this me to [illegible] the odd woman orders me to [illegible]."—Woman's Home Companion.



Edith—"But kissing has again been declared dangerous."
Tom—"Well, you know I promised to go through any danger for you."

Two Kinds of Men

The men that I know I could well separate
In two distinct classes, at worst.
Perhaps you'll think those the divisions I'll state—
The men of good sense and the bore.
But this classification's much better, I trow—
You'll agree if you've studied men well—
There's the kind who are always telling more than they know,
And the kind who know more than they'll tell.
—Roy Farrell Greene.

After the Proposal.

Miss Fladyaldo—"Do you know I have sometimes thought we-do-bee were made for each other?"

Champley—"Well—aw—I guess we weren't made for anybody else, don't-cherknow?"—Puck.

Cause for Opinion.

He—"I always thought that Braggs belonged to the yacht club until I met him there last night."

She—"And doesn't he?"

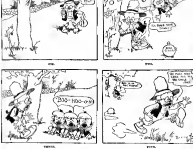
He—"Well, I inferred from his manner that the yacht club belonged to him."—Town Topics.

Paper Fame.

Your great man shines before the populace in vain—without the newspaper. He spreads anew the constitution in vain—without the newspaper. His clarion voice wakes as the universe in vain—without the newspaper. His scientific researches and achievements are in vain—without the newspaper. His wireless telegraph would be an accomplishment of small worth—without the newspaper. His moving drama, a thrilling hair-line in the fame of the heroic, are vain—without the newspaper. His successes, a merry whirl of life are vain—without the newspaper. The newspaper is the fame-maker of the age. Of course some of the fame is cheap, but it satisfies the living wearer of the cloak even though posterity may change it.—New York Press.

TWEEDLEDUM TWEEDLEDEE AND THE OTHER TRIPLET

They Relieve Farmer Applejack.


THEM APPLES LOOK NICE GUESS I'LL GIT ONE A FEW
WOW
I'LL SHAKE SOME DOWN
HARD CIDER
BOO-HOO-O-O!
NO MORE HARD CIDER FOR YER UNCLE JAKE

ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR.

The Soldier's Explanation.

"Am I to understand that you were discharged from the army for a mere breach of etiquette?" queries the interested friend.

"Yes, sir," boldly asserted Col. Kingfisher.

"What was it?"

"Turning my back to the enemy."—Philadelphia Record.

Strategic Love.

One Bessie skims across the lake,
And shakes a [illegible]
She [illegible] behind her muff
And Bessie hides a smile.

But Bessie skates far o'er the ice,
She wouldn't [illegible] say, nay!
She hides the [illegible] behind her muff
To keep Jack Frost away.
—Puck.

A Manifest Proposition.

When Louis XIV was once playing at backgammon, a favorite game with him, a dispute arose as to a doubtful throw of the monarch. The courtiers, appealed to by the king, said nothing—not daring to give the verdict against the king, and unwilling to tell one palpable lie. The count de Grammont entered at this awkward moment and the king asked him to decide the matter. The witty count replied without a moment's hesitation: "Sire, majesty is in the wrong." "How," said Louis, "can you decide before you know the question?" "Because," replied the count, "had there been any doubt all these gentlemen would have given it in favor of your majesty."

Fair Warning.

The voice at the telephone was a roar.

"Hello, central."

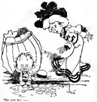
"Hello," replied the soft voice.

"Give me Main 5238. And say, central, I'm the owner of this hat I'm hanging. I'm going to ask him what's the reason we don't get any steam heat. Please take your ear away from the phone while I am talking to him."—Chicago Tribune.

Hopeful.

"It's a fact, Aunt Kate," said the young man, "Father says he will pay my way through college, but after that I'll have to stand on my own merits."

"Let us hope it will not be so bad as that, Rodney," soothingly replied his elderly relation.—Chicago Tribune.



"My poor boy——"
"Leave me, lady. Leave me to the bitter contemplation of my wasted life."

Ungallant.

Time is ungallant; it tells on a woman.—Life.

An Advantage.

First Actor—"The audience ought to be hostile."

Second Actor—"Yes, but he doesn't have to attend the performance."—Puck.

Miss Spinster's Catch.

They had started for a [illegible].

"There is our minister," he said. "I'm going to ask him to join us."

"To join us! Oh, George, this is so sudden. But hadn't you better speak to papa before engaging the minister, dear?"—Kansas City Journal.

Of Course!

Foreigner—"Captain, when will we be in sight of New York?"

Captain (of ocean steamer)—"Well, if the smoke lifts, we ought to see it pretty soon after we have tied up at the wharf."—Life.

At the Golf Club Dance.

Gwendolene—"Well, if a woman's [illegible] woman yet, a hat does for one woman."

Will Ladder—"It means that she knows that the man knows a hat has no [illegible]."—Puck.

To Be Determined.

"What is it you men are putting up in those cans?" inquired the visitor.

"Potatoes," replied the canner.

"Your best brands?"

"Can't tell yet. We haven't put the labels on them."—Philadelphia Press.

Admiration.

At the first performance of the new church organ no one in the audience was better pleased than the maid employed in the organist's family.

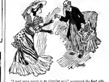
"So you liked the music, did you, Mary?" said the organist the next morning, reports of her enthusiasm having reached his ears.

"Oh, it was just grand," replied Mary, "the grandest I ever heard!"

"What did you like best?" asked the organist, moved by her glowing speech.

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said Mary. "But there was one place where you come down with both hands and your feet at the same time, that was the best. It sounded like the [illegible] coming down the street."—[illegible]

ALL SHE NEEDED



"I need some money to go shopping with," announced the fond wife.
"It would be better for your health if you walked back and forth," suggested the indulgent husband, handing her the 10 cents for carfare.

A Perfect Angel.

Gladys—"So she married him just because he owned an auto?"

Penelope—"Oh, no! Because he did not get mad when it broke down."—Puck.

A Compromise.

"Why," exclaimed Newed, "what's the matter with this mince pie?"

"Nothing," replied his wife, who was a white ribboner. "I followed your mother's recipe except where it called for brandy. I put root beer in instead."—Philadelphia Press.

Well Named.

Church—"There is a waiter in our place named Stephen."

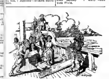
Gotham—"Ah! [illegible] to tip him, I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

What the Maiden Said.

At a dinner party the other night Senator Algar was seated beside a very beautiful woman who had reached the age of 30 with all the freshness of her youth, but without a husband.

"Do you ever think of getting married?" asked the Senator.

"Think of it!" she replied, with some asperity. "I worry."—New York World.



Pirate—"Hurry on, you, and start along that plank ahead of the woman!"
"Pirate, Mr. Pirate, make her go first. I'm a gentleman and I object to preceding a lady anywhere."

Angel Innocent.

Tess—"She's sorry enough that she married him, I'll wager."

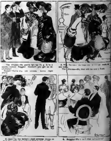
Jess—"The idea! How can you say that? She thinks he's a perfect angel and treats her—"

Tess—"As though she really were one. He doesn't buy her anything to wear."—Philadelphia Press.

She Knew.

A teacher asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till at last one little girl raised her hand. "Well?" said the teacher encouragingly. "Father cat, mother cat and three little kittens."—Boston Globe.

Reggie Takes the Heavenly Twins to Supper



1. The Twins—So you're taking [illegible] to a swanky supper, Reggie? Couldn't you get us [illegible]? Reggie—Certainly, old [illegible]. Come right along.

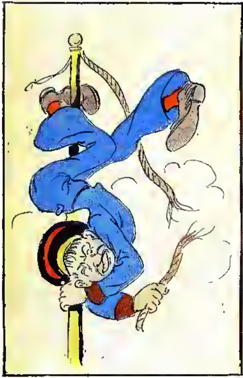
2. The Twins—[illegible] hope we [illegible] look all right. The Twins—Oh, that will be easily fixed.

3. Down to the waiter—Just arrange things so that the little chap will get lost in the shuffle.

4. Reggie—Well, isn't that surprising?

A Few Dialogues IN A MINOR KEY By C. W. Taylor.

JOINING IN.

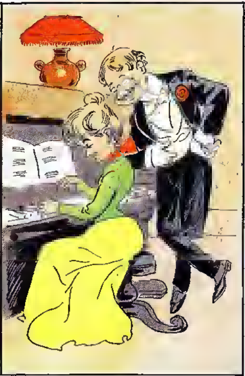


The old sailor who had been engaged to paint the rusty ball at the top of the flagstaff on the skyscraper, had finished the job and was sliding down the rope, when the latter suddenly parted.

A fervent prayer for the hapless man broke involuntarily from the lips of a thousand horror-stricken watchers on the ground, hundreds of feet below.

"Blank dash the blank blank old rope to blanknation and back!" exclaimed the sailor, with equal fervency, as he grasped the flagstaff and slid down on that the rest of the way.

RANK PHILISTINE.



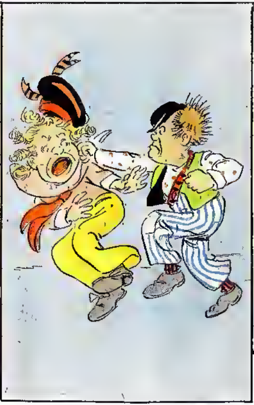
Young Hankinson leaned over the fair girl seated at the piano and spoke huskily.

"Miss Hickley," he said, "your playing moves me strangely. Pardon me for asking a personal question. Can you make good bread or cook a beefsteak properly?"

"Not at all," she replied, in surprise. "We keep a hired girl for that."

"Pardon me another personal question," he persisted, eagerly. "Will you marry me?"

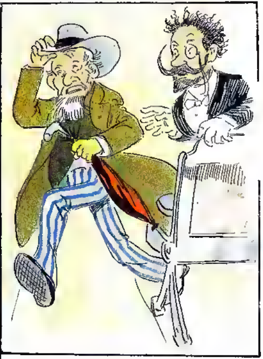
HANDED HIM A PAIR.



"Huh!" contemptuously exclaimed the boy with the tailor-made suit. "You've got a pair of reversible cuffs!"

"So have you!" retorted the boy in the hand-me-downs, staggering him with a blow on one ear and straightening him up again with a stiff punch on the other.

HIS NATURAL INFERENCE.



For the first time in his life the foreign tourist was attending a performance in an American theater.

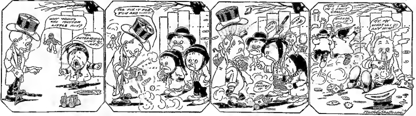
Suddenly everybody in the audience arose and began a frantic dash for the exits.

"What is the matter?" he asked, in alarm. "Is there a fire?"

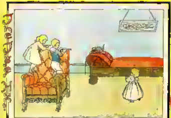
"Fire nothin'!" exclaimed a native who was hurrying past him. "Didn't you hear the orchestra playing the 'Star Spangled Banner'?"

Entry in tourist's notebook, after making his escape from the building: "A curious custom among Americans is their wild rush to get away whenever they hear a band playing their national hymn."]

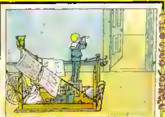
THE INTERFERING IDIOT — INTERFERES AGAIN


WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER LITTLE BOY?
"MY AUTERMOBILE WON'T GO ANY."
I'LL FIX IT FOR YOU AND ——
GIV A BAK
SOAK 'IM
HE BUSTED IT
"GEE I HIT 'IM A DANDY CRACK"
GREASE 'IT
"MY MY WHAT'LL I DO ANY HOW?"

Ted and Cleo in Makebelieveland



Rebus Verses for Young Readers
By Margaret Lee



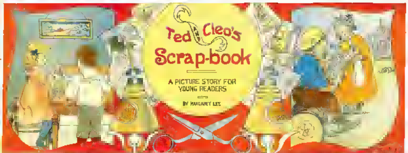
THERE'S a -eating in Makebelieveland,
For there nothing is left but a gingerbread
Of the who was tending the and the
That had come from the on the green to browse.
Two brave are out on an 's back,
With them in their the fierce to track,
And another on is as eager to slay.
On a in the mountain the tiger's at bay.
Do you think that wild more herd will eat
Or will serve on the floor as a for the ?

A WHITE is a sailing across the wide sea
She is bringing a cargo of and of .
That's her Captain who stands with his at his ,
And he says that a and an he spies.
Now what is it that causes this sudden commotion?
There's a overboard in the deep, briny ocean!
Through a the shouts quick his commands
And a is soon lowered by deft, willing .
How they tug at the —all those so brave—
And they rescue that from a watery grave!

Ted Cleo's Scrap-book

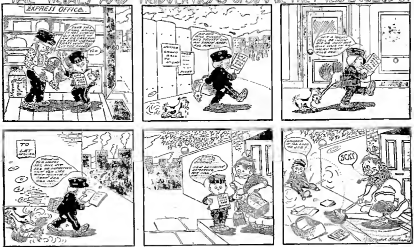
A PICTURE STORY FOR YOUNG READERS

BY MARGARET LEE

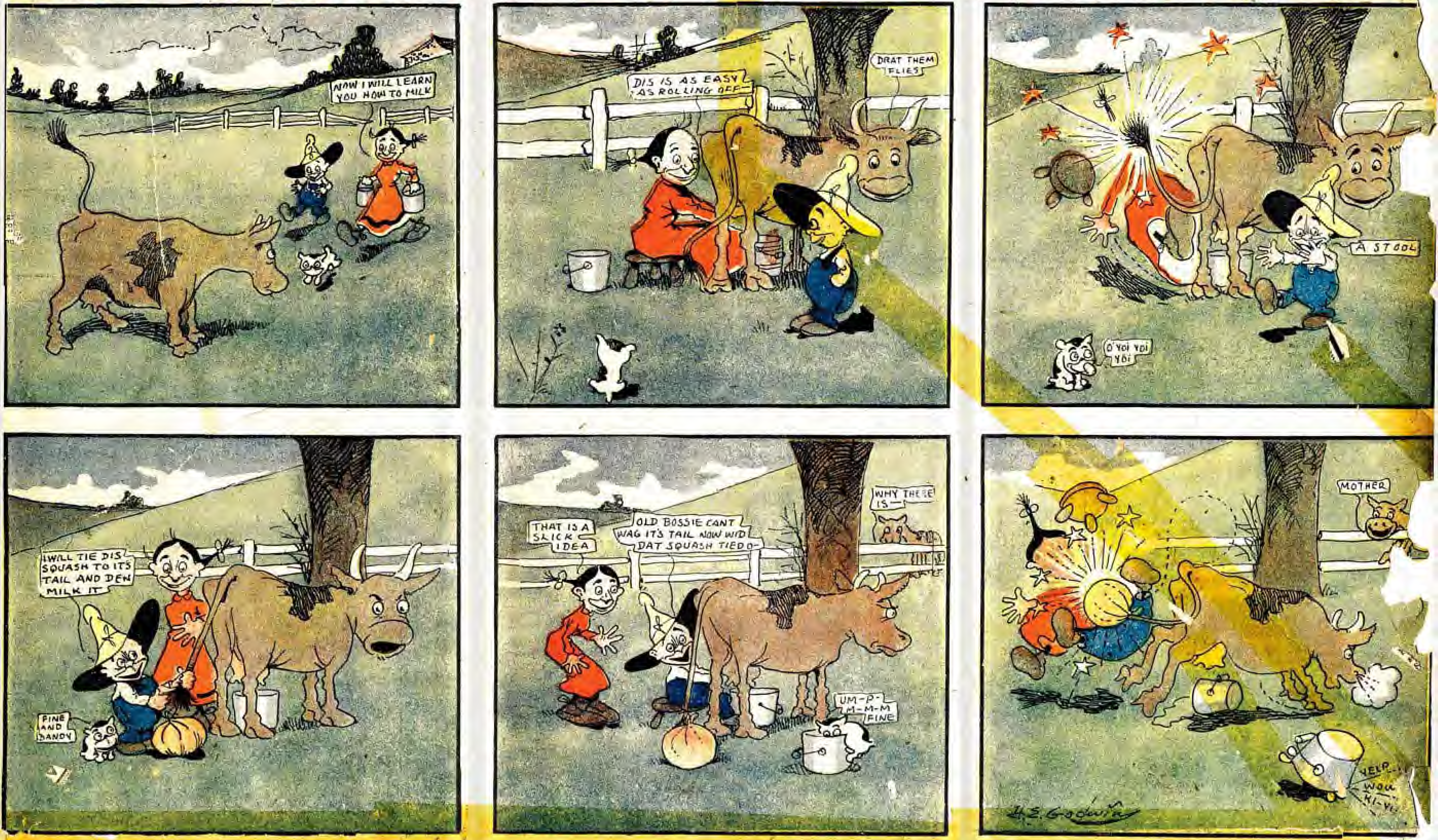


ONE day the shone brightly. Although there were no to gather from, Mr. May's flew to and fro before their [illegible] the and played [illegible] ors. [illegible] out of the pine , and said she believed they were thinking of building a . If they did, she wanted to see the wee —and when the little hatched she would take a and whip them if they went near the . Next day the was hid by clouds, snowflakes were in the air, and . Old Winter had come back. He and were glad to [illegible] them a of out from and , and some pretty picture . She also found an old for them to paste in. brought the mucilage ran to get the from her . She trimmed the and dipped the in the and carefully gummed their backs. Then pasted them in the . They put a picture "The Father of His [illegible] of in each corner. When the was full, pasted a big, ripe, red on the back. "Now," she said, "let's give this to George Washington Black!"

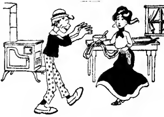
THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF JIMMIE THE MESSENGER BOY


EXPRESS OFFICE.
TAKE THIS FOWL AROUN' TO MRS SIMPKINS ... AN' BE CAREFUL ... THAT'S WHY YOU GIT THE BASKET
YEP
GAS PIPE BILL THE BANDIT
NOTICE GRAND BALL TO NIGHT
FIGHT
AN DEN BILL PULLED HE'S TRUSTY GUN AN TAKIN KERE-FUL AIM.
TO LET INQUIRE
THROW UP YER HANDS! SEZ BILL ... YER LIFE AIN'T WORTH A CENT SEZ BILL AN...
FOWL FER MRS. SIMPKINS ...
WEN SUDDENLY SUMTHING HIT BILL AN ...
WONDER IF I'LL LOSE ME JOB?
SCAT

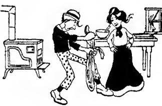
SUNNY SAM & SHY SUE MILK THE OLD COV


NOW I WILL LEARN YOU HOW TO MILK
DIS IS AS EASY AS ROLLING OFF—
DRAT THEM FLIES
A STOOL
O'YOI YOI YOI
I WILL TIE DIS SQUASH TO ITS TAIL AND DEN MILK IT
FINE AND DANDY
THAT IS A SLICK IDEA
OLD BOSSIE CANT WAG IT'S TAIL NOW WID DAT SQUASH TIED O—
WHY THERE IS—
UM-P-M-M-M FINE
MOTHER
YELP— WOW— KI-YI
H. E. Godwin

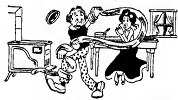
ALWAYS READY TO HELP.



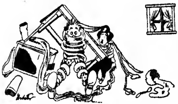
Happy Hank—"Oh, say, Cousin Belinda; lemme pull the candy for you?



"See? I'm a crackerjack at candy pullin'!

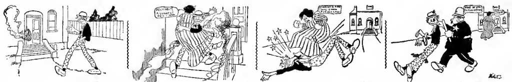


"Watch me do the serpentine fling! Notice it?



"Guess p'raps I'm kinder mixed up again, but then I'll know better next time!"

HE'S LEARNING STEADILY.


HELP! HELP! A LUNATIC!
NONE OF YOUR EXPLANATIONS

Happy Hank—"Well, I swan! If here ain't a house afire an' p'raps I got a chance to save a young lady an' be a hero!

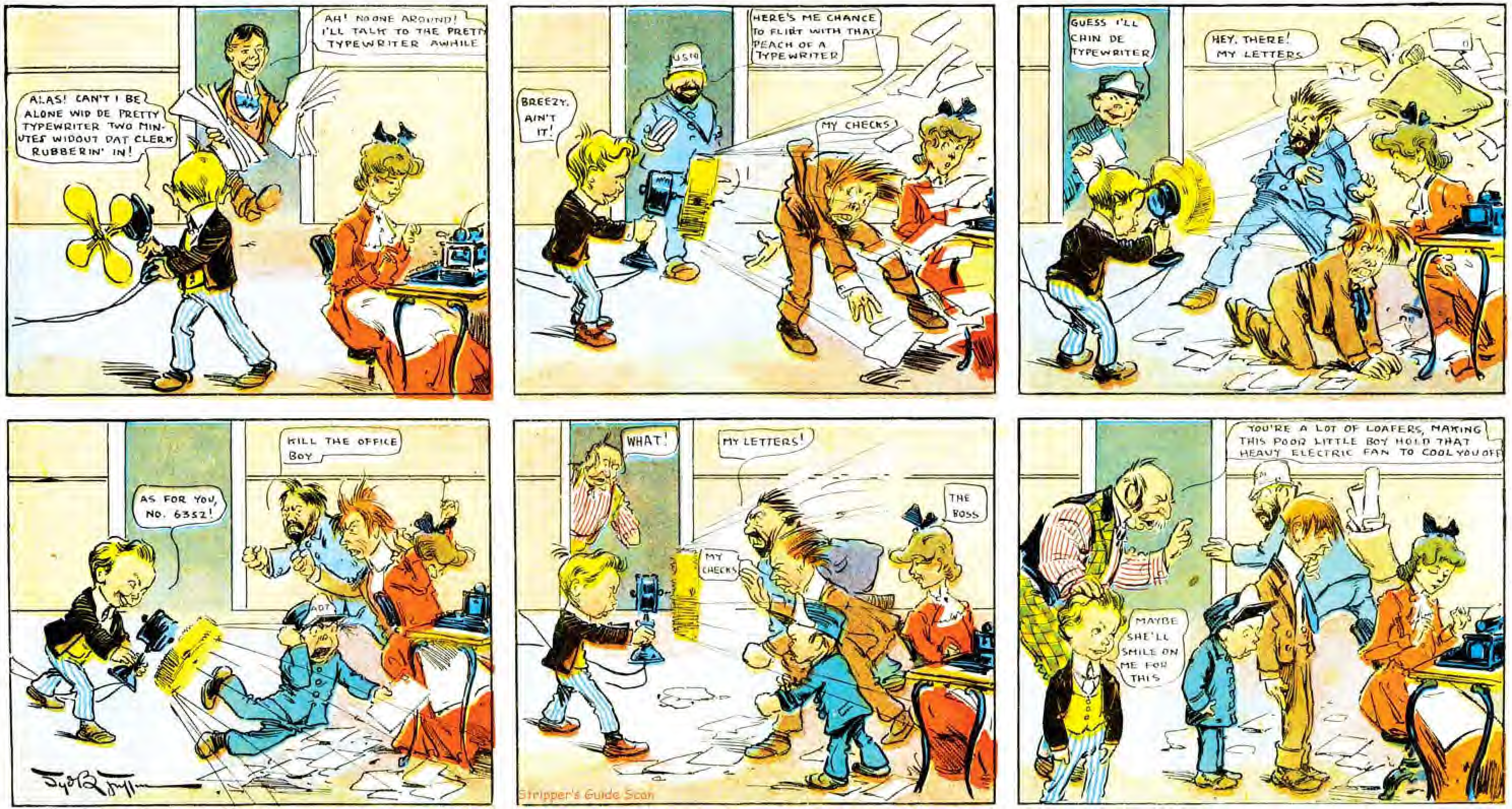
"You needn't be afeard miss, I'll save you an' we'll git our picture in the papers!"

Mrs Stout—"Take that, you ravin looney, an' when I let you up you git right back to the 'sylum quick!"

Happy Hank—"How could I tell that the lady was jus' doin' poker work? But never mind, I'll know better next time."

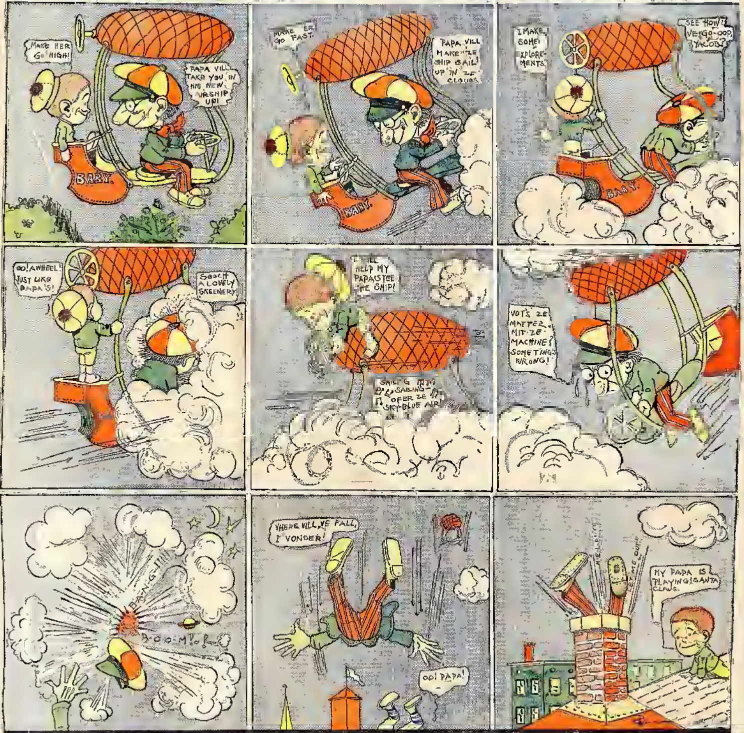
THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF THE OFFICE BOY---By Syd. B. Griffin.

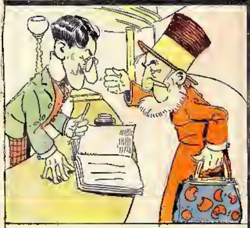
(He Gives a Few of His Rivals a Breezy Time with an Electric Fan, and Is Complimented by the Boss.).


AH! NO ONE AROUND! I'LL TALK TO THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER AWHILE
ALAS! CAN'T I BE ALONE WID DE PRETTY TYPEWRITER TWO MINUTES WIDOUT DAT CLERK RUBBERIN' IN!
HERE'S ME CHANCE TO FLIRT WITH THAT PEACH OF A TYPEWRITER
USN
BREEZY, AIN'T IT!
MY CHECKS
GUESS I'LL CHIN DE TYPEWRITER
HEY, THERE! MY LETTERS
KILL THE OFFICE BOY
AS FOR YOU, NO. 6352!
ADT
WHAT!
MY LETTERS!
THE BOSS
MY CHECKS
YOU'RE A LOT OF LOAFERS, MAKING THIS POOR LITTLE BOY HOLD THAT HEAVY ELECTRIC FAN TO COOL YOU OFF
MAYBE SHE'LL SMILE ON ME FOR THIS

Stripper's Guide Scan

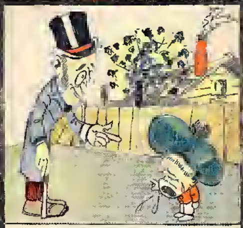
PROFESSOR WAYUPSKI TAKES HIS YOUNGEST UP IN HIS NEW BALLOON.


MAKE HER GO HIGH!
PAPA VILL TAKE YOU IN HIS NEW AIRSHIP UP!
BABY.
MAKE 'ER GO FAST.
PAPA VILL MAKE ZE SHIP SAIL UP IN ZE CLOUDS.
BABY.
I MAKE SOME XPLOREMENTS.
SEE HOW VE GO-OOP, YACOB?
BABY.
GO! A WHEEL JUST LIKE PAPA'S!
SUCH A LOVELY SKEENERY!
I'LL HELP MY PAPA STEER THE SHIP!
SAILING SAILING OFER ZE SKY-BLUE AIR!
VOT'S ZE MATTER MIT ZE MACHINE? SOMETINGS WRONG!
B-A-N-G-!!!
B-O-O-M!
VHERE VILL VE FALL, I VONDER!
OO! PAPA!
HELP!
LET ME OUT!
MY PAPA IS PLAYING SANTA CLAWS.



HOTEL CLERK—YOU'LL HAVE TO SIGN YOUR NAME HERE.

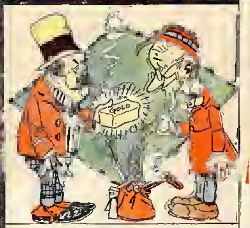
REUBEN GREENE—LOOK HERE, YOUNG MAN, I MAY LOOK GREEN, BUT I AIN'T A GOIN TER SIGN NO DOCKYMENTS 'THOUT KNOWIN' WHAT THEY BE!



KID—BOO-HOO! I THROWED MY BALL IN DAT YARD!

BUT WHY DID YOU THROW YOUR BALL OVER IN THAT YARD?

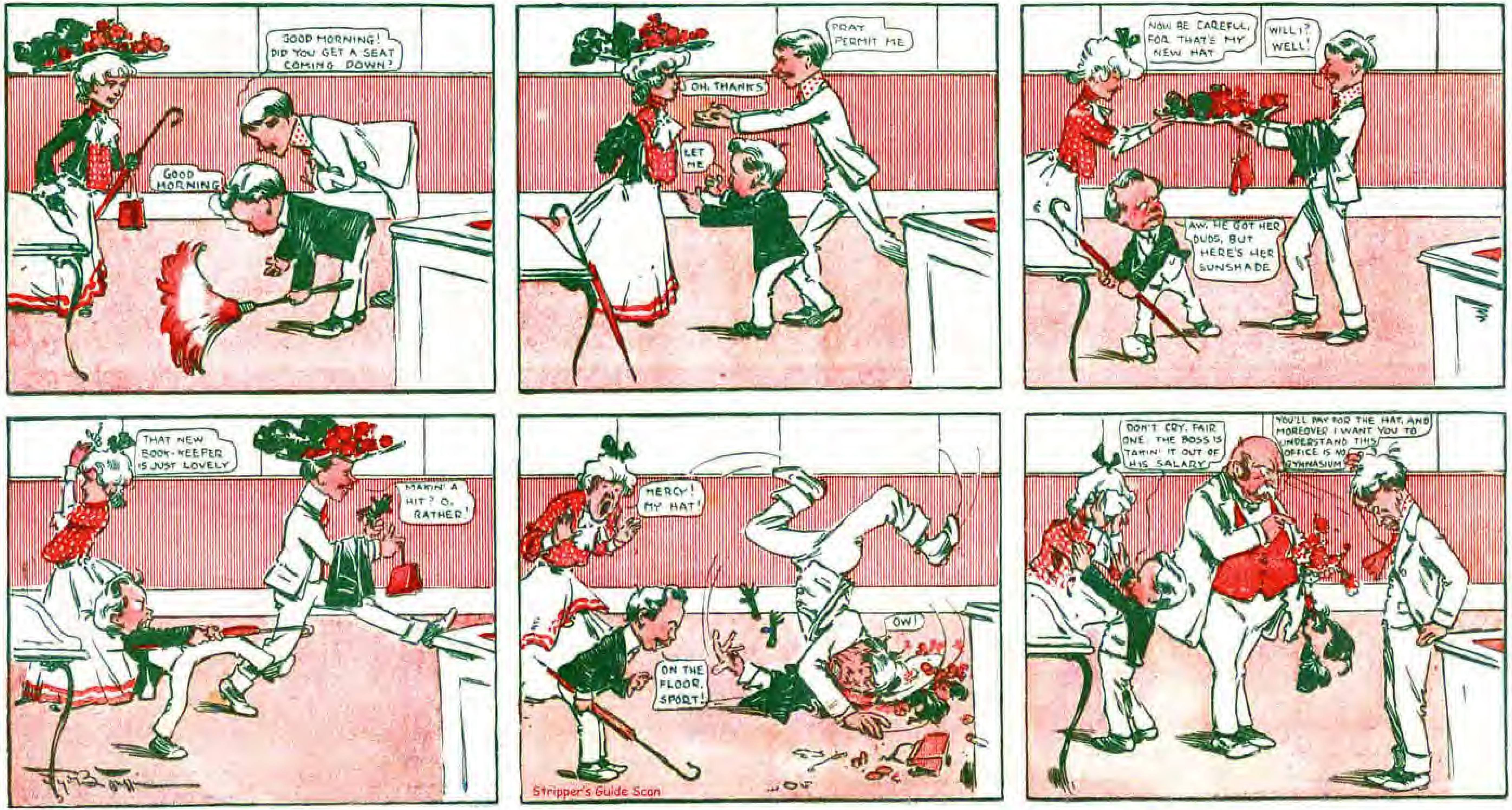
KID—'CAUSE I COULDN'T T'ROW IT NO FURDER.



MR JASON—NOPE! WHAT DO I WANT WITH ANOTHER GOLD BRICK, WHEN I'VE GOT FIVE OV 'EM TER HUM?

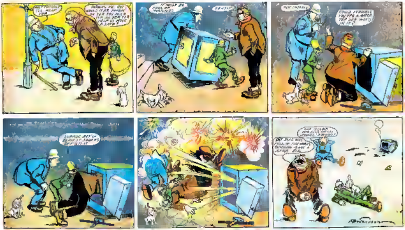
IT WAS HER BEST HAT.

(The Love Affairs of the Office Boy Look Up a Little.)


GOOD MORNING! DID YOU GET A SEAT COMING DOWN?
GOOD MORNING
PRAY PERMIT ME
OH, THANKS
LET ME
NOW BE CAREFUL, FOR THAT'S MY NEW HAT
WILL I? WELL!
AW, HE GOT HER DUDS, BUT HERE'S HER SUNSHADE
THAT NEW BOOK-KEEPER IS JUST LOVELY
MAKIN' A HIT? O, RATHER!
MERCY! MY HAT!
OW!
ON THE FLOOR, SPORT!
DON'T CRY, FAIR ONE. THE BOSS IS TAKIN' IT OUT OF HIS SALARY
YOU'LL PAY FOR THE HAT, AND MOREOVER I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THIS OFFICE IS NO GYMNASIUM

Stripper's Guide Scan

The Amateur Cracksmen Rob a Safe with the Aid of a Kind Policeman


IT MUST BE FULL OF VALUABLES
GENTLY!
COULD I TROUBLE YER FER A MATCH

The Wonderful Kingdom of Wonderful Things

By BEN McCUTCHEON

First Installment

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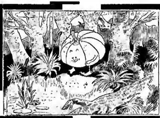
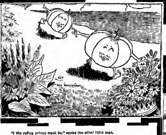
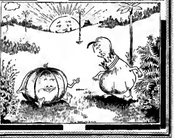


Far away is a Wonderful Sea and in it a Wonderful Isle.
Where night is day and work is play and all the year a smile.
In the heart of this Wonderful Isle, in the heart of the Wonderful Sea,
Is a Wonderful Kingdom of Wonderful Things that strives for you and me.
Now, Tommy and Bess and Bobby and Tess and dear little frolicsome Grace,
Gather close by and quietly sit, and I'll tell of this wonderful place.
Back in the olden, golden times when men trod not this earth,
This Wonderful Kingdom in the sea was given a gladsome birth.
At first the living numbered one—Peter Pumpkin, big and yellow,
Who whiled away the dreary hours, a most unhappy fellow.
For years and years he roamed about upon this lonely isle,
And for years and years and years he never smiled a smile.
At last the corners of his mouth drooped so low they pained him.
But when he sought for medicine the Laughter Spirit gained him.
On the brink of a placid pool, one morning bright and cheerful,
This lonely Peter Pumpkin stood, his eyes both sad and tearful.
All at once, he saw below, himself all upside down.
And the longer that his eyes did look the fainter grew his frown.
He bended down upon all fours, his eyes now bulging wide,
And when the reflection did likewise he with wonder cried;
He picked a pebble from the soil and tossed it at his double,
Who imitated every move and caused a peck of trouble.
Both Peter Pumpkins nimbly dodged the pebbles that were thrown,
And both avoided injury, as 'twas subsequently shown.
Plump Peter Pumpkin on the land keenly felt the fun,
And he laughed to watch the antics of the other playful one.
Finally he laughed so hard his sides grew tired and weak,
And as he looked and laughed the more, tears streamed down his cheek.
He tried to stop, but all in vain, and fainter did he feel,
Until, at last, his poor sides split and he began to reel.
He rolled into the placid pool and meekly splashed about.
But just before he sank away, two tiny seeds hopped out.
These little fellows swam ashore, so tired they could not stand,
And very soon they were asleep, safe upon the land.
While they snoozed a great rain fell and forced them under ground,
And when they woke the world was dark and they could not move around.
Long they strived for the warming light, each earnest little fellow,
Until, at last, the sun did make each one a Pumpkin yellow.
When they were big enough to walk they left their place of birth
And set about exploring the wonders of the earth.
Hand in hand they trudged along through vale and over hill,
Each little heart a-beating with a glad and happy thrill.
At last they reached a sun-kissed plain, shimmering all in green,
And there those little Pumpkin chaps thought out a wondrous scheme.
"I'll tell you what we'll do," said one in joyous, happy strain;
"We'll start a kingdom of our own and have a king to reign."
"Glorious!" the other cried, and he jumped up in the air,
"But who shall be the monarch gay and who the throne shall share?"



"I the ruling prince must be," spoke the other little man.
"For I deserve the honor proud for thinking of the plan."
"But what of me?" his brother said, and gloom flashed to his face,—
"'Tis not fair that you should reign and I should have no place."
"You," the other quickly said, in tones benign and fair,
"Are now and always shall be my prince apparent-heir."
"I do not like your plan at all; you'd have by far the best,
And I should do all of the work and you'd do naught but rest.
'Tis just as fair that I should be the prince of all the realm,
And I'd be quite as wise as you in guiding at the helm."
For hours and hours they talked away, and each was sorely nettled,
And both of them could plainly see the thing could not be settled.
At last their eyes began to blink and their drowsy heads to nod,
Till finally they fell asleep on the plain that no man trod.
After awhile one's eyes did ope and sweep the silent green,
Turning to his brother near who dreamed in peace serene.
"Ah, ha!" he would have shouted if he had been alone,
But he kept his tongue all to himself and planned to win the throne.
Softly to his feet he got and stood beside the other,
Who snoozed all unsuspecting of his cowardly, thieving brother.
"By my stars, my chance is come!" the scheming fellow thought,
And quickly drew his arms about the Pumpkin knowing naught.
He hugged and squeezed with all his might, a strain on every muscle,
Until the victim cried "Enough," and an end came to the tussle.
"What do I see?" the victor cried, aghast and trembling greatly;
"You are no longer plump and round, indeed you are unshapely.
Your head is high, your neck is crooked, your body is much smaller,
Which all combines to make you look very much the taller."
In time the humor spirit touched the Pumpkin round and plump.
And he, with laughter keen and loud, high in the air did jump.
"Indeed, you are the funniest thing my eyes have ever seen,
And no longer can you style yourself a Pumpkin of my mien.
Your claim to kingly honors will now no longer wash,
And, indeed, I must remark it, you're a most unseemly 'squash'!"
And so in after times, my sweets, this Pumpkin, strange and odd,
Went about as Crookneck Squash in the land that no man trod.
The funny pair continued on, through wilderness and mead,
Until, at last, a thicket patch checked them in their speed.
They puffed and panted as they trudged, often falling down,—
When all at once the Pumpkin queer tripped o'er a paper crown.
But Peter Pumpkin, schemer sharp, picked up the wondrous find
And placed it proudly on his head and said unto his kind:
"It fits me well, you will agree, and surely I must wear it;
It will not fit your funny head, and I fear that you would tear it."
"'Tis right that I should try it on, for maybe it will fit,
And if it does, my brother proud, I on the throne shall sit."
Crookneck Squash raised aloft the crown of golden paper
And let it slip down o'er his head and then began to caper,
"'Tis safer 'round my neck, you see, than on your shining pate,
For the breezes cannot blow it off and shock our ship of state."
But Peter Pumpkin, selfish one, must have it all his way,
And forced the fearsome Crookneck Squash to quit his claim that day.
And so it came to be, my pets, this Kingdom did begin—
With Peter Pumpkin reigning prince, and Crookneck under him.
The Kingdom grew at wondrous pace and—ah, I see you're blinking,
So now I'll stop and tell of more when I've had time for thinking.



The Wonderful Kingdom of Wonderful Things

By BEN F. McCUTCHEON **Third Installment** All Rights Reserved

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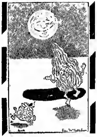
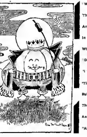
NOW, give me your attention sweets, and I'll proceed to tell
More about the wonderful place that started out so well
If you think you may recall that Pumpkin, monarch grand
Marched his host to a beauteous spot, where he took up his stand
The sovereign wisely laid his plans, and to his subjects loyal
He issued, through his general, commands both firm and royal
"It is my regal wish," he said "that you give up your sport
And erect for me a palace wherein shall be my court."
With ringing cheers and loud huzzahs the subjects small and big,
Straightway got some pointed sticks and set about to dig
King Peter chose Prince Crookneck to superintend the work,
And swore eternal vengeance on all inclined to shirk.
It was not long before the band had excavated deep
And made a place wherein the king on sultry days might sleep
Just before the workers stopped to rest from labors long
Watermelon caused a stir by shouting to the throng:
"Odds, bobs and likewise zounds, my stick has struck a thing,
The like of which I've never seen, believe me, gracious king!"
The object strange was brought before his majesty, excited
Who, afire with interest, said: "My subject shall be knighted
Who'll tell me what it is that has just been excavated—
Whose flesh is like the solid rock, whose skin is corrugated."
Inspection close and earnest each subject gave the find,
But none could satisfy the king—none could name its kind.
At last when Peter, king of all gave up in deep despair,

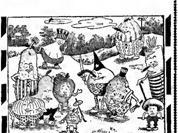


Old Onion knelt upon his knee and sat said with reverent air
"I, O, gracious sovereign, with the liquid of my veins,
Can probably give life a new to these wrinkled old remains."
"Experiment," the monarch spoke, "my subject brave and bright,
And if your plan does well succeed, you shall be made a knight."
Old Onion took some of his skin and soaked it with his blood,
Placed it o'er the object's nose and plastered it with mud.
Scarcely had the odor strong reached its sense of smell,
Then the object scrambled to its feet and gave a piercing yell.
General Pippin tore away old Onion's plaster strong,
And led the breathing being to a place before the throng
"If you, my friend," King Peter said to the object of all eyes,



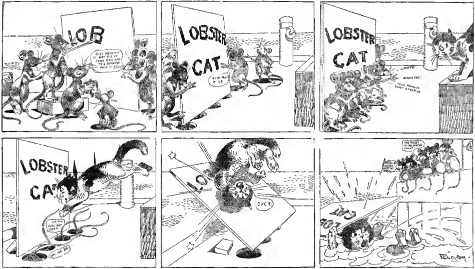
"Will tell us all about yourself, you shall have a prize."
The stranger deeply thought awhile and seemed quite mystified,
And when he realized his state he with joy and gladness cried.
In a voice pitched high and squeaky he began to tell his tale,
Which was by far the strangest ever told in that green vale
"One hundred thousand years ago" the stranger meekly said,
"I was laid away beneath the sod and given up for dead.
'Tis quite hard, I must confess to revive the memories old
But I recall that I once was a Plum both young and bold
The springtime of my life gave way to the winter cold and bleak,
And the ever-working hand of Time made me old and weak.
"At last, as I remember," and he touched his wrinkled brow,
"I became so very ancient that I looked as I do now
One by one, my faithful comrades turned to dust and stone,
Until, at last, the world left me quite helpless and alone
Who placed me 'neath the brilliant green I never lived to know,
But I suspect the spirits of my comrades laid me low."
"Your story, friend, gives interest great," the monarch said in time,
"But I am still much vexed about your days of auld lang syne.
Pray answer this: If you were called in youth a Plum so bold
What are you now, when Time has made you weak and queer and old?"
"As I recall" the stranger said—and the thought came none too soon—
"My comrades were disposed to call me Honorable Grandpa Prune.
Just why they gave me such a name, I'm at a loss to say,
But probably I knew quite well in that patriarchal day"
"If Prune they called you, friend of mine," the sovereign lightly quoth,
"To change the name on this glad day I should be very loth.
And so, my subjects one and all, it is my wish that you
Henceforth shall call him Grandpa Prune—my subject loyal and true.
Now, 'twere meet I keep my word award to you a prize
For clearing up this mystery that opened wide my eyes.
You are too old to earn your way, but still you can't be missed!
So I shall start a pension fund and let you head the list."
"Since you, O king, so good have been," old Grandpa finally said,
"I shall tell to you a secret great which I kept while I was dead.
In the misty, far-off times our customs were quite strange,
And every being wore some garb, with now and then a change
'Neath a rock in yonder wood lies a chest in strength complete,
Wherein are richest treasures and gee and gallore gay,—
There is clothing of all sizes, designments fine and neat.

And if you the custom will revive, I'll lead you there straightway"
"Lead on brave Prune!" the sovereign said, and waved aloft his hand,
And very soon a start was made for the secret treasure land
While trudging through the woodland dense the king with ease did capture
A Potato and a Mushroom, thus adding to his rapture.
The king sought for enlightenment until he was much riled,
But Potato's only word was "faith," and Mushroom only smiled
The captives, though, were quite content to join the happy throng,
And gladly took allegiance with vows both firm and strong
At last the treasure spot was reached, and the subjects ceased their jest,
While the strongest rolled away the rock and lifted up the chest
Oh, my sweets if you had seen the contents of that box,

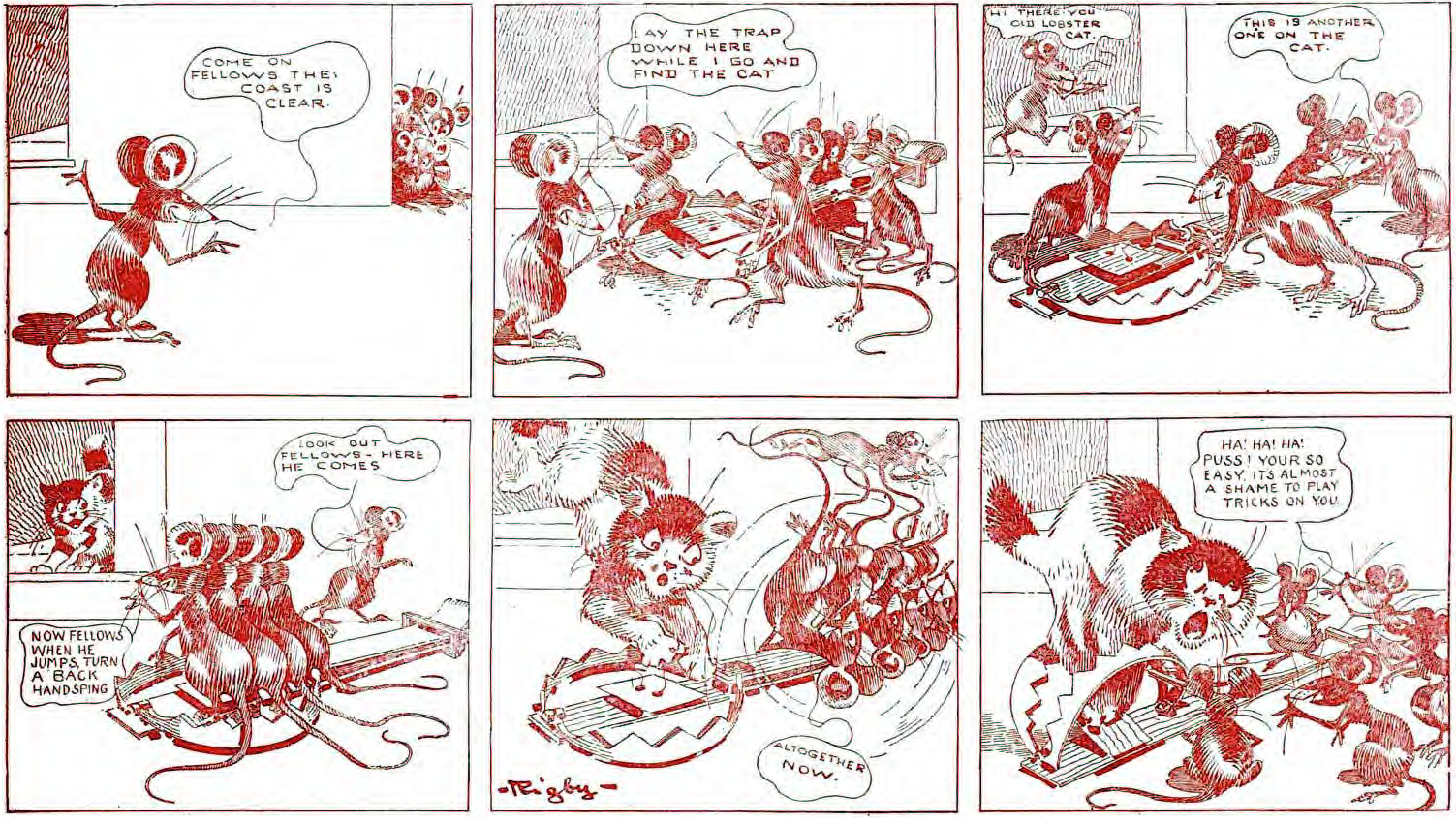


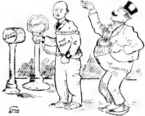
You would be going everywhere and turning over rocks!
There were clothes of every color, every size and every cut,
And the subjects donned them quickly and began to prance and strut.
Of course, the fits were not the best in every case, you know,
But the wearers all were satisfied and in! the outfits go.
A box of big and black cheroots caused the crowd to wonder—
And when old Watermelon smoked he coughed like startled thunder.
The king, in robes of stately make, ran to his chosen spot,
The subjects following close behind in proud and haughty trot,
Had built their king a palace grand with many dazzling features.
Next time, my loves, I'll try to tell of something that I think
Will interest you very much and drive away the blink.

THE FOXY MICE GIVE PUSSY A BATH


LOB
BOYS WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT CAT AND THIS SCHEME WILL DO IT
LOBSTER
CAT
NOW PROP IT UP
LOBSTER
CAT
LOBSTER
AFRAID CAT
YOUR AFRAID TO COME AFTER US
LOBSTER
CAT
DID YOU EVER GET LEFT?
HA HA HA
OUCH
SAY PUSSY? IS THE WATER COLD?
HA HA HA

THE FOXY MICE SPRING ANOTHER JOKE ON PUSS.


COME ON FELLOWS THE COAST IS CLEAR.
LAY THE TRAP DOWN HERE WHILE I GO AND FIND THE CAT
HI THERE YOU OLD LOBSTER CAT.
THIS IS ANOTHER ONE ON THE CAT.
LOOK OUT FELLOWS - HERE HE COMES
NOW FELLOWS WHEN HE JUMPS, TURN A BACK HANDSPING
ALTOGETHER NOW.
-Rigby-
HA! HA! HA! PUSS! YOUR SO EASY, ITS ALMOST A SHAME TO PLAY TRICKS ON YOU.


SLOT MACHINE
THE MAYOR
THE GAMBLERS

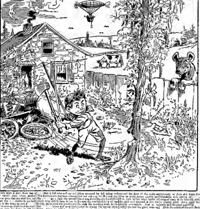
Has it Come to This?

AN EARLY HUNGERFORD—From the Parkersburg (W.Va.) Sentinel of November 21, 1903.

Fables And Puzzles. By W. M. Goodes.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK UP TO DATE.

Supply the missing words by objects illustrating them in the picture; also, find the giant, the two hunters and Jack's mother.



Once upon a time there was a boy named Jack whose mother was so poor that she sent him out to sell the Before he got half way to the town he met a and became so frightened he started at once for home to tell his mother. It occurred to him however that she would spank him for coming home empty handed, so he went back after the When he arrived at the spot where he had left him he found nothing but [illegible] horns and a dead for the had gorged itself on the that it fell over and expired. The hunters who had been chasing the gave Jack the powder which they didn't have to use to kill it. So he took the powder and the horns and went back home. When he told his mother what had happened, she flew into a rage and threw the horns, Jack and the powder out the door and they landed all in a heap in the garden.

Jack felt sore just after the reception his mother gave him, so he sneaked off to the woodshed to commune with his sorrows. While thus occupied he fell asleep and did not wake up till the next day. As it was about [illegible] he used the woodshed for a [illegible] to cook the morning meal, he decided to change his resting place, so he went out into the garden and was greatly astonished to find that the horns had taken root and turned into an immense beanstalk which had grown so high that its top reached the clouds. When he realized the immense height of the stalk he decided to get to the top of it thinking that perhaps he might be able to step from it to the So he gathered up the powder which his mother had thrown out with the horns, and with some old newspapers he rolled the powder into an immense skyrocket which he fastened to a Then grasping the firmly with one he lit the rocket, and in an instant he was soaring to the air. When he had gotten high enough he let go of the rocket and seized the top of the beanstalk.

After recovering his breath he ran out over the upper branches and soon found that he was in the domain of an immense giant so he hid himself till night. Then he penetrated the castle of the giant, and found him fast asleep beside a great bag of gold. Jack quietly opened the door of the castle so that he could escape quietly and then took [illegible] half of the gold and emptied it into the giant's automobile. Just as he reached the last the giant woke up, but Jack was ready for him, and, jump up into the auto, he rode out the door toward the top of the beanstalk. When he neared there he jumped out of the auto just as it plunged over the side of the beanstalk and landed in his mother's garden below. By this time the enraged giant was pursuing him furiously as Jack slid down the beanstalk, and, seizing an chopped away at its base till, with a mighty crash down came the stalk, and the giant was killed.

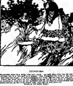
From the wreck of the auto Jack gathered up all the gold, and it made him very rich. So he bought an and as the giant was now dead, Jack and his mother spent their summers at the giant's castle every summer and the [illegible] up there being so very pure it turned them to [illegible] as to be made old.

W. M. GOODES.

SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE IN JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

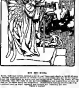
The missing words of the fable are as follows: Cave, Cigars, Fish, Kisses, [illegible] Bear, Tub and Axe. [illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]



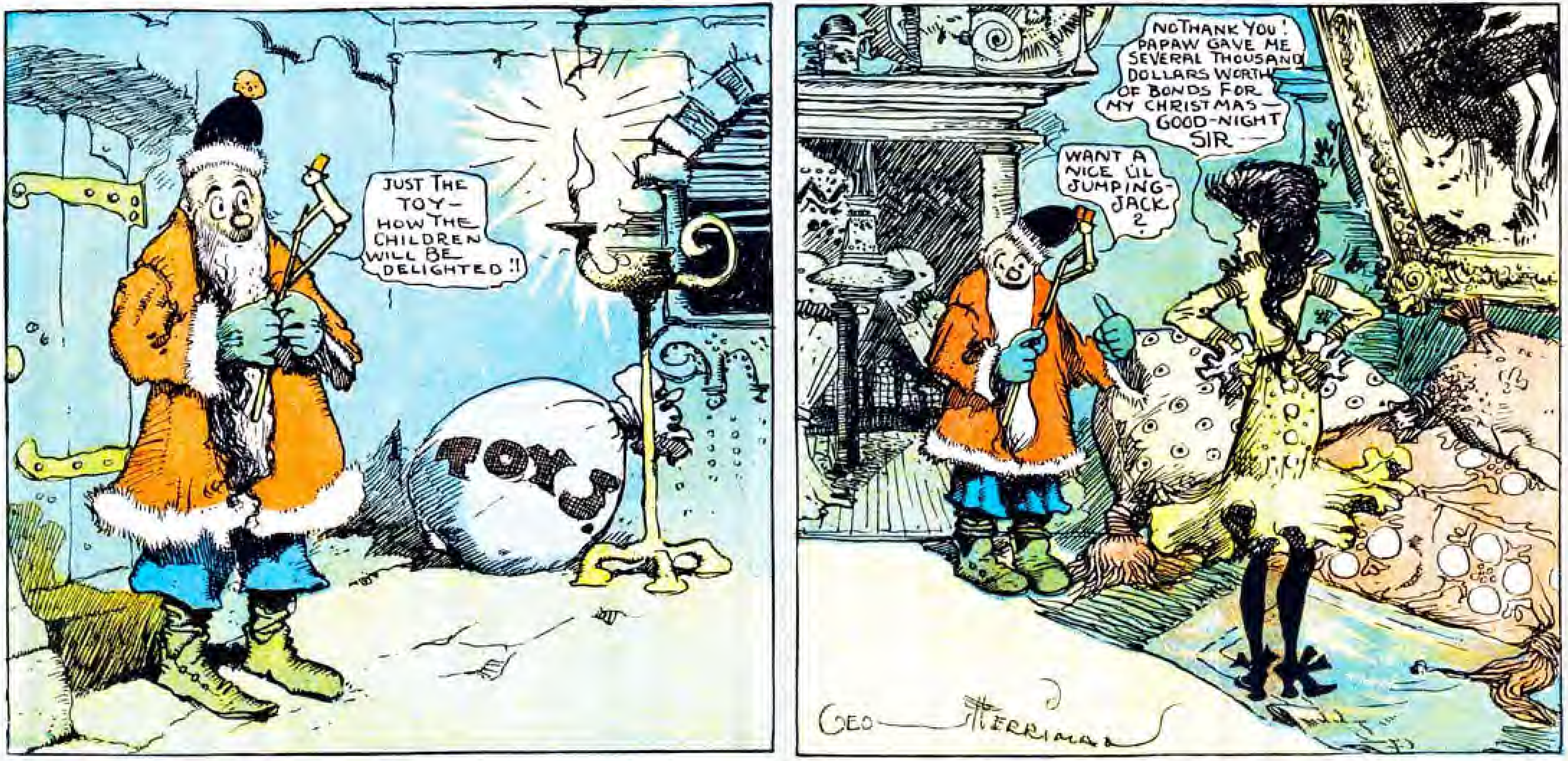
[illegible]

[illegible]

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH

SUNDAY, DEC. 13, 1903

Santa Claus Finds Changes in the Children.


JUST THE TOY— HOW THE CHILDREN WILL BE DELIGHTED!!
TOYS
WANT A NICE LIL JUMPING-JACK?
NO THANK YOU! PAPAW GAVE ME SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF BONDS FOR MY CHRISTMAS— GOOD-NIGHT SIR —
GEO — HERRIMAN

FUNNY SIDE OF ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH

SUNDAY
JANUARY 3RD 1904

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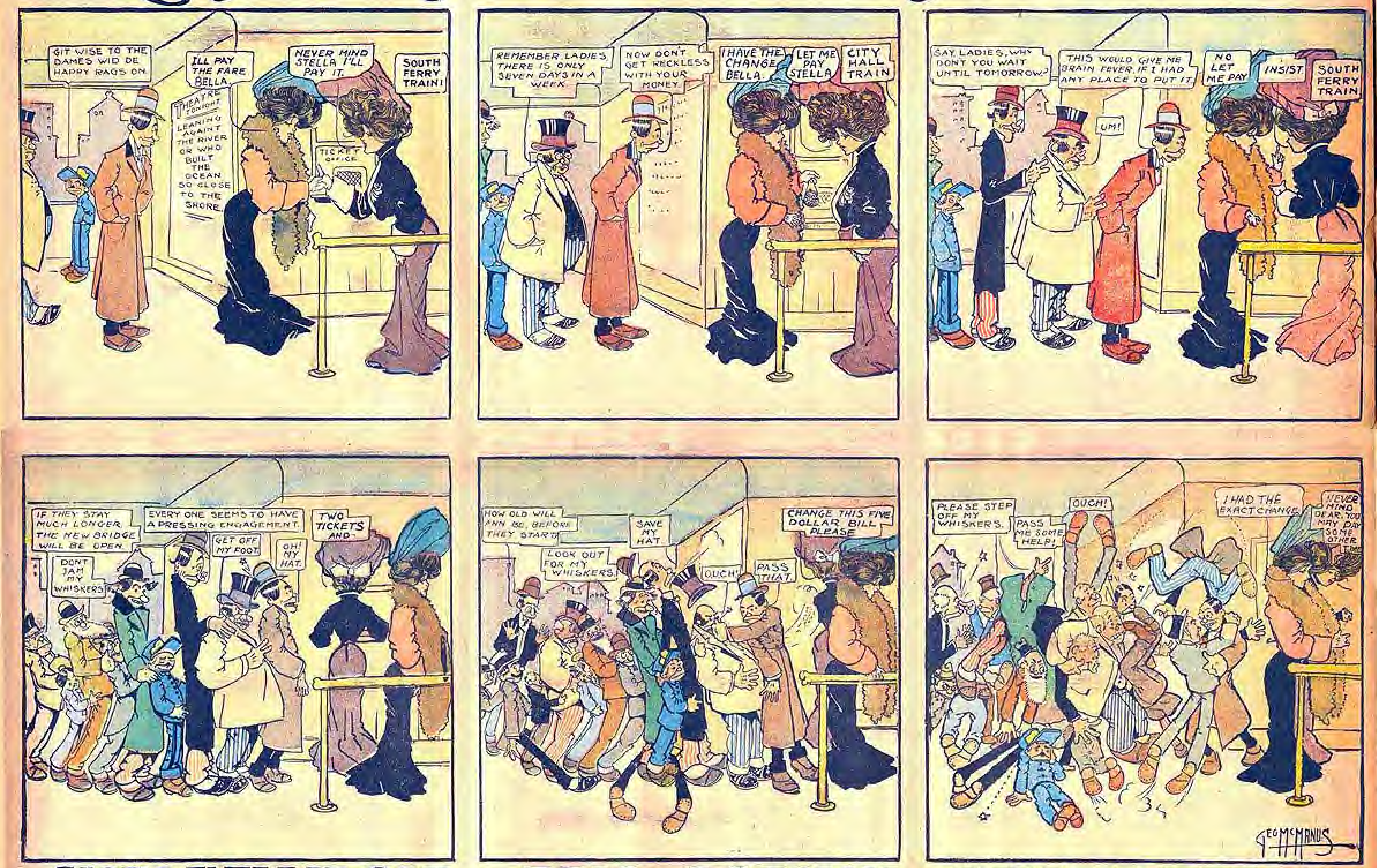
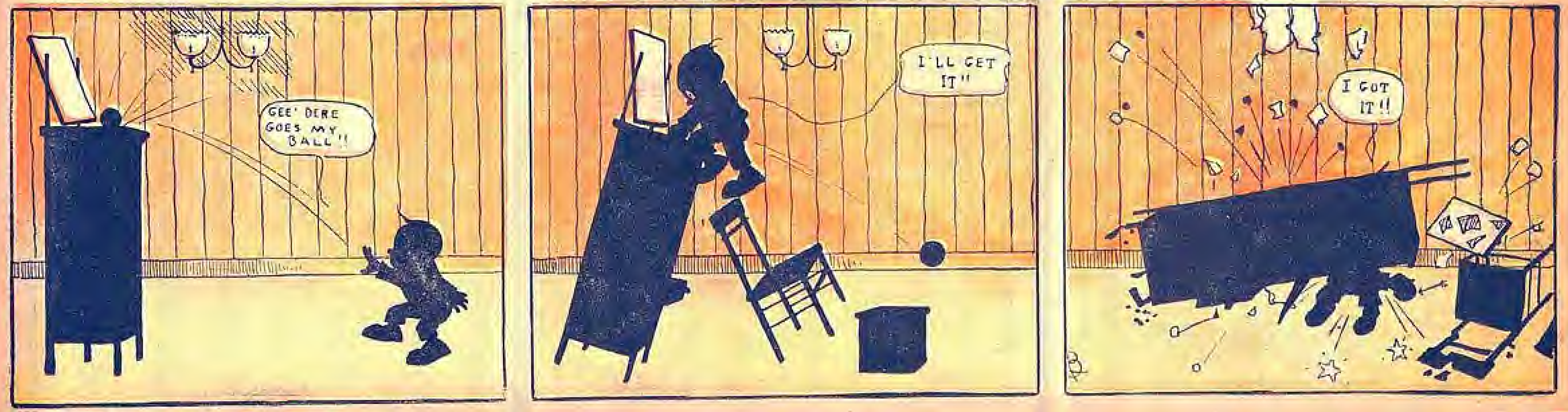
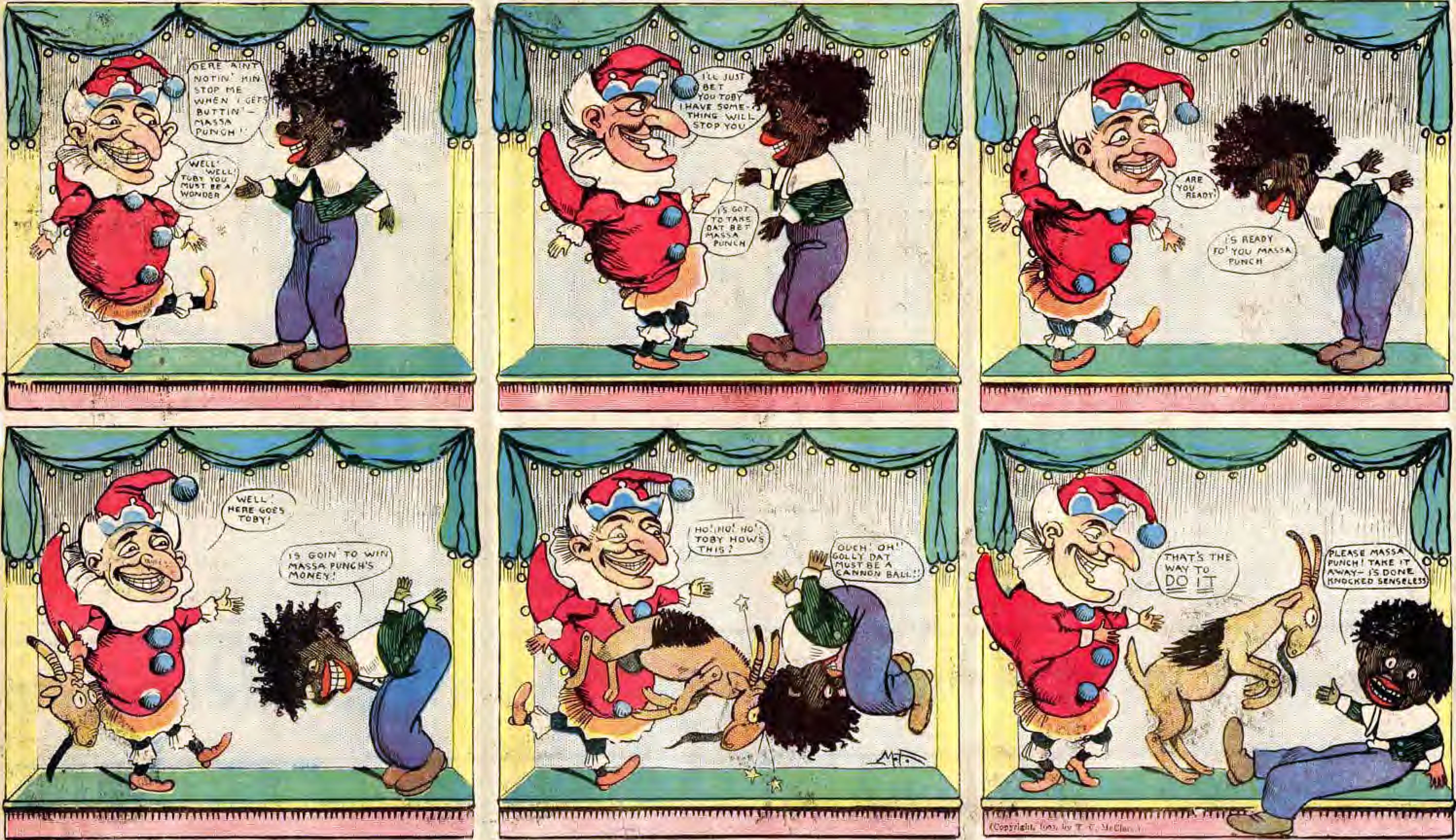
The Ready Money Ladies—Who Pay While You Wait


GIT WISE TO THE DAMES WID DE HAPPY RAGS ON.
I'LL PAY THE FARE BELLA.
NEVER MIND STELLA I'LL PAY IT.
SOUTH FERRY TRAIN!
THEATRE TONIGHT LEANING AGAINST THE RIVER OR WHO BUILT THE OCEAN SO CLOSE TO THE SHORE.
TICKET OFFICE
REMEMBER LADIES THERE IS ONLY SEVEN DAYS IN A WEEK.
NOW DON'T GET RECKLESS WITH YOUR MONEY.
I HAVE THE CHANGE BELLA.
LET ME PAY STELLA
CITY HALL TRAIN
SAY LADIES, WHY DON'T YOU WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW?
THIS WOULD GIVE ME BRAIN FEVER, IF I HAD ANY PLACE TO PUT IT.
UM!
NO LET ME PAY
INSIST.
SOUTH FERRY TRAIN.
IF THEY STAY MUCH LONGER THE NEW BRIDGE WILL BE OPEN.
EVERY ONE SEEMS TO HAVE A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT.
TWO TICKETS AND—
DONT JAM MY WHISKERS
GET OFF MY FOOT.
OH! MY HAT.
HOW OLD WILL ANN BE, BEFORE THEY START?
SAVE MY HAT.
CHANGE THIS FIVE DOLLAR BILL PLEASE
LOOK OUT FOR MY WHISKERS.
OUCH!
PASS THAT.
PLEASE STEP OFF MY WHISKERS.
PASS ME SOME HELP!
OUCH!
I HAD THE EXACT CHANGE.
NEVER MIND DEAR, YOU MAY PA SOME OTHER T
GEO McMANUS

HOW WILLIE GOT THE BALL - A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE


GEE' DERE GOES MY BALL'!!
I'LL GET IT"
I GOT IT!!

PUNCH AND JUDY UP TO DATE

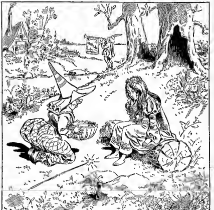

DERE AINT NOTIN' HIN STOP ME WHEN I GETS BUTTIN'— MASSA PUNCH!
WELL! WELL! TOBY YOU MUST BE A WONDER
I'LL JUST BET YOU TOBY I HAVE SOMETHING WILL STOP YOU
I'S GOT TO TAKE DAT BET MASSA PUNCH
ARE YOU READY?
I'S READY FO' YOU MASSA PUNCH
WELL! HERE GOES TOBY!
I'S GOIN' TO WIN MASSA PUNCH'S MONEY!
HO! HO! HO! TOBY HOW'S THIS?
OUCH! OH!! GOLLY DAT MUST BE A CANNON BALL!!
McF.
THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT
PLEASE MASSA PUNCH! TAKE IT AWAY— I'S DONE KNOCKED SENSELESS

(Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.)

Fairy Tales Up to Date, By W. M. Goodes.

CINDERELLA.

In this picture are objects illustrating the missing words, one being hidden. Can you supply the missing words, also find Cinderella's two sisters and the Prince whom she married?



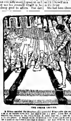
Once upon a time there was a little girl whose father, a widower, married a second time. The second wife had two haughty daughters who made their step-sister's life so miserable that she used to hide herself among the cinders on the hearth to escape their cruel treatment, and so they called her Cinderella, and she was known by that name. She was of so unusually sweet [illegible] that it was her constant delight to be doing good to others. One day while she [illegible] on the cinders the servants brought in an old lady who had been caught in the rain, and they set her down beside the hearth to dry her clothes and eat some porridge. On seeing Cinderella among the cinders she was shocked, and would have sympathized with her, but Cinderella was so ashamed of her unsightly condition that she fled from the house and hid herself in a [illegible] in the forest.

She had been there but a short time when she was startled by a [illegible] proclaiming that the [illegible] would give his son in marriage to anybody in the land who could wear a glass slipper which he possessed. The [illegible] had hardly passed when the old lady who had followed Cinderella to the [illegible] told her not to be alarmed, that she was her godmother, and [illegible] that [illegible] she [illegible] her godmother [illegible] and kept [illegible] while the old lady passed her hand [illegible] forth [illegible] Cinderella [illegible] one past [illegible]. Then she told Cinderella that she [illegible] and knew of all her troubles, had come to help her on the proud [illegible] Cinderella [illegible] and [illegible] she was changed into a beautiful princess, magnificent attired, everything that she [illegible]. Then she had her sit down on a [illegible] while she brought from the [illegible] [illegible] a huge pumpkin [illegible] she used for a [illegible]. Breaking a branch from the [illegible] she [illegible] began to fan. She filled the [illegible] with [illegible] and placed Cinderella [illegible] in it. Resuming the [illegible], she placed upon her [illegible] silken stockings. Then she tapped the pumpkin shell with her [illegible] and instantly it was changed into a magnificent coach, with horses and footmen. Then she [illegible] Cinderella [illegible] in the coach, and off she [illegible] to the [illegible] palace to [illegible] the magic slipper.

She arrived [illegible] in time to see her haughty step-sisters [illegible] to force [illegible] into the glass slipper, and so all the fine ladies in the land had failed; it was now Cinderella's turn to try. Advancing, she modestly slipped her [illegible] into the slipper, and thus she won the [illegible] son for her husband.

After the wedding ceremonies were over the Prince told her that he had known and loved her for a long while, and had sent the fairy godmother for her to try on the glass slipper, knowing that, of all the [illegible] in the land, it would fit only her.

W. M. GOODES.



THE [illegible] LADY.

A Prince married the daughter of a powerful King under the condition that he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Upon her death the King [illegible] the Prince [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

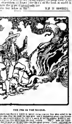
Where is the King?

In the face of the [illegible] the right side of the picture as here [illegible]

SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE OF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

The missing words of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The answers found in a small boy's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



THE IMP IN THE BOTTLE.

A wood cutter's son found a bottle in which there was an imp who asked to be liberated. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

In the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Antediluvian Ancestors— *Johnny Skinclothes and His Dinosaurus.*

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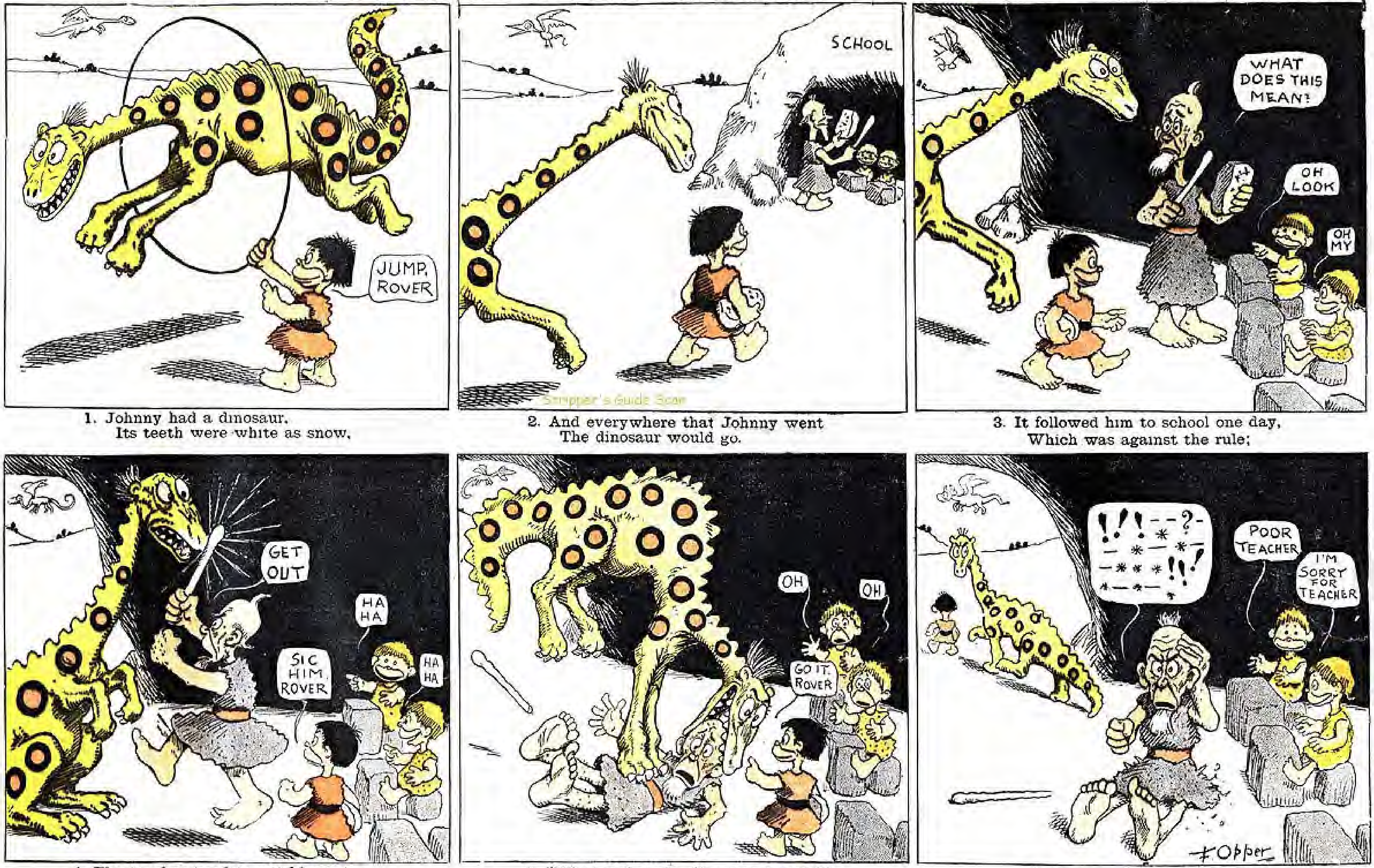

JUMP, ROVER
SCHOOL
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
OH LOOK
OH MY
GET OUT
HA HA
HA HA
SIC HIM, ROVER
OH
OH
GO IT, ROVER
!!!--?-
—*—*—
—***!!!
——*
POOR TEACHER
I'M SORRY FOR TEACHER
F. Opper

Stripper's Guide Scan

1. Johnny had a dinosaur,
Its teeth were white as snow,

2. And everywhere that Johnny went
The dinosaur would go.

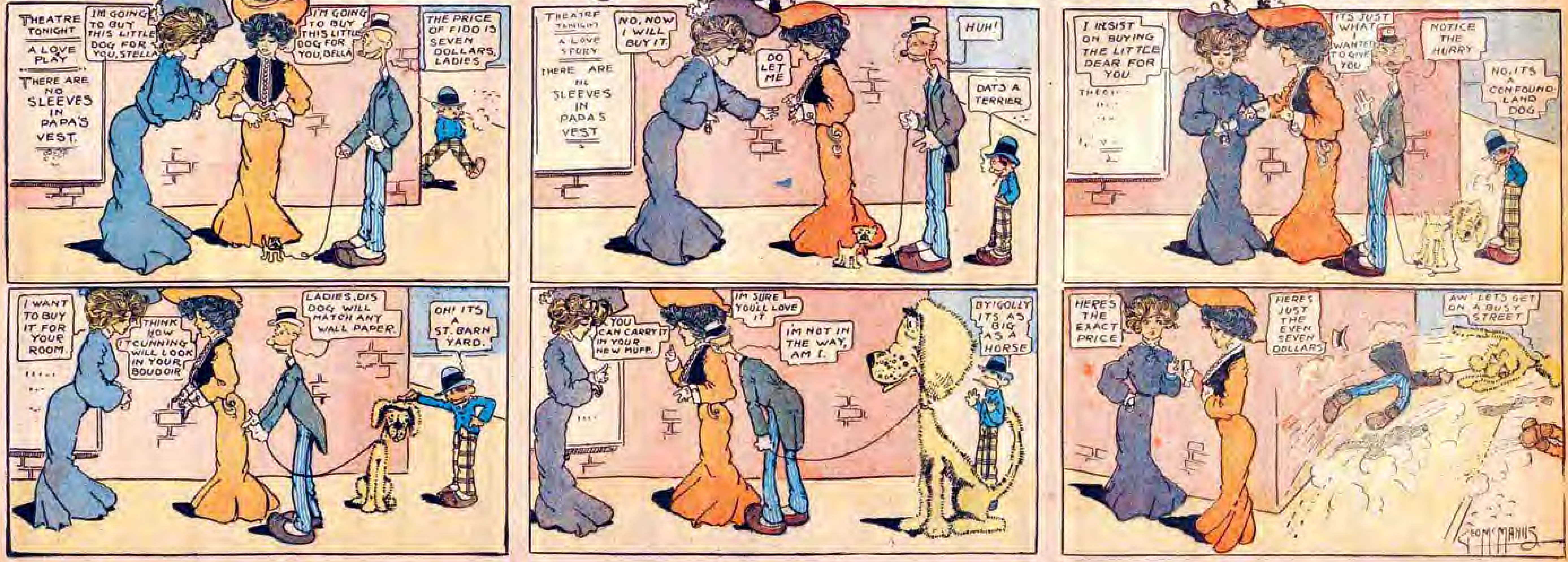
3. It followed him to school one day,
Which was against the rule;

4. The teacher tried to put him out—
(The teacher was a fool!)

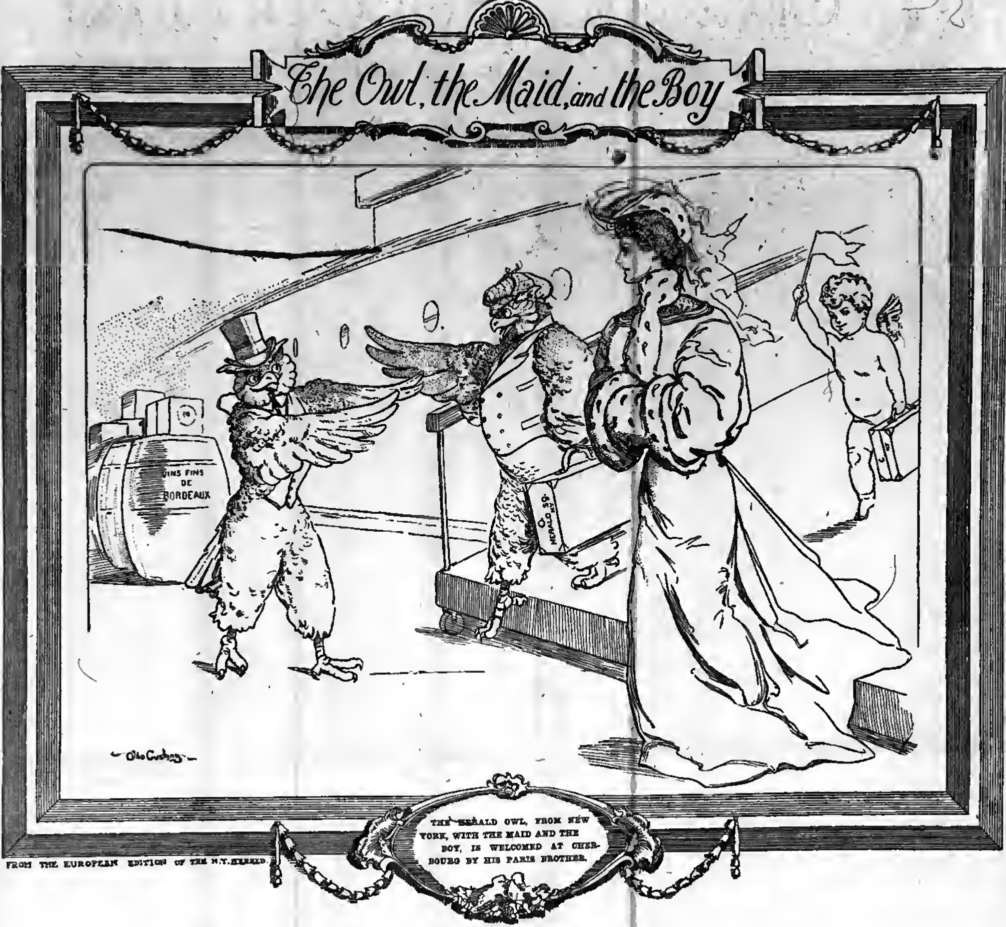
5. "What makes the dinosaurus sore?"
The eager children cry;

6. !!!xx——!!xx——!!
The teacher did reply.

WHILE FIDO WAITED FOR THE READY MONEY LADIES TO BUY HIM.


THEATRE TONIGHT
A LOVE PLAY
THERE ARE NO SLEEVES IN PAPA'S VEST.
I'M GOING TO BUY THIS LITTLE DOG FOR YOU, STELLA
I'M GOING TO BUY THIS LITTLE DOG FOR YOU, BELLA
THE PRICE OF FIDO IS SEVEN DOLLARS, LADIES
THEATRE TONIGHT
A LOVE STORY
THERE ARE NO SLEEVES IN PAPA'S VEST
NO, NOW I WILL BUY IT.
DO LET ME
HUH!
DATS A TERRIER
I INSIST ON BUYING THE LITTLE DEAR FOR YOU.
ITS JUST WHAT I WANTED TO GIVE YOU
NOTICE THE HURRY
NO, ITS A CONFOUNDLAND DOG
I WANT TO BUY IT FOR YOUR ROOM.
THINK HOW IT CUNNING WILL LOOK IN YOUR BOUDOIR
LADIES, DIS DOG WILL MATCH ANY WALL PAPER.
OH! ITS A ST. BARN YARD.
YOU CAN CARRY IT IN YOUR NEW MUFF.
I'M SURE YOU'LL LOVE IT
I'M NOT IN THE WAY, AM I.
BY GOLLY ITS AS BIG AS A HORSE
HERE'S THE EXACT PRICE
HERE'S JUST THE EVEN SEVEN DOLLARS
AW! LET'S GET ON A BUSY STREET.
GEO. McMANUS

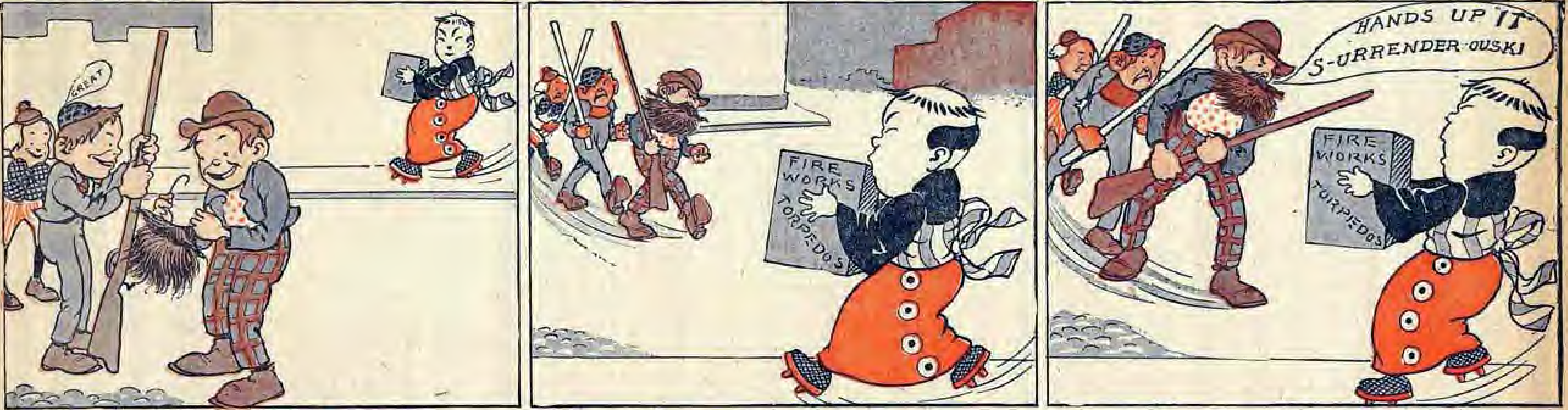
The Owl, the Maid, and the Boy


VINS FINS DE BORDEAUX
HERALD N.Y.
Otto Cushing

THE HERALD OWL, FROM NEW YORK, WITH THE MAID AND THE BOY, IS WELCOMED AT CHERBOURG BY HIS PARIS BROTHER.

FROM THE EUROPEAN EDITION OF THE N.Y. HERALD.

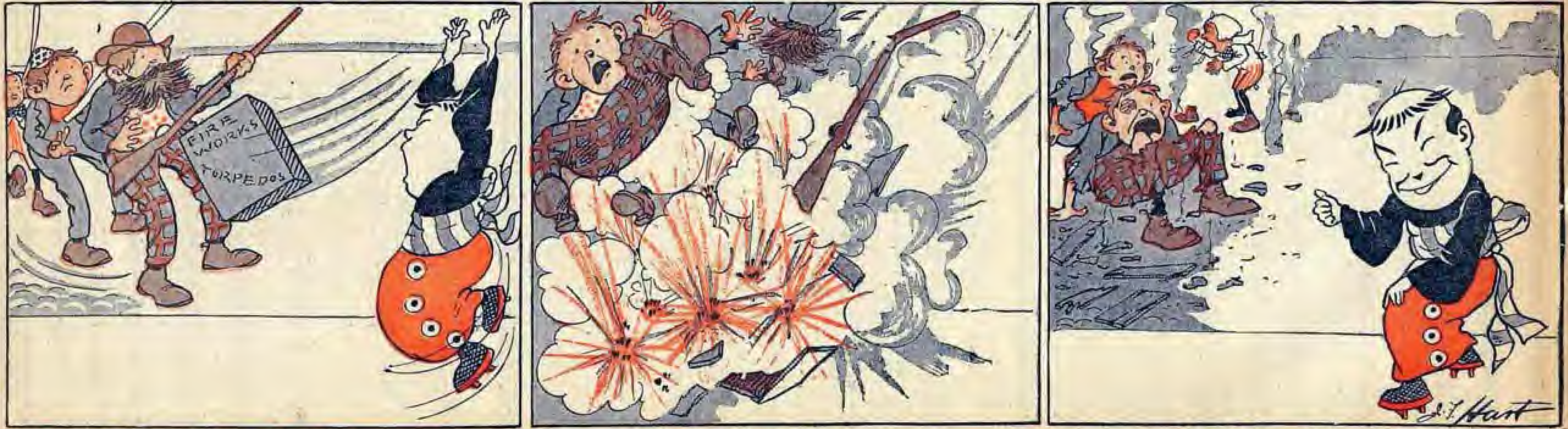
LITTLE JAP "IT" AND THE FIERCE RUSSIANS


GREAT
FIRE WORKS TORPEDOS
FIRE WORKS TORPEDOS
HANDS UP IT S-URRENDER-OUSKI

"I'll be de Russhin gen'ral, an' we'll play war."

"Look fierce, fellers! He's skeered stiff a'ready!"

"Now we Russhins 'll do 'It.'"

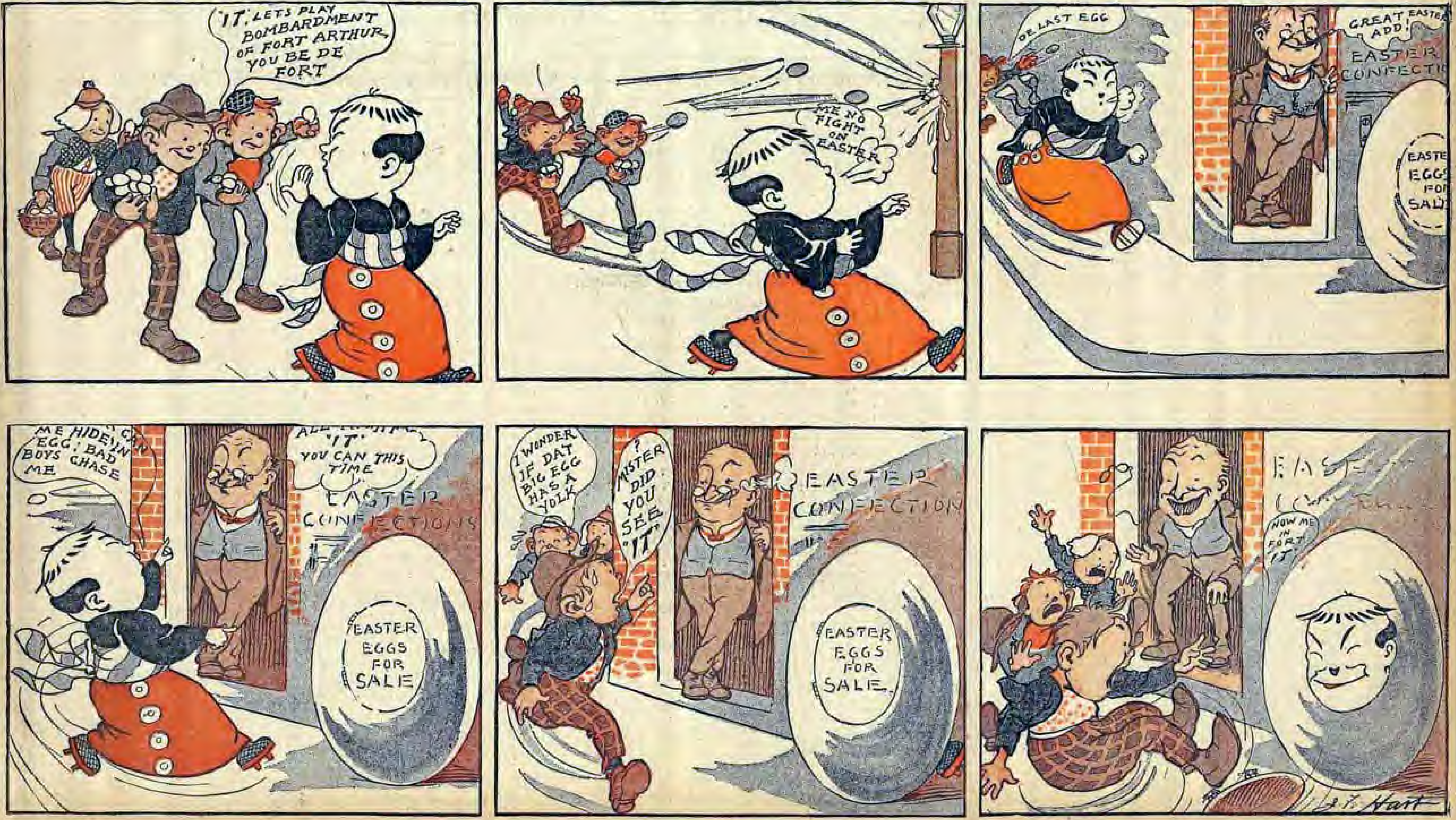

FIRE WORKS TORPEDOS
J. T. Hart

"It" promptly throws up his hands.

The "Russhins" go up in the air.

They didn't know "It" was loaded."

"IT" HAS AN EXPERIENCE WITH WAR AND AN EASTER EGG


"IT," LETS PLAY BOMBARDMENT OF FORT ARTHUR, YOU BE DE FORT
ME NO FIGHT ON EASTER
DE LAST EGG
GREAT EASTER ADD!
EASTER CONFECTI
EASTE EGGS FO SAL
ME HIDE IN CAN EGG; BAD BOYS CHASE ME
ALL "IT" YOU CAN THIS TIME
EASTER CONFECTIONS
EASTER EGGS FOR SALE
I WONDER IF DAT BIG EGG HAS A YOLK
? MISTER DID YOU SEE "IT"
EASTER CONFECTION
EASTER EGGS FOR SALE.
EAS
NOW ME IN FORT "IT"
J.T. Hart

THE HANDY MAN FROM TIMBUCTOO

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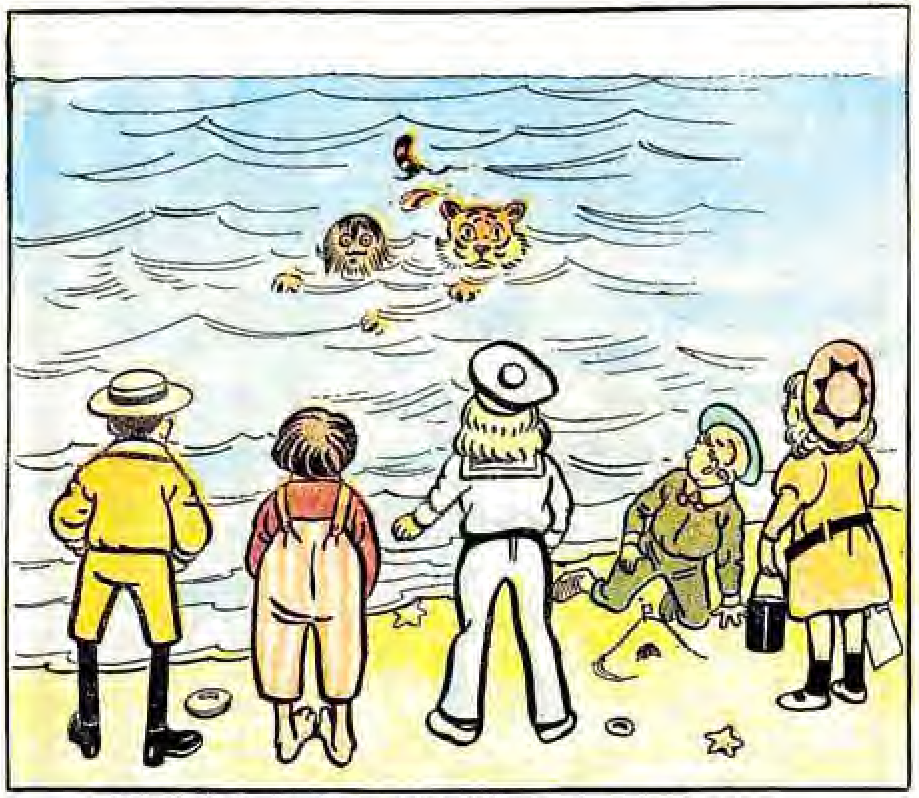
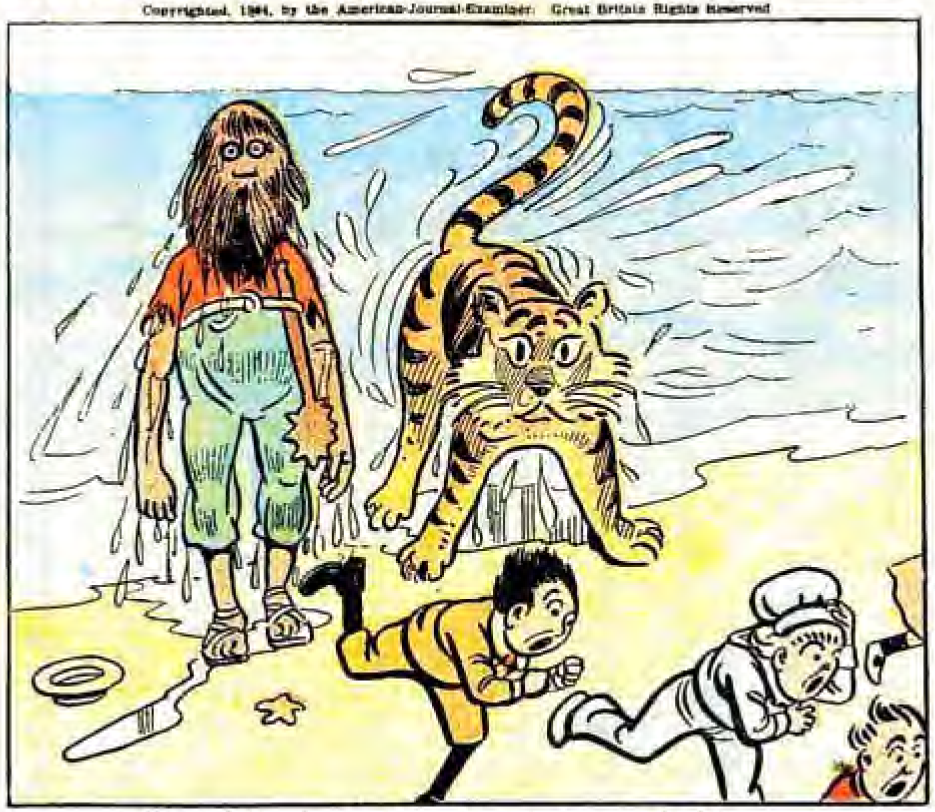
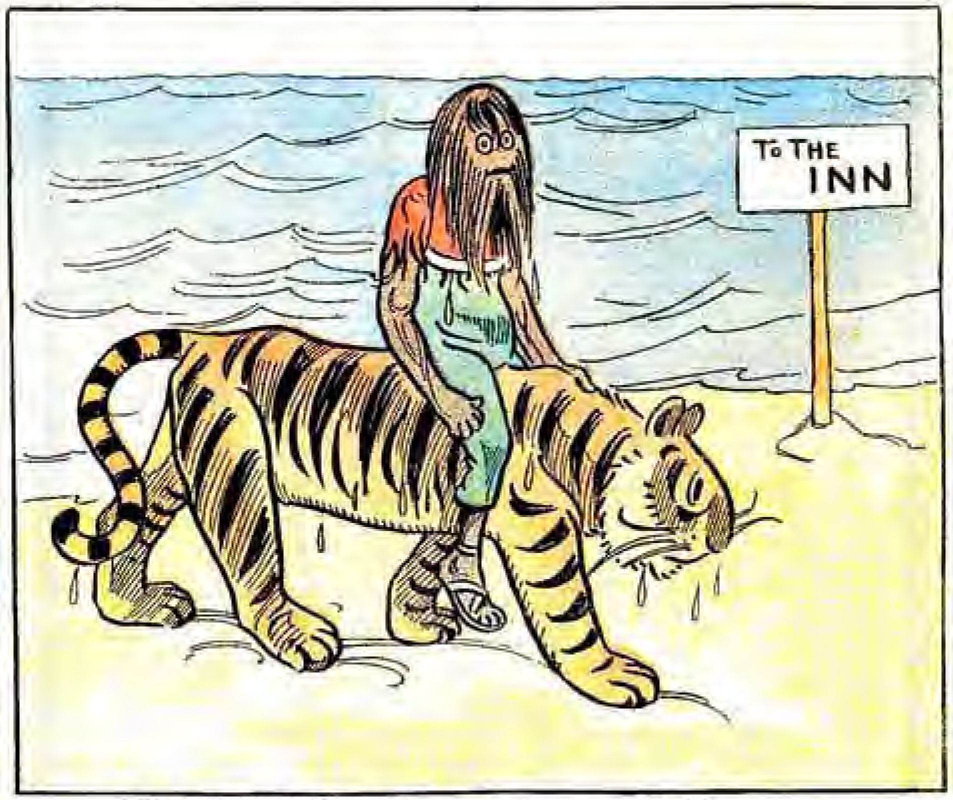


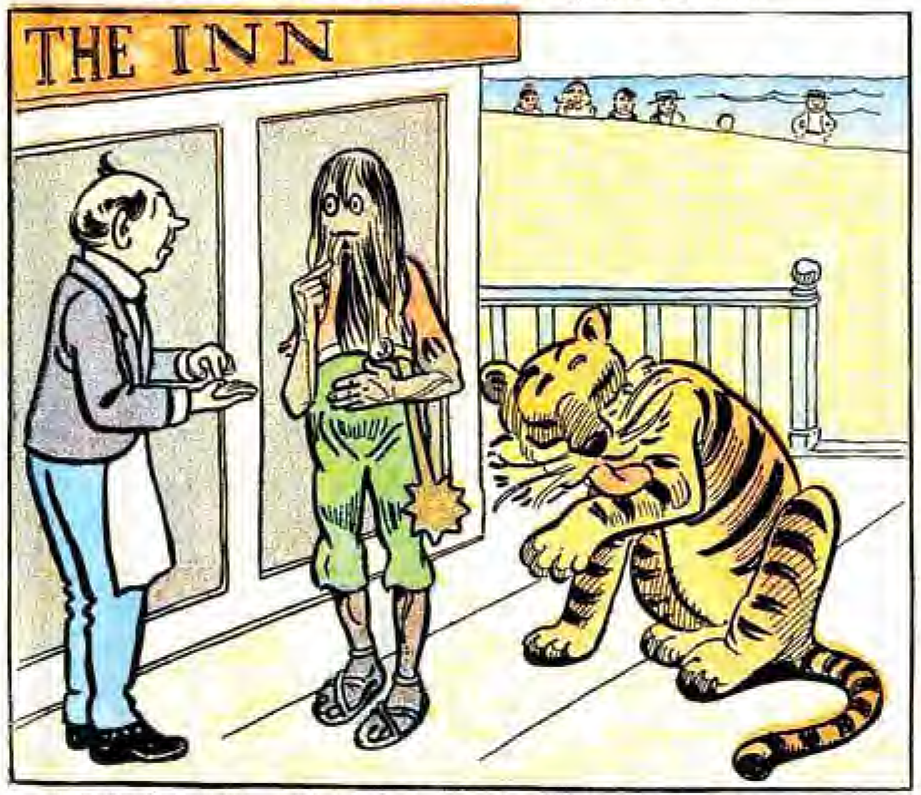
1. One Summer day the HANDY MAN, together with his tiger,
Swam clear across the ocean from the jungles of the Niger.



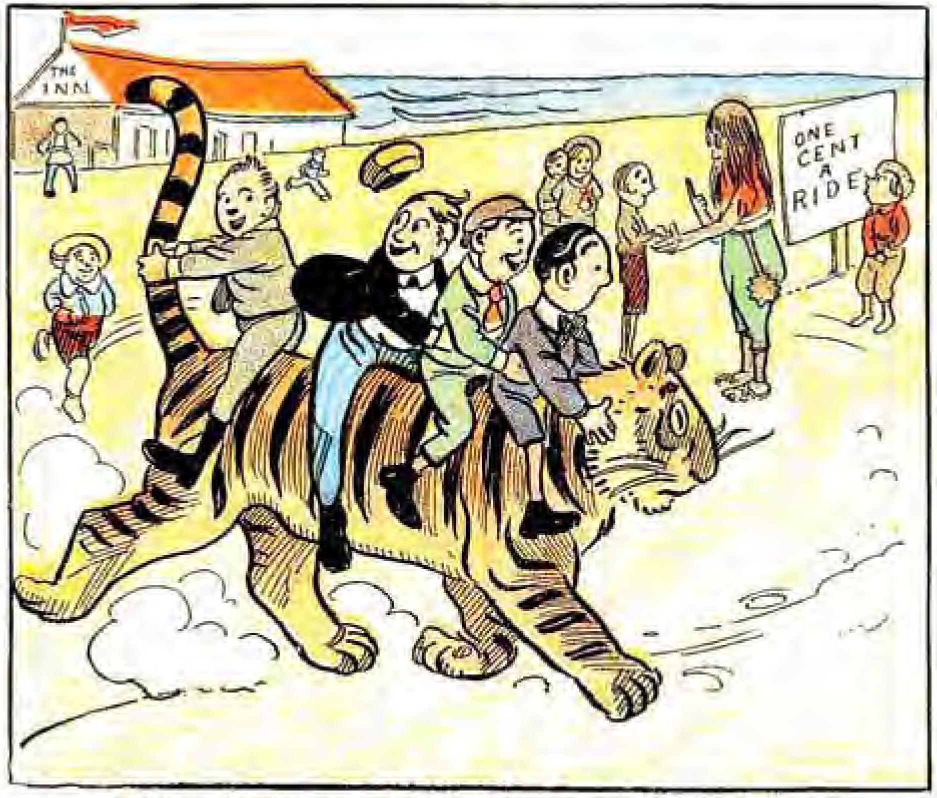
2. The children in America who saw them in the bay
Were startled by the curious sight, and screaming, ran away.



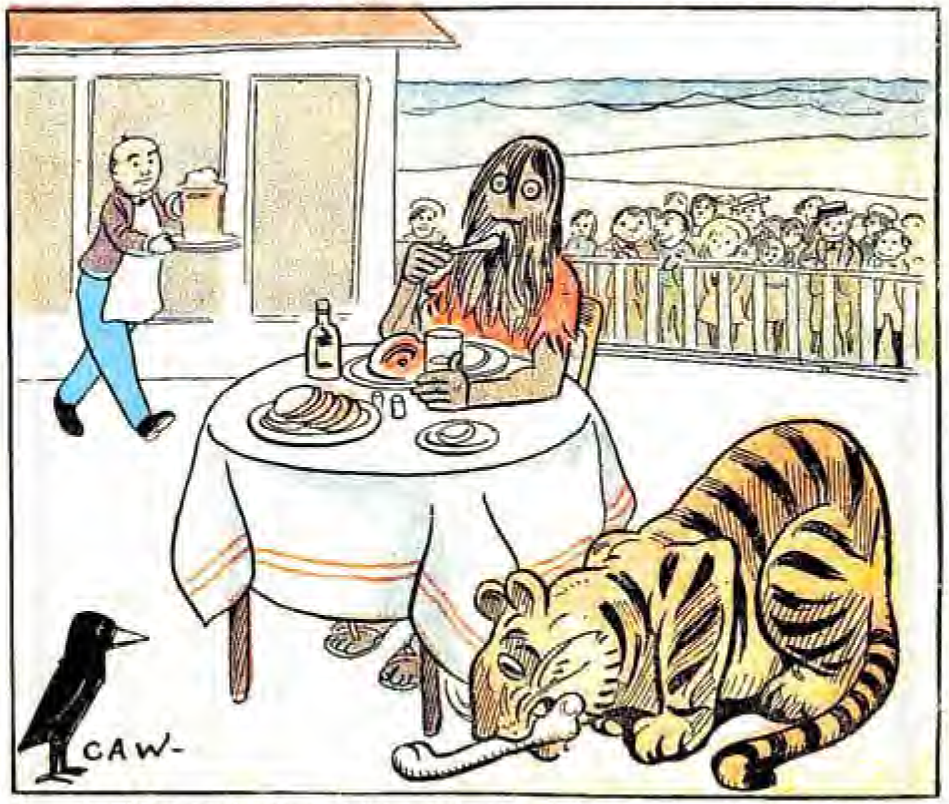
3. Both HANDY MAN and tiger were very worn and thin—
They had not eaten for three weeks—and so they sought an inn;



4. But when they asked for food they found they could not have a bit,
Because they had no money, and so could not pay for it.

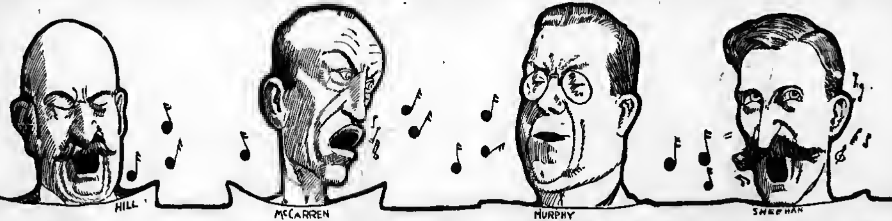


5. This made them very sad until a happy plan they tried
Of letting all the children pay a penny for a ride.



6. This brought them quite a fortune, and the way they dined that night
Made all the waiters wonder at their awful appetite.

Good-Bye, Teddy! You Must M-a-r-c-h! M-a-r-c-h! M-a-r-c-h!



Let Everybody Sing the Great Sunday World's Democratic Campaign Song!

A Melody for Marching Millions

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE SUNDAY WORLD BY PAUL WEST & JOHN W. BRATTON

AUTHORS OF POPULAR SONGS BEYOND NUMBER.

HERE'S THE CHORUS---LEARN IT IN ADVANCE.

"Good morning, Mr. Roosevelt! Permit us to present
Just the man that we've selected,
And who's going to be elected
In your place as President.
Go wash the White House china,
And all the linen starch,
Have a clever metal-marker
Stamp the door-plate 'A. B. PARKER.'
Good-bye, Teddy! You must march! March!! March!!!"

In Separate Sheet-Music Form.

A Stirring Song for Determined Democrats.

A Copy with Every Sunday World To-Morrow.

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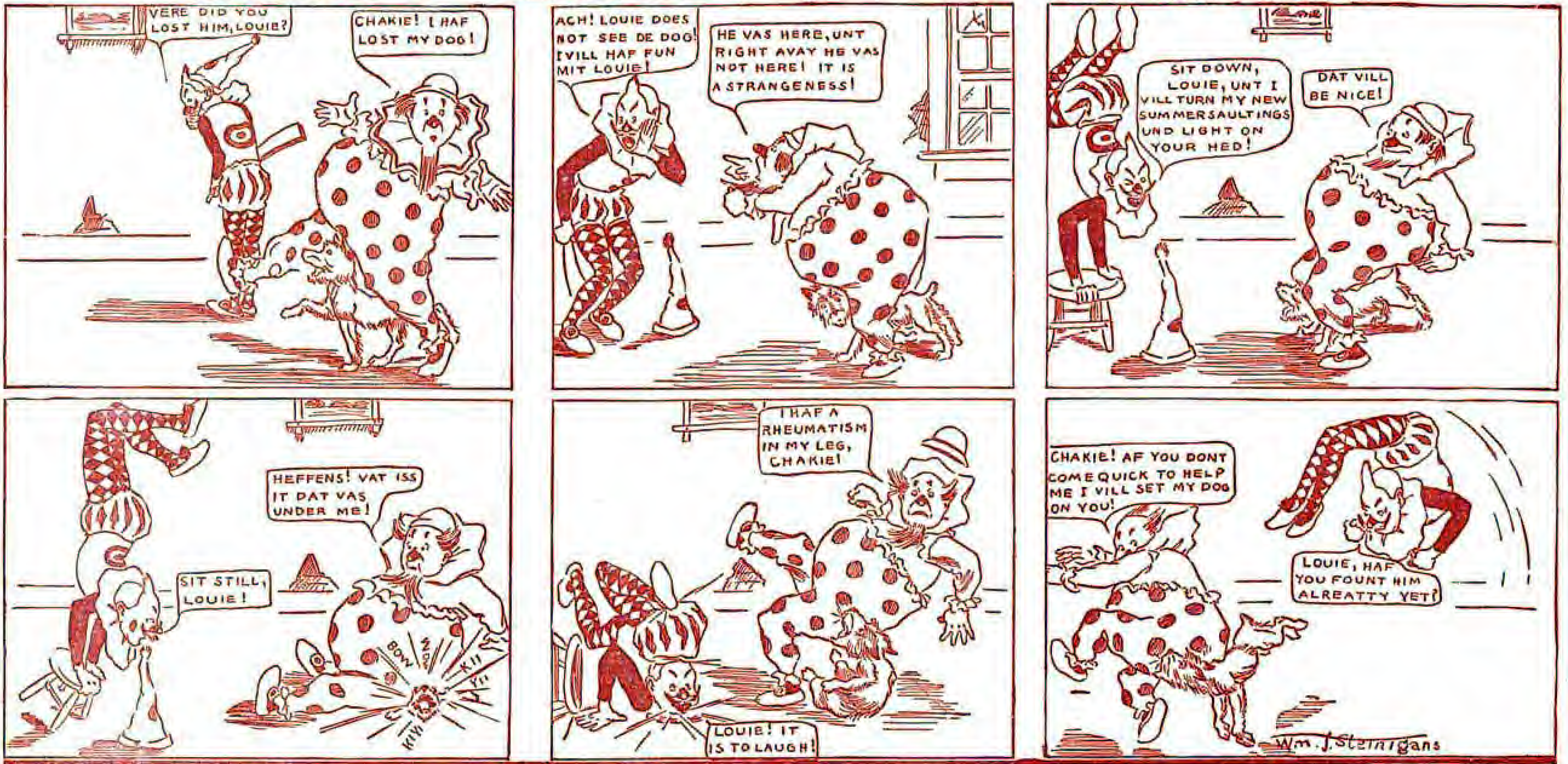
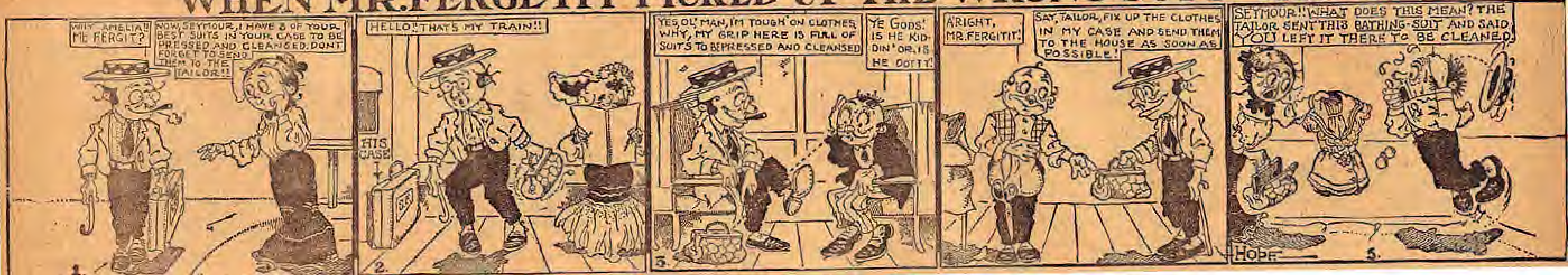
AMERICA'S
GREATEST
NEWSPAPER

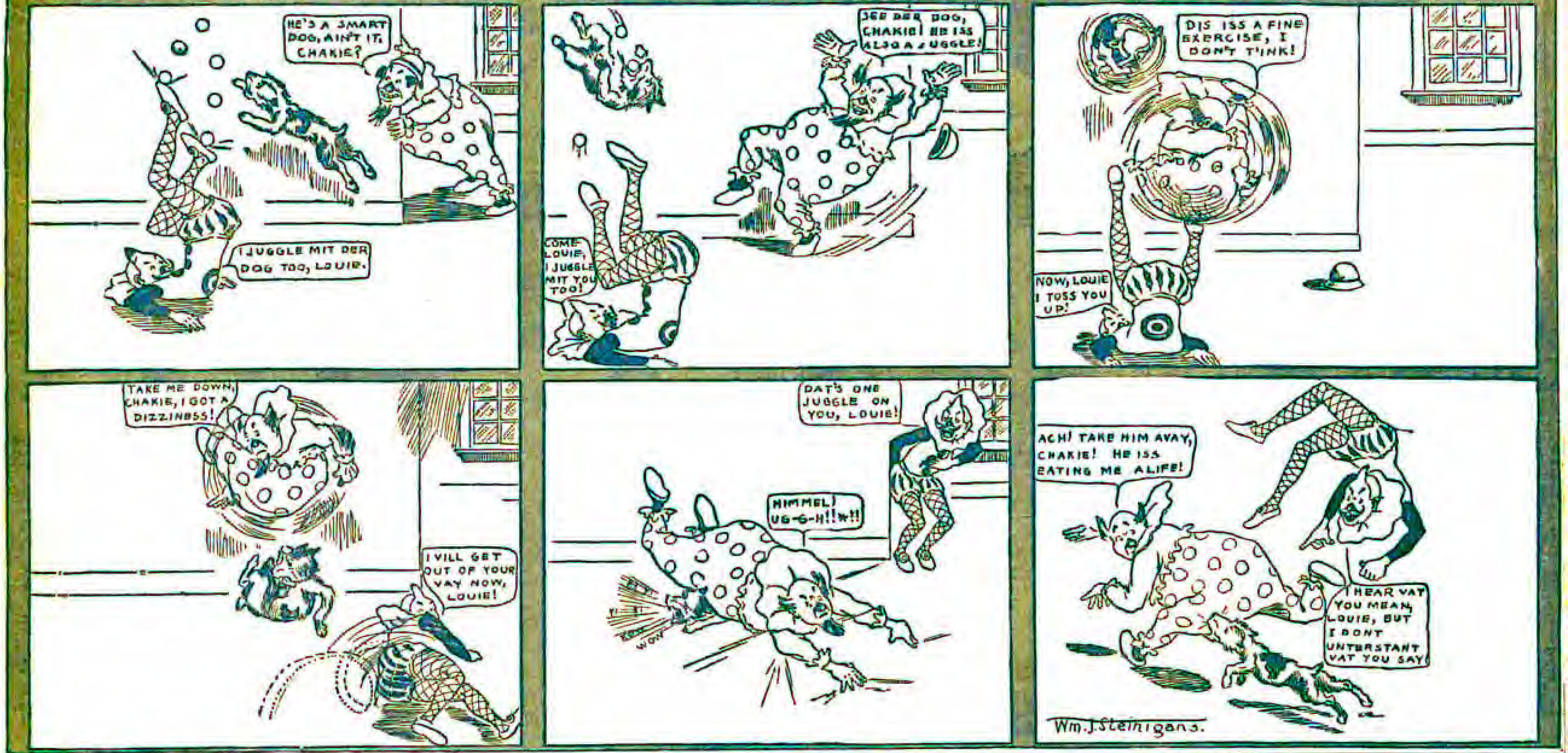
LOUIE UNT CHAKIE — HOW LOUIE FOUND HIS LOST DOG.


VERE DID YOU LOST HIM, LOUIE?
CHAKIE! I HAF LOST MY DOG!
ACH! LOUIE DOES NOT SEE DE DOG! I VILL HAF FUN MIT LOUIE!
HE VAS HERE, UNT RIGHT AVAY HE VAS NOT HERE! IT IS A STRANGENESS!
SIT DOWN, LOUIE, UNT I VILL TURN MY NEW SUMMERSAULTINGS UND LIGHT ON YOUR HED!
DAT VILL BE NICE!
HEFFENS! VAT ISS IT DAT VAS UNDER ME!
SIT STILL, LOUIE!
BOW
WOW
KI!!
YI!!
KI YI
I HAF A RHEUMATISM IN MY LEG, CHAKIE!
LOUIE! IT IS TO LAUGH!
CHAKIE! AF YOU DONT COME QUICK TO HELP ME I VILL SET MY DOG ON YOU!
LOUIE, HAF YOU FOUNT HIM ALREATTY YET?
Wm. J. Steinigans

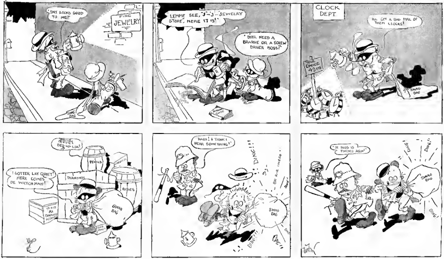
WHEN MR. FERGETIT PICKED UP THE WRONG SUIT CASE.

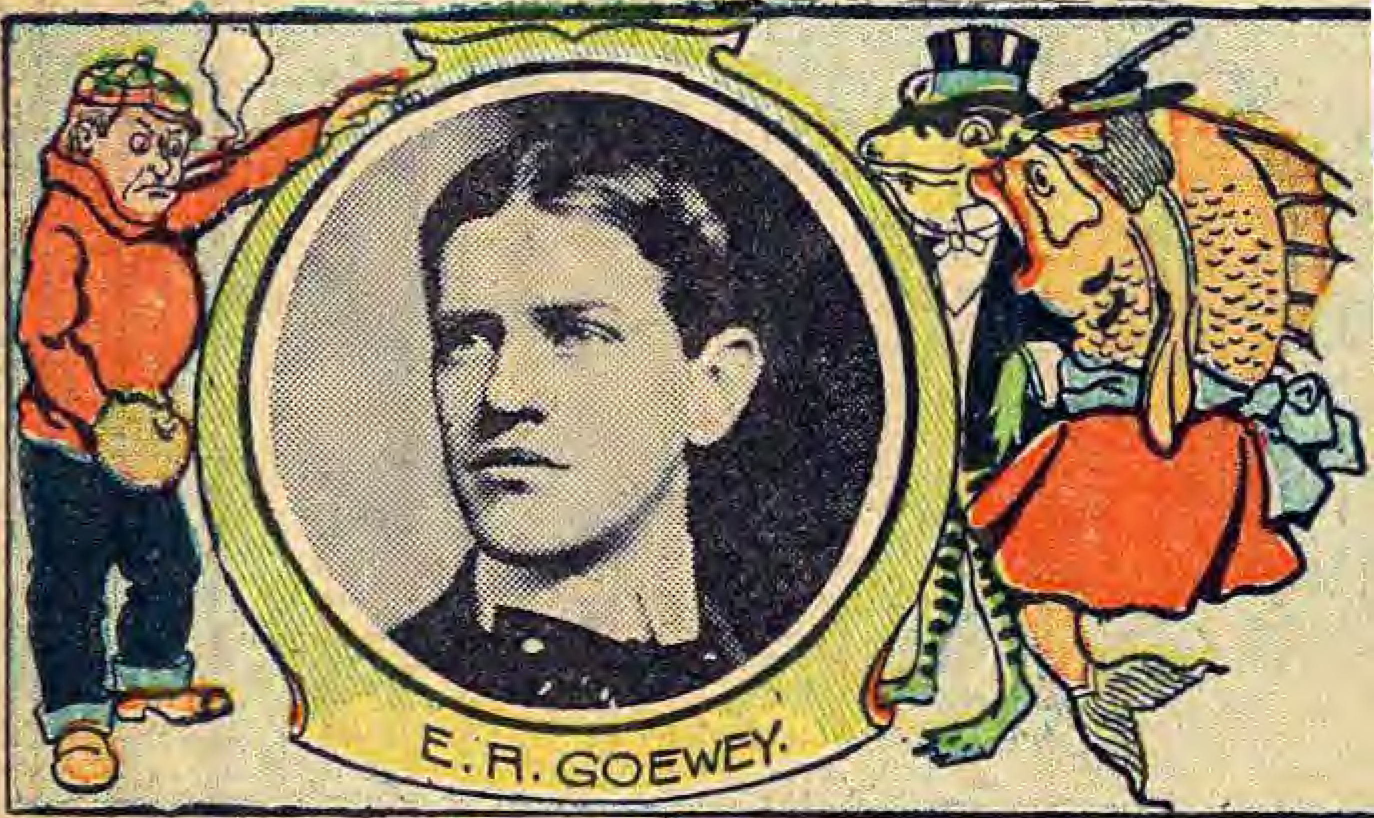

WHY AMELIA!! ME FERGIT?
NOW, SEYMOUR, I HAVE 8 OF YOUR BEST SUITS IN YOUR CASE TO BE PRESSED AND CLEANSED. DONT FORGET TO SEND THEM TO THE TAILOR!!
1.
HELLO!! THAT'S MY TRAIN!!
HIS CASE
2.
YES, OL' MAN, I'M TOUGH ON CLOTHES, WHY, MY GRIP HERE IS FULL OF SUITS TO BE PRESSED AND CLEANSED
YE GODS! IS HE KIDDIN' OR IS HE DOTTY!
5.
ARIGHT, MR. FERGITIT!
SAY, TAILOR, FIX UP THE CLOTHES IN MY CASE AND SEND THEM TO THE HOUSE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
SEYMOUR!! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? THE TAILOR SENT THIS BATHING-SUIT AND SAID YOU LEFT IT THERE TO BE CLEANED!
HOPE
5.

CHAKIE SHOWS LOUIE A NEW JUGGLE TRICK.


HE'S A SMART DOG, AIN'T IT, CHAKIE?
I JUGGLE MIT DER DOG TOO, LOUIE.
SEE DER DOG, CHAKIE! HE ISS ALSO A JUGGLE!
COME LOUIE, I JUGGLE MIT YOU TOO!
DIS ISS A FINE EXERCISE, I DON'T T'INK!
NOW, LOUIE I TOSS YOU UP!
TAKE ME DOWN, CHAKIE, I GOT A DIZZINESS!
I VILL GET OUT OF YOUR VAY NOW, LOUIE!
DAT'S ONE JUGGLE ON YOU, LOUIE!
HIMMEL! UG-G-H!!*!!
WOW
ACH! TAKE HIM AVAY, CHAKIE! HE ISS EATING ME ALIFE!
I HEAR VAT YOU MEAN, LOUIE, BUT I DONT UNTERSTANT VAT YOU SAY
Wm. J. Steinigans.

Snaffles de Sneak Steals a Bag of Alarm Clocks


"DAT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!"
FINE JEWELRY
SWAG BAG
LEMME SEE, "J"—"J"—"JEWELRY STORE", HERE IT IS!"
"DYER NEED A BRASSIE OR A SCREW DRIVER BOSS?"
CLOCK DEPT
YOUR CHOICE 49 CTS
ILL GIT A BAG FULL OF THEM CLOCKS!
SWAG BAG
BED-AY-LIA!
PEARLS
DIAMONDS
RUBIES
"I GOTTER LAY QUIET HERE COMES DE WATCH MAN!"
SWAG BAG
HARK! I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING!"
DING!!!
BR-R-R INGGG
DING!
SWAG BAG
DING!!!
DING!!
"DE BOSS IS PINCHED AGIN!"
DING!
DING!!
SWAG BAG
DING!


E. R. GOEWEY.

THE HANDY MAN FROM TIMBUCTOO

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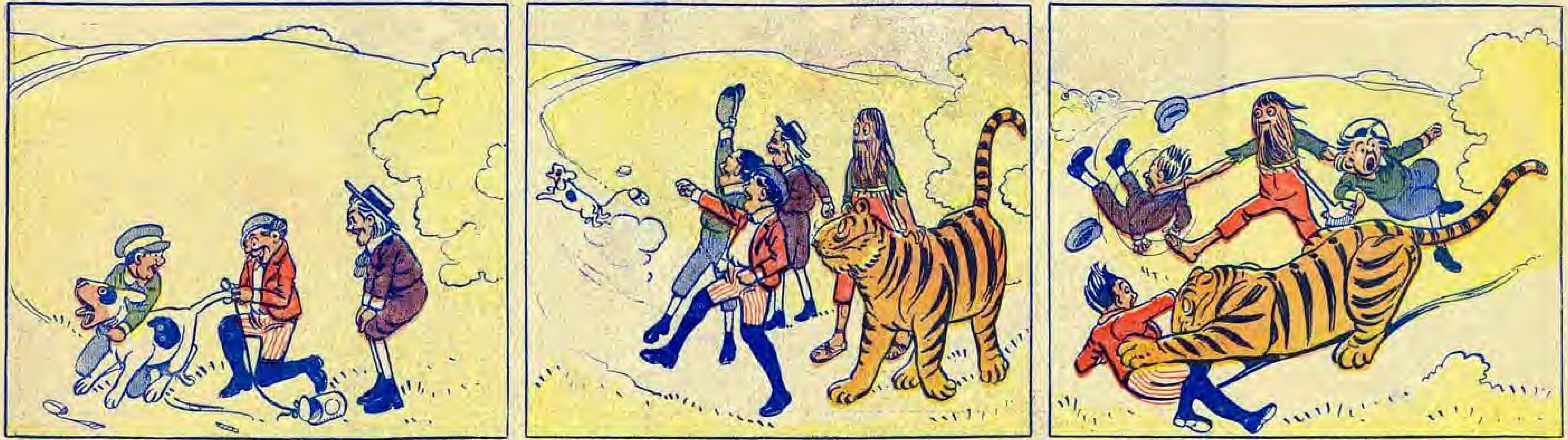
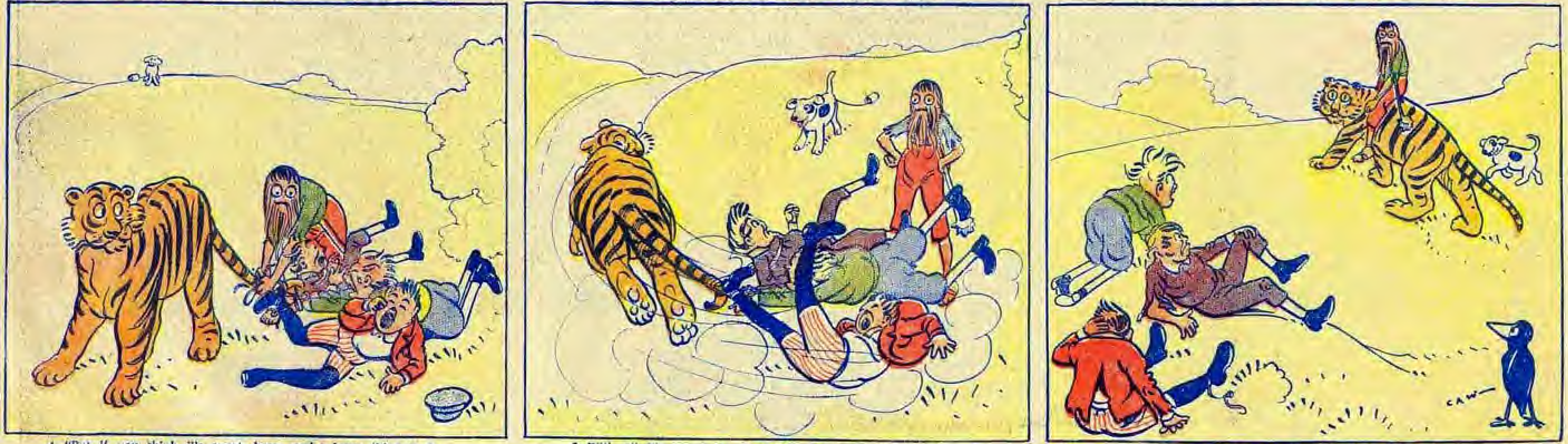


1. Just see these little rascals, who should really be in jail;
They think it's fun to tie things to a homeless doggie's tail.

2. They gave the dog a parting kick, and laughed as off he ran—
Just then appeared the Tiger and the big-eyed Handy Man.

3. The Handy Man was angry, and he said, "I did not know
"That little boys could treat a poor, defenceless doggie so.



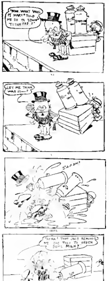
4. "But if you think it's sport, boys, and a funny thing to do,
"You surely cannot blame us if we have some fun with you"

5. With all his speed the Tiger then began to run around,
And those three naughty boys got many bumps upon the ground.

6. The moral of this tale should be forever kept in view:
"Do unto others only as you'd have them do to you!"

MR. ABSENT MINDE.

He Is Reminded Again

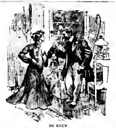

"NOW WHAT WAS IT MARY TOLD ME DO IN TOWN TODAY ??? ?"
"LET ME THINK WAS IT—?"
S'LOSH!
"AHHA! THAT JUST REMINDS ME SHE TOLD TO ORDER SOME MILK!"

Changed.
[illegible]

Touching.
[illegible]

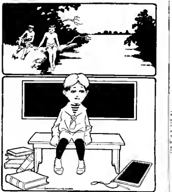
Overdone.
Harper—I often wonder why Jenkins is not more popular. For he is the most polite man I know.
[illegible]—That is just the trouble. He is so [illegible] polite he leaves the impression that he wants to borrow money.—Town Topics.

Function of Feasible.
[illegible]

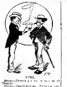


HE KNEW

The Patient's Wife—Now that he is much better, doctor, when will you send in your bill?
The Doctor—Not until he is well. I'm afraid the shock might kill him.

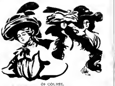


SCHOOL AGAIN JOHNNIE'S DREAM OF PAST DELIGHTS



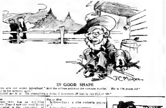
FINE.

Dinley—There's a [illegible] in [illegible] of Theatres.
Dinny—That's nothing. There's a city in China where the people don't have to pay taxes.



OF COURSE.

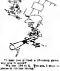
[illegible]
"My goodness. [illegible] young!"



IN GOOD SHAPE

"There are our oldest inhabitant," said the village gallant to the summer tourist. "He is 104 years old."
"And is his memory good?"
"I should say it is. He remembers a dollar I borrowed off him in the fall of '98."

Next Enough.
Little Amos (who has an inquiring mind)—Uncle Tim—I saw the word in the newspaper—what is the meaning of a college?
Uncle Tim (promptly)—[illegible] why, that's what these [illegible] college students reach their hair with.—Puck.



"I hear you pitched a 15-inning game; what was the score?"
"We lost 156 to 2. You see, I went to pieces in the last inning."

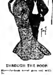
Not to Him.
[illegible]—That's a nice umbrella you've got.
[illegible]—Yes, [illegible] was a present.
[illegible]—Indeed! Who gave it to you?
[illegible]—Nobody gave it to me, but it has an inscription on it showing that it was "presented to [illegible]," whoever [illegible].—Philadelphia Press.

Commensurable.
Teacher—What does [illegible] spell?
[illegible]—Why—er—
[illegible]. Suppose a great, big boy were to strike a little fellow, what would you call him?
[illegible]—[illegible].—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Something Wrong.
[illegible]—[illegible] is a great thing. I've been at it for ten years.
[illegible]—Why don't you start a class of your own?
[illegible]—I haven't the physique.—Town Topics.

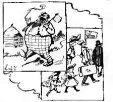
Chauffeur.
[illegible]
[illegible]—Syracuse Telegram.

In the Pudding.
Friend—Why do you call your new butler "Wat [illegible]"?
[illegible]—Well, he's decored [illegible] and eaten [illegible].—Puck.



THROUGH THE ROOF

She—Jackson never goes out with his wife.
He—He went out with her this morning.
She—You surprise me!
He—Yes. The gasoline stove exploded.



NOMADS.

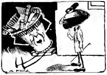
A SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

The Usual Thing.
[illegible] (who has an inquiring mind)—Pa, when a man is too lazy to work and too proud to beg and too honest to steal, what can he do?
Mr. [illegible]—Oh, marry money or organize a new fraternal order.—Puck.

The Wise Landlord.
"Can I see the proprietor?" asks the guest [illegible]
[illegible]

Settle Precedent.
Frosch—You've never been called in consultation, have you?
Young Doctor—No, but I'd like to be. It's nice to charge ten times as much as the other doctor for saying that you don't know any more about the case than he does.—Puck.

Proof.
Mabel—How does Dolly know she has gained two pounds since she came back?
[illegible]—[illegible] get into her [illegible].



FEARFUL.

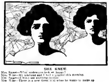
The Waste Basket—[illegible]
[illegible]
Waste Basket—[illegible]

Willing but Hampered.
[illegible]
The [illegible]—No, thank you, ma'am. [illegible] I haven't any time [illegible].—Exchange.

Identified.
[illegible]

Next.
[illegible]—I operated on [illegible] for appendicitis today.
[illegible]—I wonder who will be next?
[illegible]—I don't know. I haven't decided yet.—Life.

Different.
[illegible]
[illegible] you write?"
[illegible]—Syracuse Telegram.



SHE KNEW.

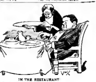
Mrs. Smart—What makes you look so happy?
Mrs. Wise—My husband and I had a quarrel this morning.
Mrs. Smart—I don't see anything in that.
Mrs. Wise—There is a new dress in it when he wants to make up.

Classified.
"O yes, he's got money; there's no denying that."
"But what sort of a fellow is he?"
"Well, the sort of fellow who wears a diamond stud into the bosom of his negligee shirt."—Exchange.

A Natural Mistake.
How do you like that college song Miss [illegible] is singing?
Is that a college song? I thought it was a college yell.—Puck.

Information.
Unsophisticated Visitor—Say, the why do you call this the "Pike"?
Guard (tired of answering the question)—Because it looks so gorgeous, and [illegible] and small fry.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

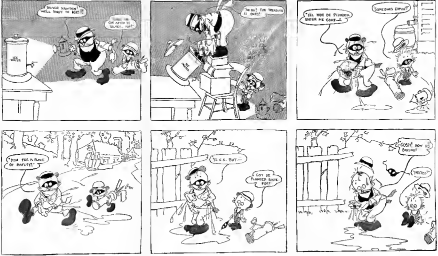
Defined.
Young Nick—Say, pop, what is "the palladium of our liberty"?
Old Nick—The stature of limitations, my boy.—Syracuse Herald.



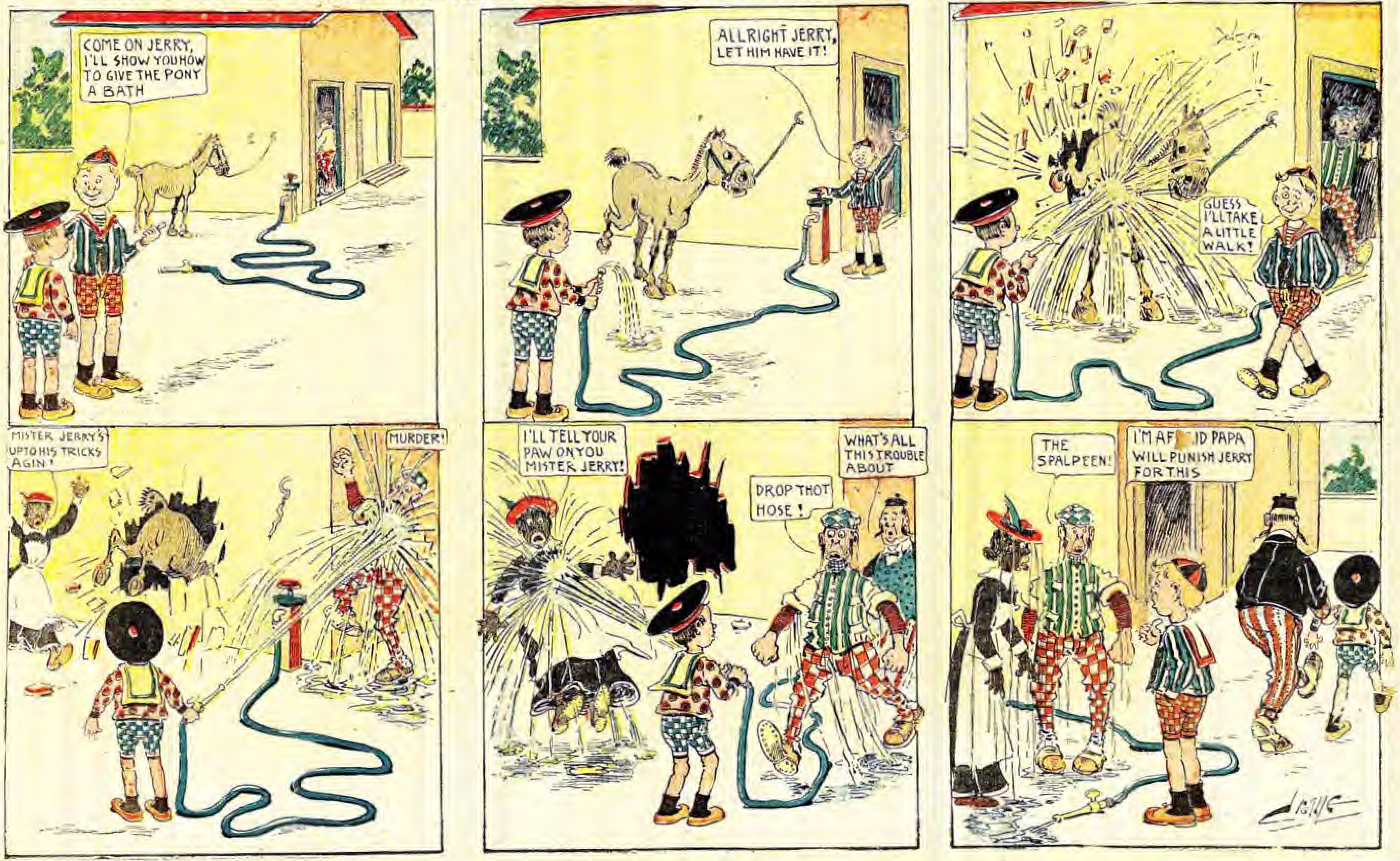
IN THE RESTAURANT

Waiter—Coffee, doctor?
"If you please."
Waiter—Roast beef, doctor?
Customer—Yes, please.
Waiter—Corn, doctor?
Customer—No, sir. Dentist.

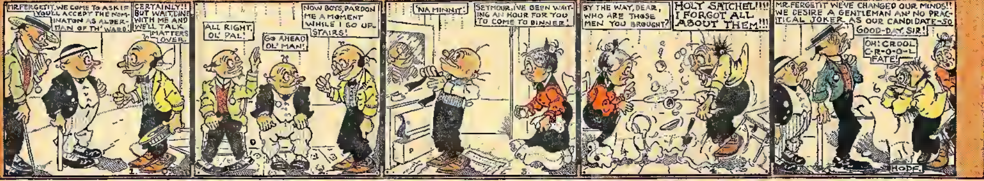
Sneaky Snaffles & Co. More Hard Luck for the Firm.


"SILVER NAWTHIN! WE'LL SWIPE DE ICE!!"
GIT AFTER DE SILVER, POP?"
ICE WATER
"AH HA! THE TREASURE IS OURS!"
ICE WATER
"I'LL HIDE DE PLUNDER UNDER ME COAT—"
"SOMEONES COMIN'!"
"NOW FOR A PLACE OF SAFETY!"
YE-E-S- BUT—
GOT DE PLUNDER SAFE POP?
"GOSH! HOW ITS SHRUNK!
"MELTED!"

JERRY GIVES THE HORSE A BATH INCURRING THEREBY PAPA'S WRATH.


COME ON JERRY, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GIVE THE PONY A BATH
ALLRIGHT JERRY, LET HIM HAVE IT!
GUESS I'LL TAKE A LITTLE WALK!
MISTER JERRY'S UP TO HIS TRICKS AGIN!
MURDER!
I'LL TELL YOUR PAW ON YOU MISTER JERRY!
WHAT'S ALL THIS TROUBLE ABOUT
DROP THOT HOSE!
THE SPALPEEN!
I'M AFRAID PAPA WILL PUNISH JERRY FOR THIS

HOW MR. FERGETIT LOST THE NOMINATION.~

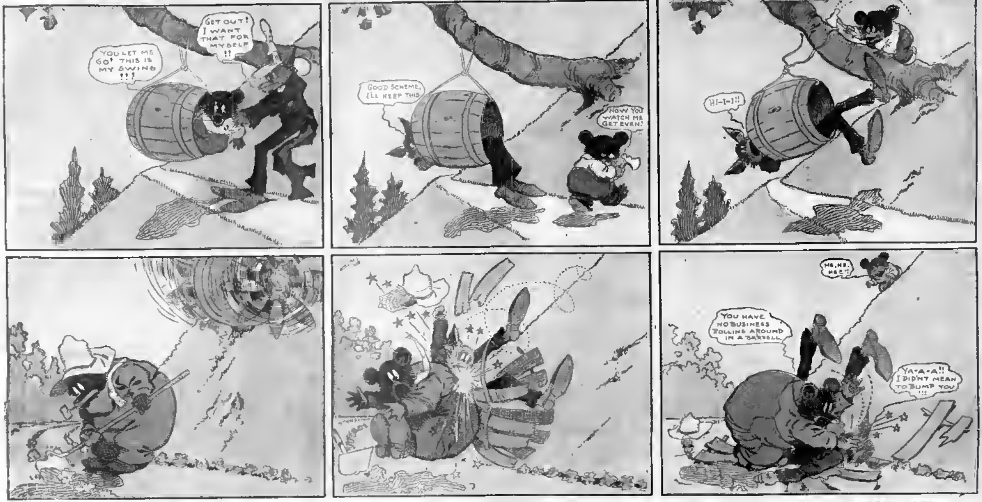

MR. FERGETIT, WE COME TO ASK IF YOU'LL ACCEPT THE NOMINATON AS ALDERMAN OF TH' WARD!
CERTAINLY!! BUT WAIT, DINE WITH ME AND WE'LL TALK MATTERS OVER.
1.
ALL RIGHT, OL' PAL!
GO AHEAD OL' MAN!
NOW BOYS, PARDON ME A MOMENT WHILE I GO UP-STAIRS!
2.
'NA MINNIT!
SEYMOUR, I'VE BEEN WAITING AN HOUR FOR YOU TO COME TO DINNER!
3.
BY THE WAY, DEAR, WHO ARE THOSE MEN YOU BROUGHT?
HOLY SATCHEL!!!! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THEM!!!
4.
MR. FERGETIT WE'VE CHANGED OUR MINDS!! WE DESIRE A GENTLEMAN AN' NO PRACTICAL JOKER AS OUR CANDIDATE-SO GOOD-DAY, SIR!
OH! CROOL C-R-O-O-L FATE!
HOPF.

Comic Section

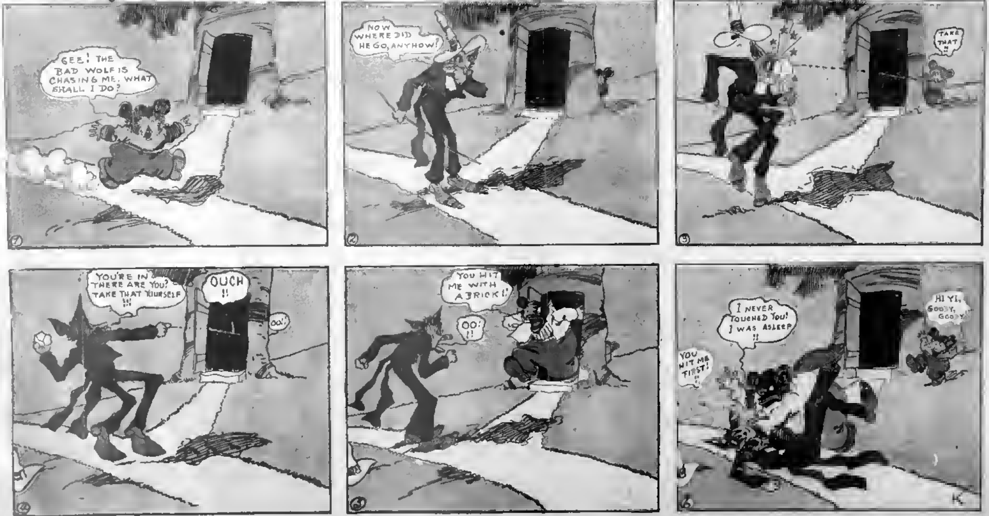
The Philadelphia Inquirer

Oct. 9th 1904

BEAR CREEK FOLKS- THAT BAD WOLF HAD NO BUSINESS TAKING JOHNNY BEARS SWING.


YOU LET ME GO! THIS IS MY SWING !!!
GET OUT! I WANT THAT FOR MYSELF !!
GOOD SCHEME, I'LL KEEP THIS.
NOW YOU WATCH ME GET EVEN!
HI-I-I!!
HE, HE, HEE!!
YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS ROLLING AROUND IN A BARRELL.
YA-A-A!! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BUMP YOU !!

BEAR CREEK FOLKS: THE BAD WOLF WANTED TO WHIP JOHNNY BEAR

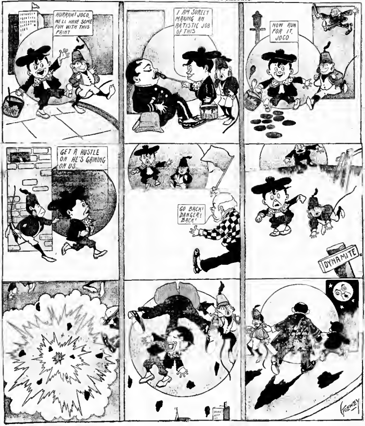

1
GEE! THE BAD WOLF IS CHASING ME. WHAT SHALL I DO?
2
NOW WHERE DID HE GO, ANYHOW?
3
TAKE THAT !!
4
YOU'RE IN THERE ARE YOU? TAKE THAT YOURSELF !!!
OUCH !!
OO!
5
YOU HIT ME WITH A BRICK!!
OO! !!
6
I NEVER TOUCHED YOU! I WAS ASLEEP !!
YOU HIT ME FIRST! !!
HI YI, GOODY, GOODY!
K.

Baltimore 1773 1904 American
Liberty Enlightening the World

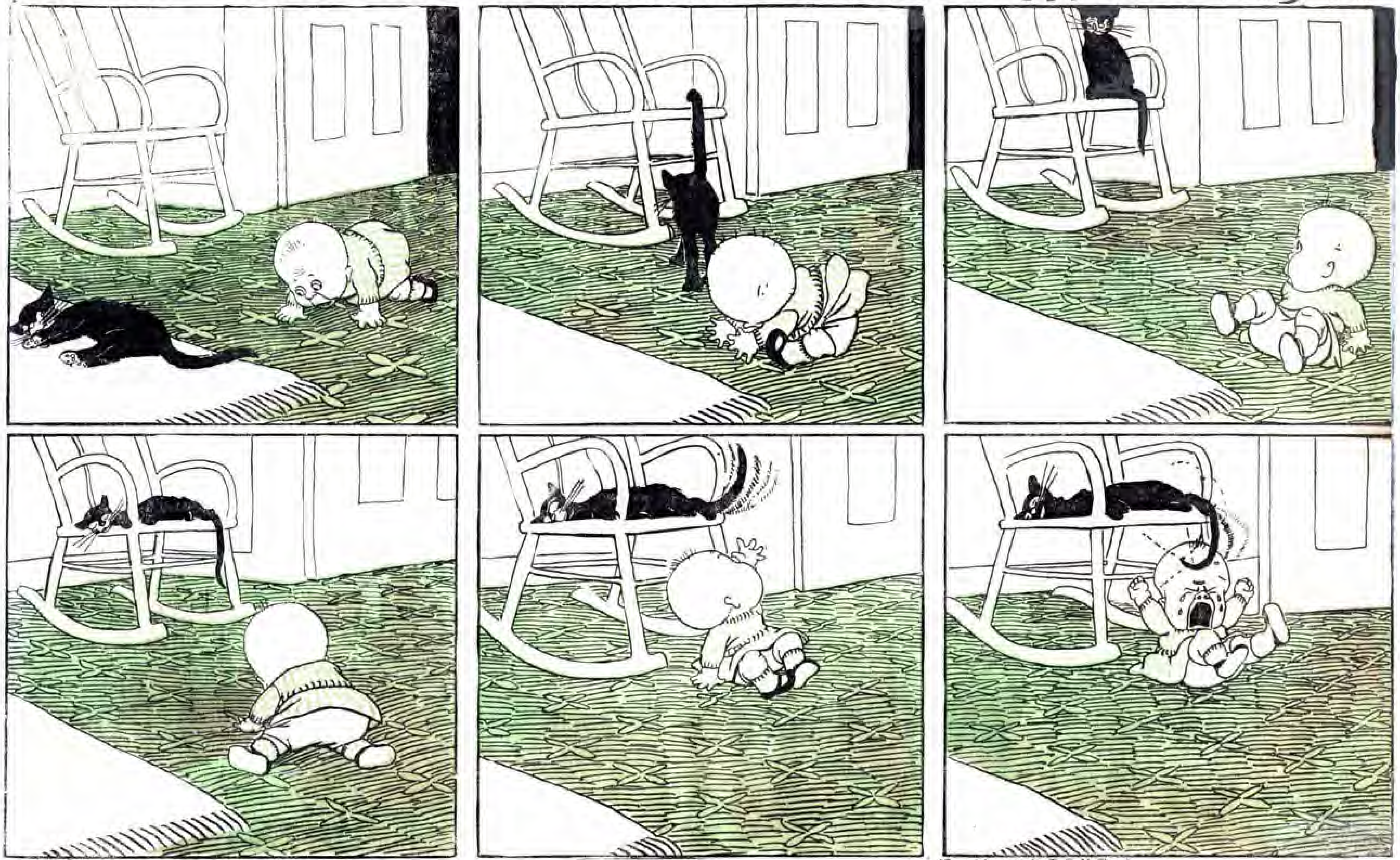
Nov.13,1904

JOCKO AND JACK.

THEY PAINT THE TOWN WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS


HURRAH! JOCO, WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS PAINT
PAINT
I AM SURELY MAKING AN ARTISTIC JOB OF THIS
PAINT
NOW RUN FOR IT, JOCO
GET A HUSTLE ON HE'S GAINING ON US.
GO BACK! DANGER! BACK!
DYNAMITE
GOEWEY

THE BABY *He wanted the Cat's tail but wasnt happy when he got it*



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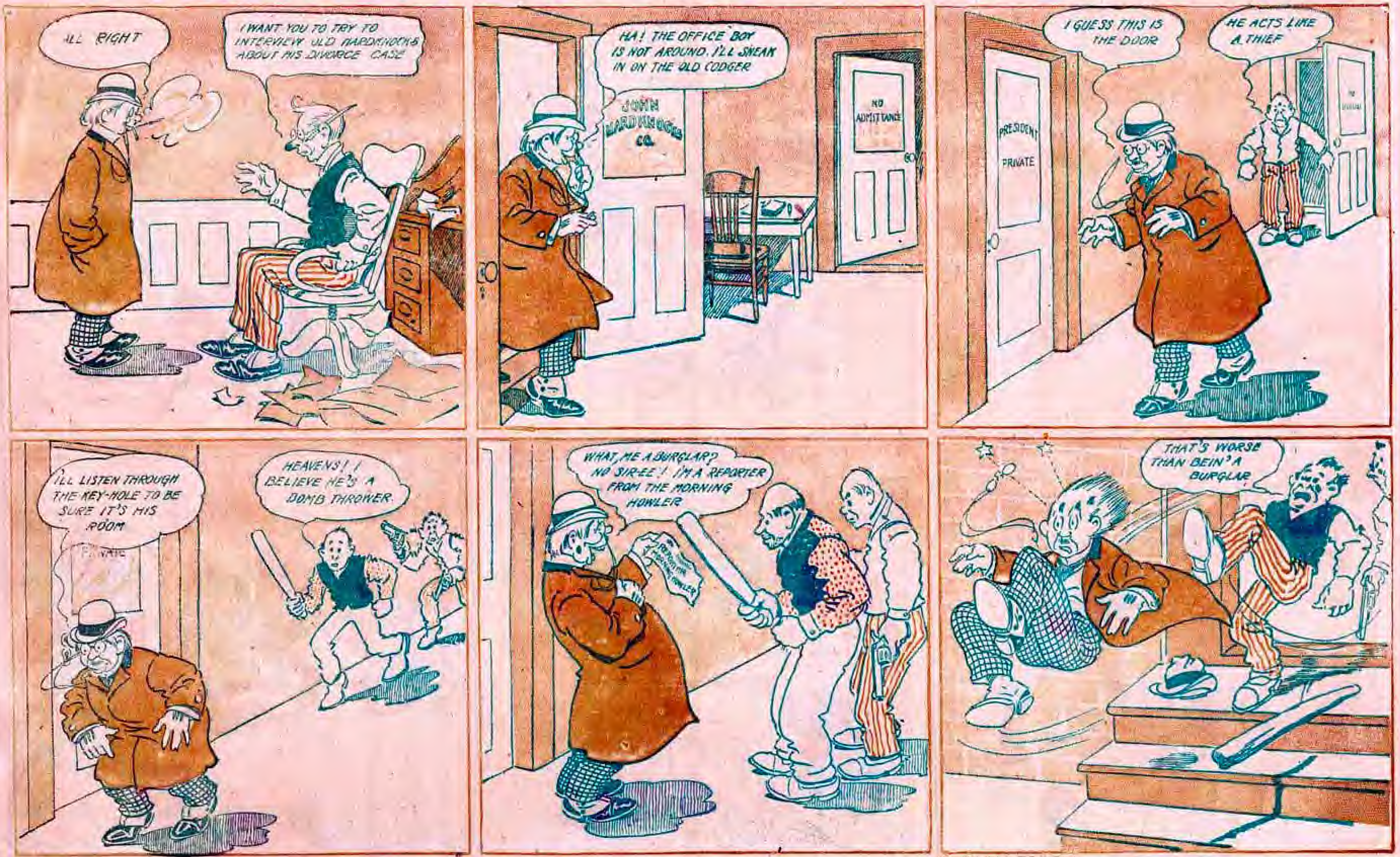
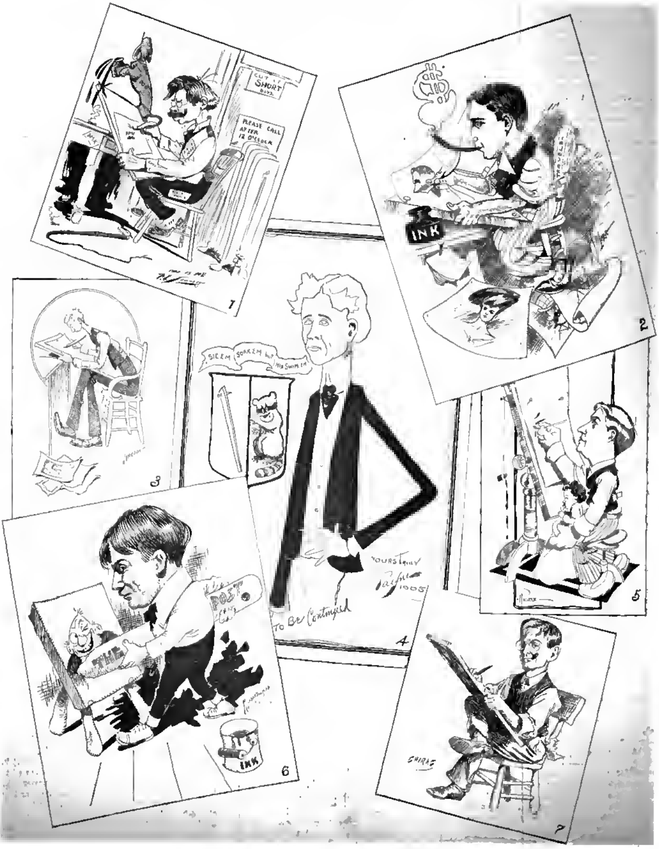
"STUBBY" PENN MAKES HIS DEBUT AS A REPORTER


ALL RIGHT
I WANT YOU TO TRY TO INTERVIEW OLD HARDKNOCKS ABOUT HIS DIVORCE CASE
HA! THE OFFICE BOY IS NOT AROUND. I'LL SNEAK IN ON THE OLD CODGER
JOHN HARDKNOCKS CO.
NO ADMITTANCE
I GUESS THIS IS THE DOOR
HE ACTS LIKE A THIEF
PRESIDENT PRIVATE
I'LL LISTEN THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE TO BE SURE IT'S HIS ROOM
HEAVENS! I BELIEVE HE'S A BOMB THROWER.
WHAT, ME A BURGLAR? NO SIR-EE! I'M A REPORTER FROM THE MORNING HOWLER
THAT'S WORSE THAN BEIN' A BURGLAR

(Copyright, [illegible], by T. C. McClure.)

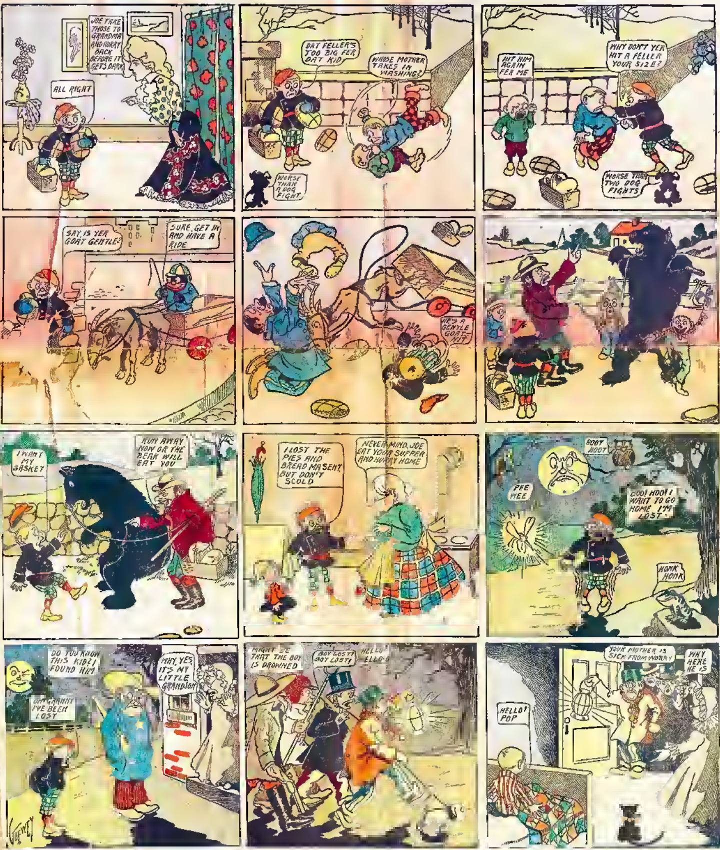
Pittsburgh's Cartoonists by Their Own Pens


CUT IT SHORT BOYS
PLEASE CALL AFTER 12 O'CLOCK
1
INK
2
3
SIC EM
SOAK EM but
HIT SWIM EM
YOURS TRULY
Payne 1905
TO BE Continued
4
5
POST
INK
6
SHIRAS
7

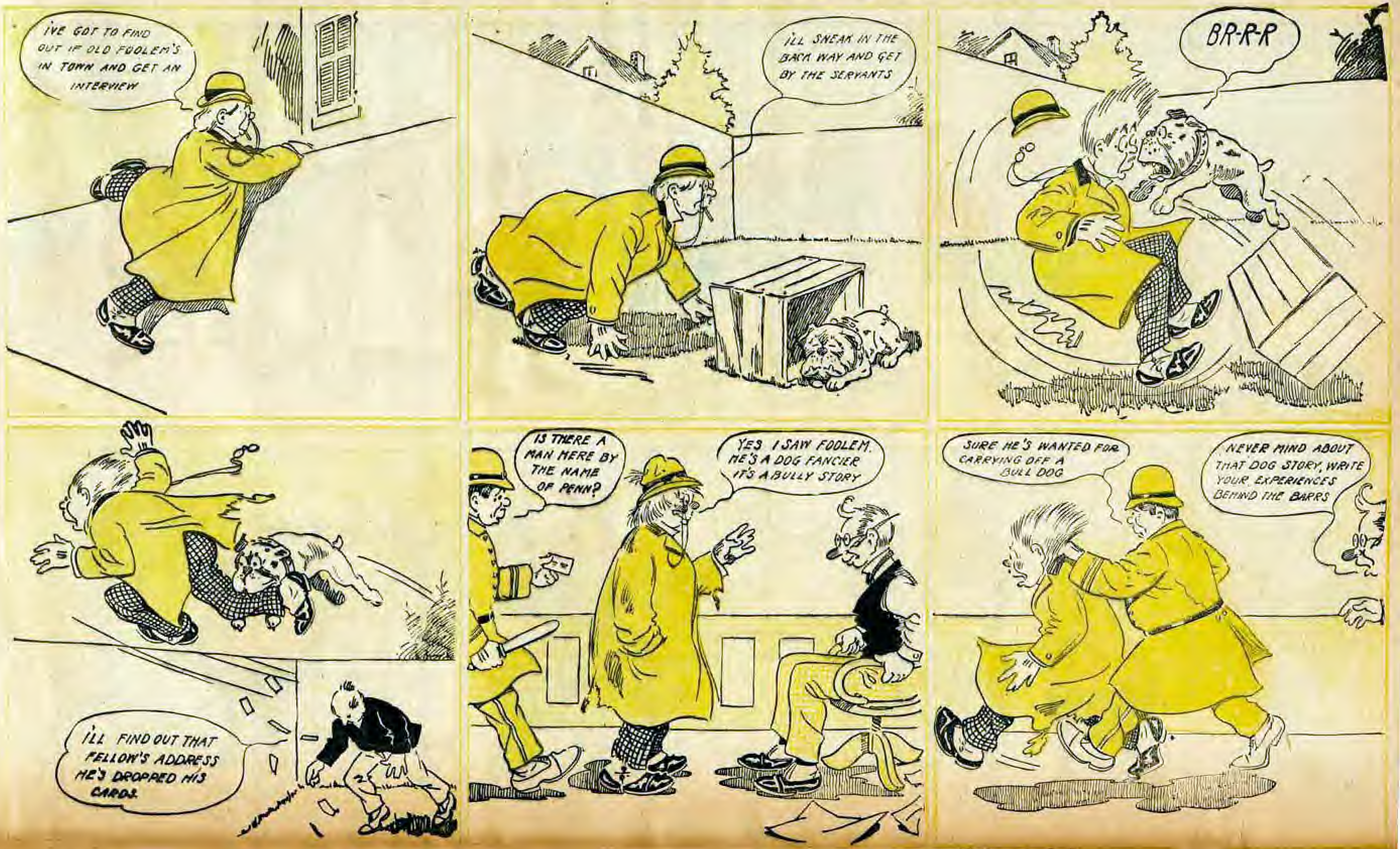
1. F. E. JOHNSTON, Leader.
2. H. S. PALMER, Press.
3. E. W. JAMIESON, Dispatch.
4. CHARLES PAYNE, Gazette.
5. JOS. RIGBY, Press.
6. R. SIDNEY SMITH.
7. O. SHIRAS, Chronicle Telegraph.

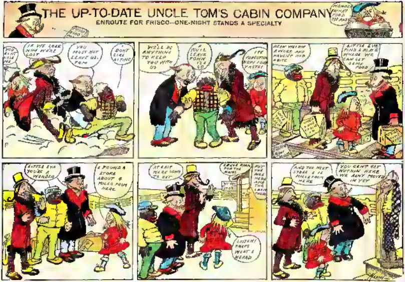
SUNDAY
THE San Francisco CALL
Feb. 26. 1925.

DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR KID DAYS?


JOE TAKE THOSE TO GRANDMA AND HURRY BACK BEFORE IT GETS DARK
ALL RIGHT
DAT FELLER'S TOO BIG FER DAT KID
WHOSE MOTHER TAKES IN WASHING?
WORSE THAN A DOG FIGHT
HIT HIM AGAIN FER ME
WHY DON'T YER HIT A FELLER YOUR SIZE?
WORSE THAN TWO DOG FIGHTS
SAY, IS YER GOAT GENTLE?
SURE, GET IN AND HAVE A RIDE
HE'S A GENTLE GOAT—NIT
I WANT MY BASKET
RUN AWAY NOW OR THE BEAR WILL EAT YOU
I LOST THE PIES AND BREAD MA SENT, BUT DON'T SCOLD
NEVER MIND, JOE EAT YOUR SUPPER AND HURRY HOME
HOOT HOOT
PEE WEE
BOO! HOO! I WANT TO GO HOME I'M LOST
HONK HONK
DO YOU KNOW THIS KID? I FOUND HIM
OH GRANNY I'VE BEEN LOST
WHY, YES, IT'S MY LITTLE GRANDSON
GOEWEY
MIGHT BE THAT THE BOY IS DROWNED
BOY LOST! BOY LOST!
HELLO! ELLO-O
YOUR MOTHER IS SICK FROM WORRY
WHY HERE HE IS
HELLO! POP

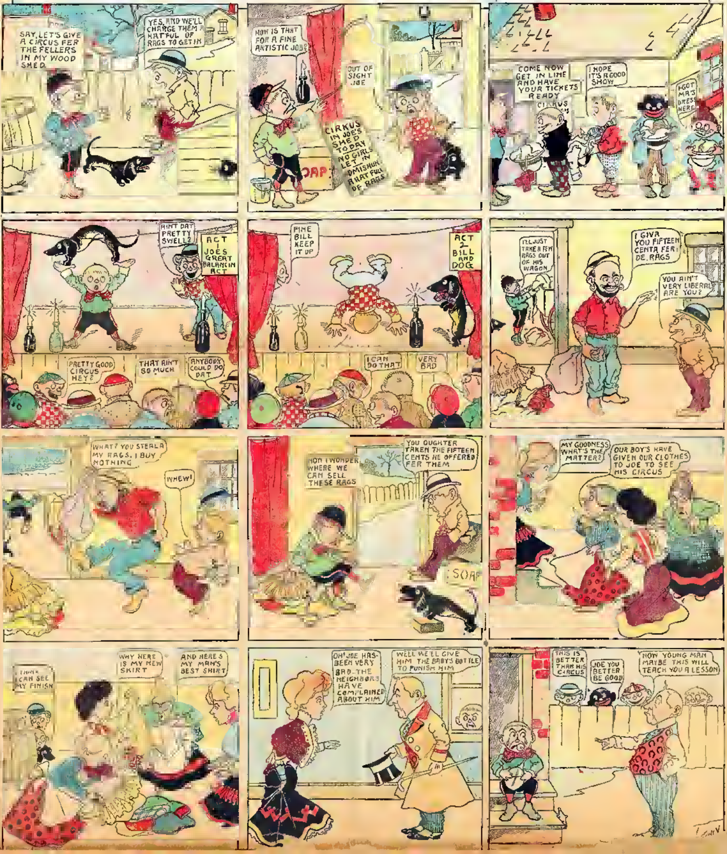
"STUBBY PENN" THE REPORTER


I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF OLD FOOLEM'S IN TOWN AND GET AN INTERVIEW
I'LL SNEAK IN THE BACK WAY AND GET BY THE SERVANTS
BR-R-R
I'LL FIND OUT THAT FELLOW'S ADDRESS HE'S DROPPED HIS CARDS.
IS THERE A MAN HERE BY THE NAME OF PENN?
YES I SAW FOOLEM. HE'S A DOG FANCIER IT'S A BULLY STORY
SURE HE'S WANTED FOR CARRYING OFF A BULL DOG
NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT DOG STORY, WRITE YOUR EXPERIENCES BEHIND THE BARRS


THE UP-TO-DATE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMPANY
ENROUTE FOR FRISCO—ONE-NIGHT STANDS A SPECIALTY
WONDER WHAT FOOD MEANS
YOU CAN'T LOSE ME
IF WE LOSE HIM WE'RE LOST
YOU MUST NOT LEAVE US, TOM
I DON'T LIKE ACTING
WE'LL DO ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU WITH US
IF YOU'LL LEAVE TOWN I'LL GO
I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW FOOD TASTES!
BEEN WALKIN A WEEK AND HAVEN'T HAD A BITE
LITTLE EVA FIND A PLACE WHERE WE CAN GET SOME FOOD
LITTLE EVA YOU'RE A WONDER
I FOUND A STORE ABOUT 4 MILES FROM HERE
AT LAST WE'RE GOING TO EAT
LEAVE ROOM FOR THE HAMS
BUT THE AXE HERE AND THE LAKE THERE
NEW STORE
LISTEN! THAT'S WHAT I HEARD
AND THE NEXT STORE IS 16 MILES FROM HERE
YOU CAN'T GET NUTHIN HERE WE AIN'T MOVED IN YET

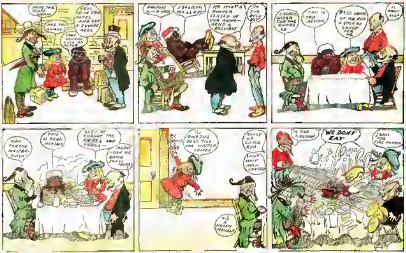
THE ST PAUL GLOBE
ST PAUL, MINN. SUNDAY
Mar. 26 1905.

DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR KID DAYS?

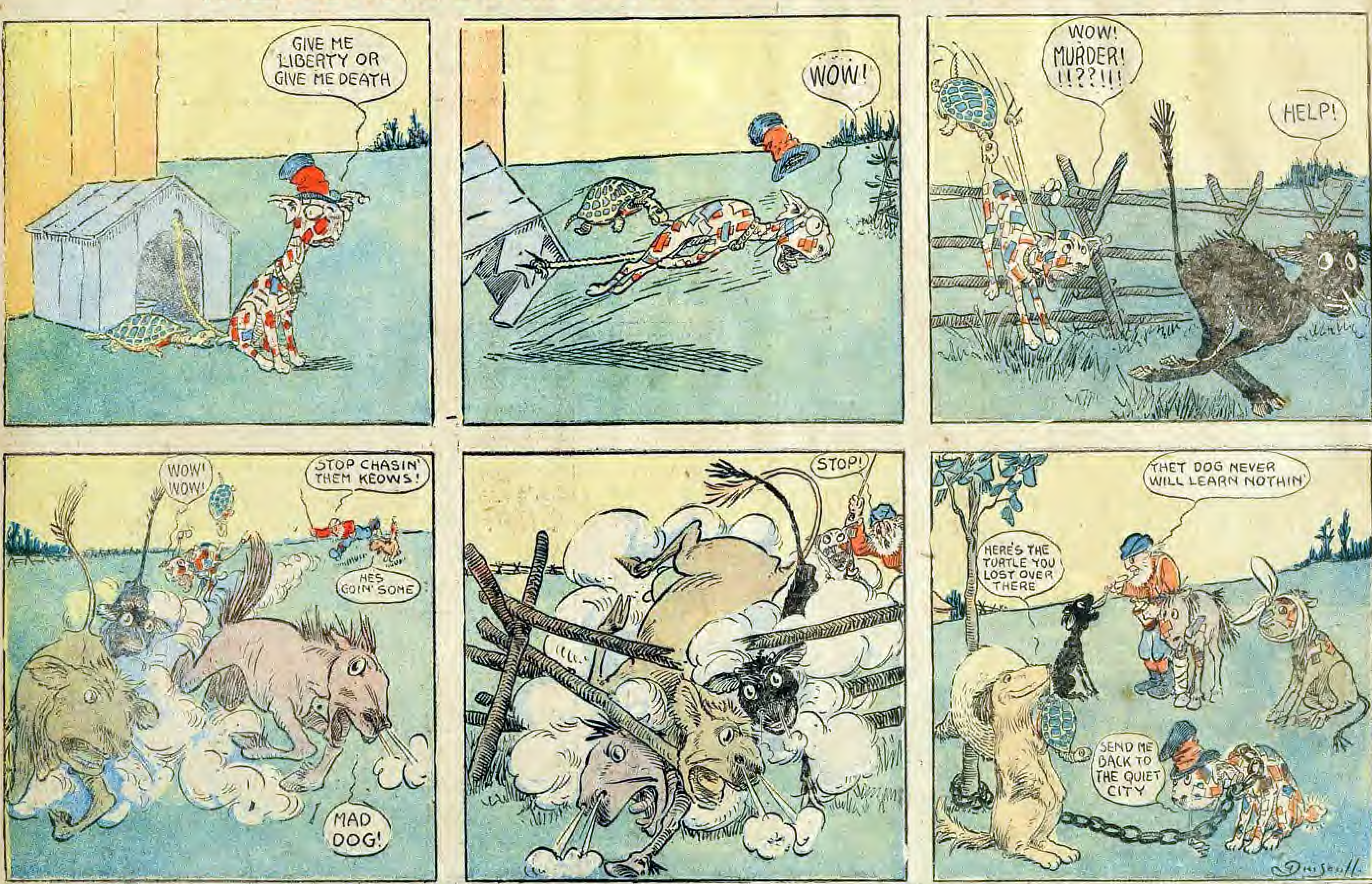

SAY, LET'S GIVE A CIRCUS FER THE FELLERS IN MY WOOD SHED
YES, AND WE'LL CHARGE THEM A HATFUL OF RAGS TO GET IN
HOW IS THAT FOR A FINE ARTISTIC JOB?
OUT OF SIGHT JOE
CIRKUS IN JOE'S SHED TO DAY NO GIRLS LET IN ADMISHUN A HAT FULL OF RAGS
OAP
COME NOW GET IN LINE AND HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY
CIRKUS
I HOPE IT'S A GOOD SHOW
I GOT MA'S DRESS HERE
AIN'T DAT PRETTY SWELL?
ACT 1 JOE'S GREAT BALANCIN ACT
PRETTY GOOD CIRCUS HEY?
THAT AIN'T SO MUCH
ANYBODY COULD DO DAT
FINE BILL KEEP IT UP
ACT 2 BILL AND DOG
I CAN DO THAT
VERY BAD
I'LL JUST TAKE A FEW RAGS OUT OF HIS WAGON
I GIVA YOU FIFTEEN CENTA FER DE. RAGS
YOU AIN'T VERY LIBERAL ARE YOU?
WHAT? YOU STEALA MY RAGS, I BUY NOTHING
WHEW!
NOW I WONDER WHERE WE CAN SELL THESE RAGS
YOU OUGHTER TAKEN THE FIFTEEN CENTS HE OFFERED FER THEM
SOAP
MY GOODNESS WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OUR BOY'S HAVE GIVEN OUR CLOTHES TO JOE TO SEE HIS CIRCUS
I THINK I CAN SEE MY FINISH
WHY HERE IS MY NEW SKIRT
AND HERE'S MY MAN'S BEST SHIRT
OH! JOE HAS BEEN VERY BAD. THE NEIGHBORS HAVE COMPLAINED ABOUT HIM
WELL WE'LL GIVE HIM THE BABY'S BOTTLE TO PUNISH HIM
THIS IS BETTER THAN HIS CIRCUS
JOE YOU BETTER BE GOOD
NOW YOUNG MAN MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON

THE UP-TO-DATE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMPANY

ENROUTE FOR FRISCO--THEY ALMOST EAT A MEAL


MADE THE BLUFF WORKS
ARE YOU AWAKE?
WE'LL GO IN THIS HOTEL AND GET A SQUARE MEAL
THEY SOUNDS LIKE AN ACTOR
HOTEL
PROMISE HIM A PASS
I BELIEVE WE'LL EAT
WE WANT A DINNER SERVED IN OUR ROOM— SEND A BELL-BOY
I'M THE BELL BOY
LARGE ORDER FOR THE ENTIRE CO
THIS IS GOOD ACTING
BEER [illegible] OF PIE AND A STICK OF CANDY FOR ME
IS THAT ALL?
RING FOR THE WAITER-BUNCH!
THIS IS REAL ACTING
GEE! WE FORGOT THE KNIVES AND FORKS—
MAKES LOOK ME SOME [illegible] MONEY
I'LL RING THIS BELL TILL THE WAITER COMES
HURRY UP LITTLE EVA
CAN'T WAIT MUCH LONGER
'TIS A HAPPY MOMENT
OH THE FIREMAN
WE DONT EAT
I RANG THE FIRE ALARM

THE CITY DOG IN THE COUNTRY~ CHAPTER 5.


GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH
WOW!
WOW! MURDER! !!??!!!
HELP!
WOW! WOW!
STOP CHASIN' THEM KEOWS!
HES GOIN' SOME
MAD DOG!
STOP!
THET DOG NEVER WILL LEARN NOTHIN'
HERE'S THE TURTLE YOU LOST OVER THERE
SEND ME BACK TO THE QUIET CITY
Driscoll

ST. LOUIS.
SUNDAY MORNING.
APRIL 2ND 1905

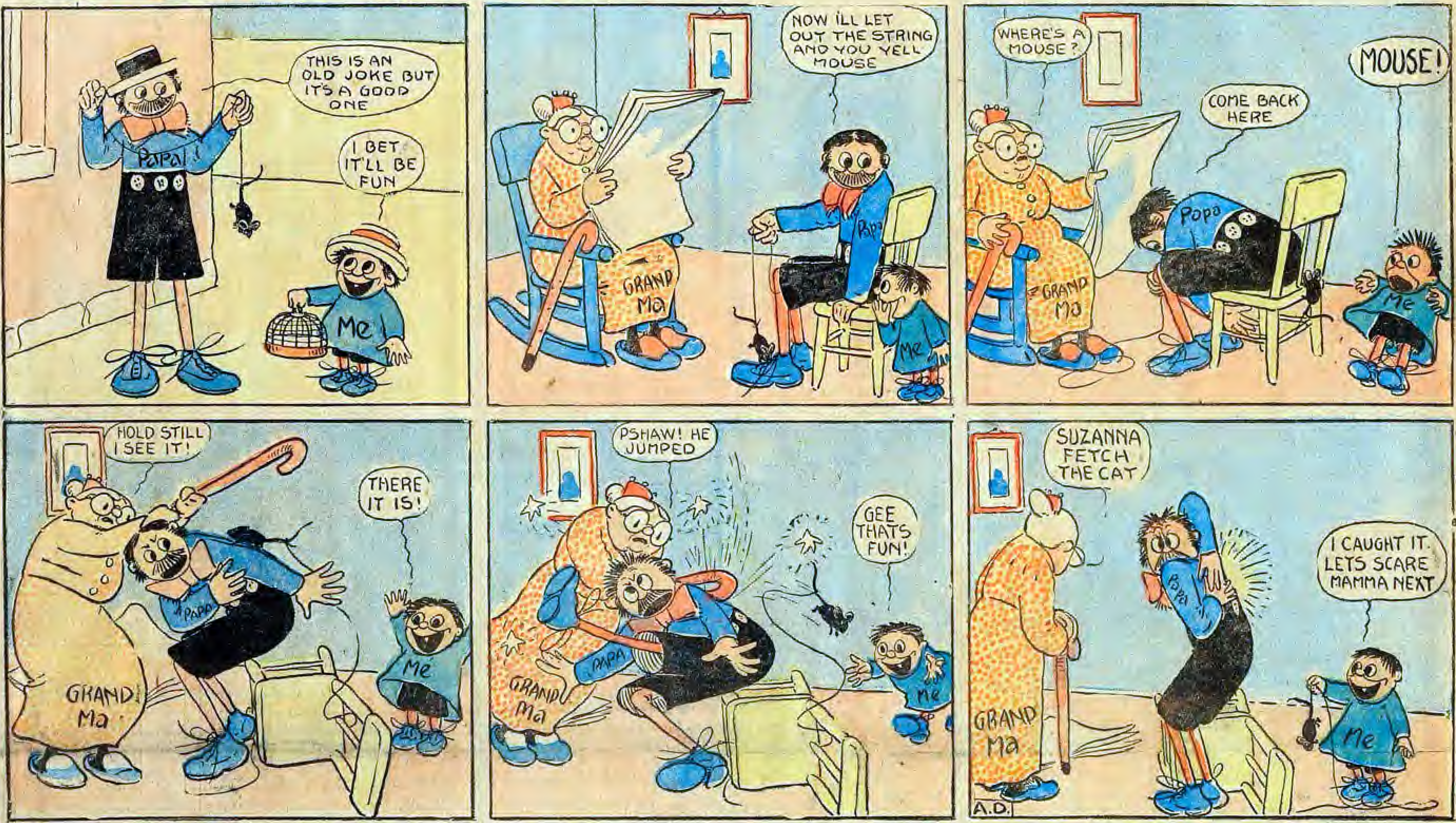
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COMIC AND CHILDREN'S SECTION.

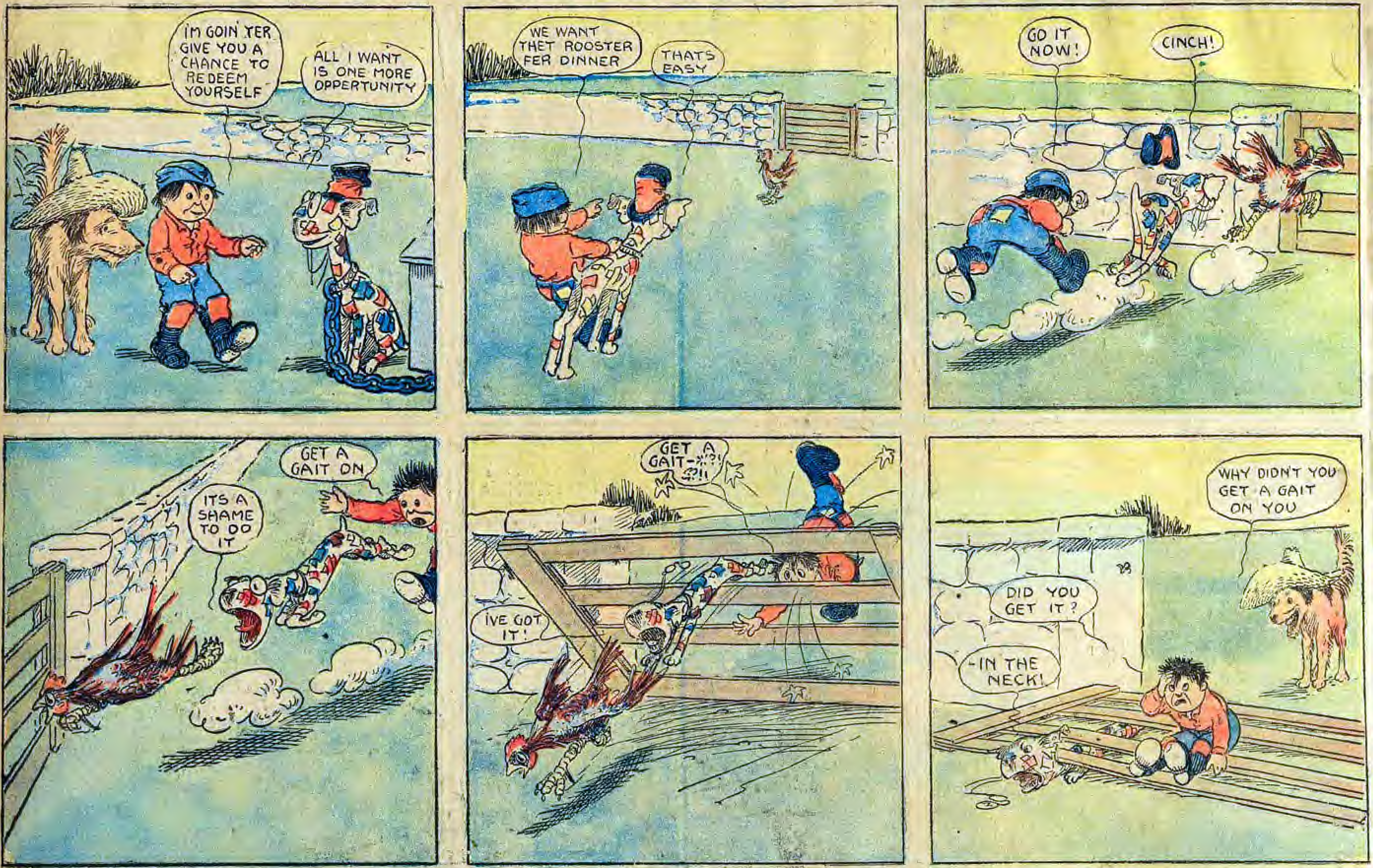
VOL. 30, NO. 318.
PRICE
FIVE CENTS.

IF PAPA WAS A BOY.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST'S SON.


THIS IS AN OLD JOKE BUT IT'S A GOOD ONE
Papa
I BET IT'LL BE FUN
Me
NOW I'LL LET OUT THE STRING AND YOU YELL MOUSE
GRAND Ma
Papa
Me
WHERE'S A MOUSE?
COME BACK HERE
MOUSE!
GRAND Ma
Papa
Me
HOLD STILL I SEE IT!
THERE IT IS!
PAPA
GRAND Ma
Me
PSHAW! HE JUMPED
GEE THATS FUN!
GRAND Ma
PAPA
Me
SUZANNA FETCH THE CAT
I CAUGHT IT. LETS SCARE MAMMA NEXT
GRAND Ma
Papa
Me
A.D.

THE CITY DOG IN THE COUNTRY~ CHAPTER 6.


I'M GOIN' YER GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF
ALL I WANT IS ONE MORE OPPERTUNITY
WE WANT THET ROOSTER FER DINNER
THATS EASY
GO IT NOW!
CINCH!
GET A GAIT ON
ITS A SHAME TO DO IT
GET A GAIT-*?!?!!
I'VE GOT IT!
WHY DIDN'T YOU GET A GAIT ON YOU
DID YOU GET IT?
-IN THE NECK!

ST. LOUIS.
SUNDAY MORNING.
APRIL 30th. 1905

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

VOL. 30. NO. 346.
PRICE
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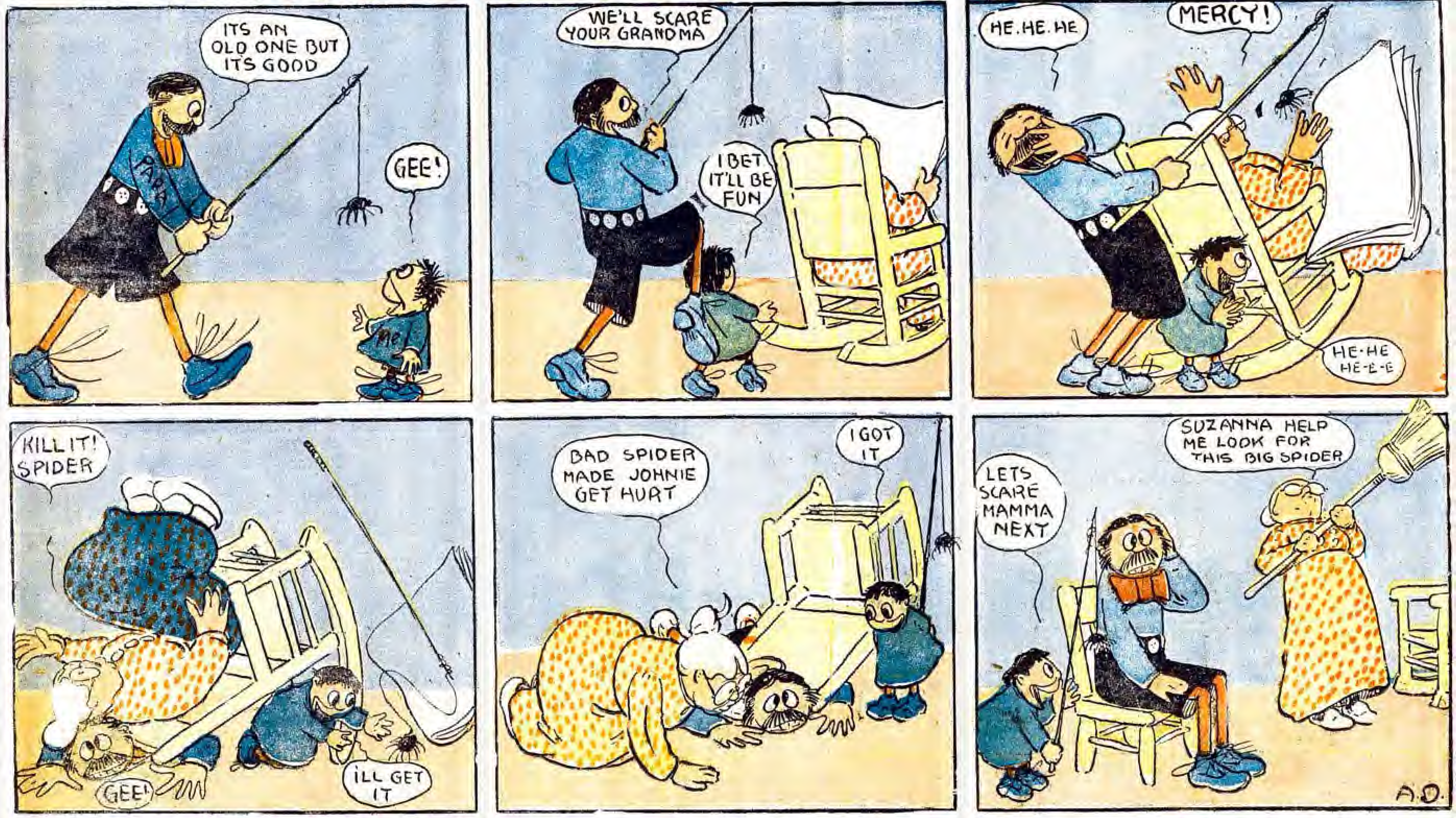
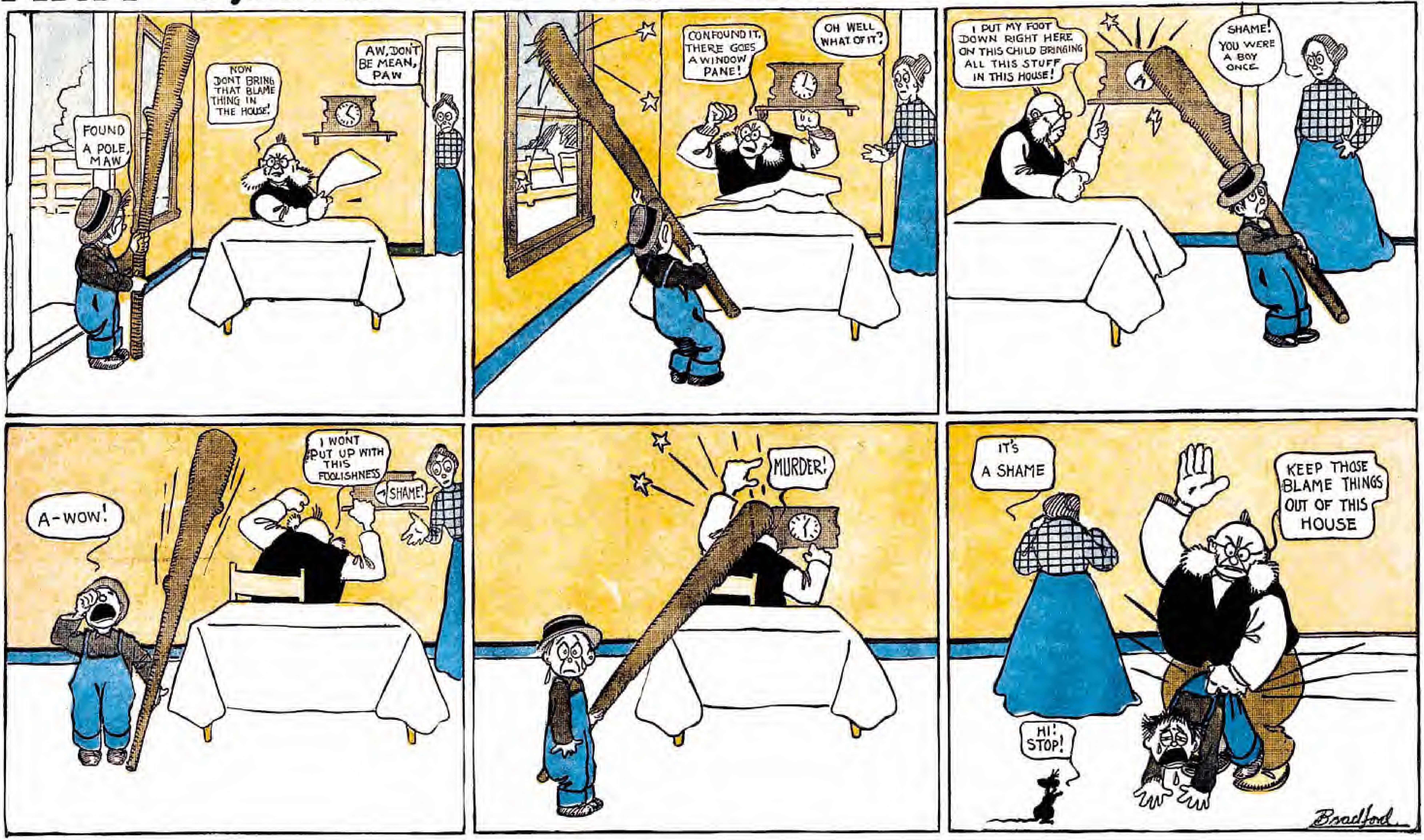
COMIC AND CHILDREN'S SECTION.

IF PAPA WAS A BOY.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST'S SON.

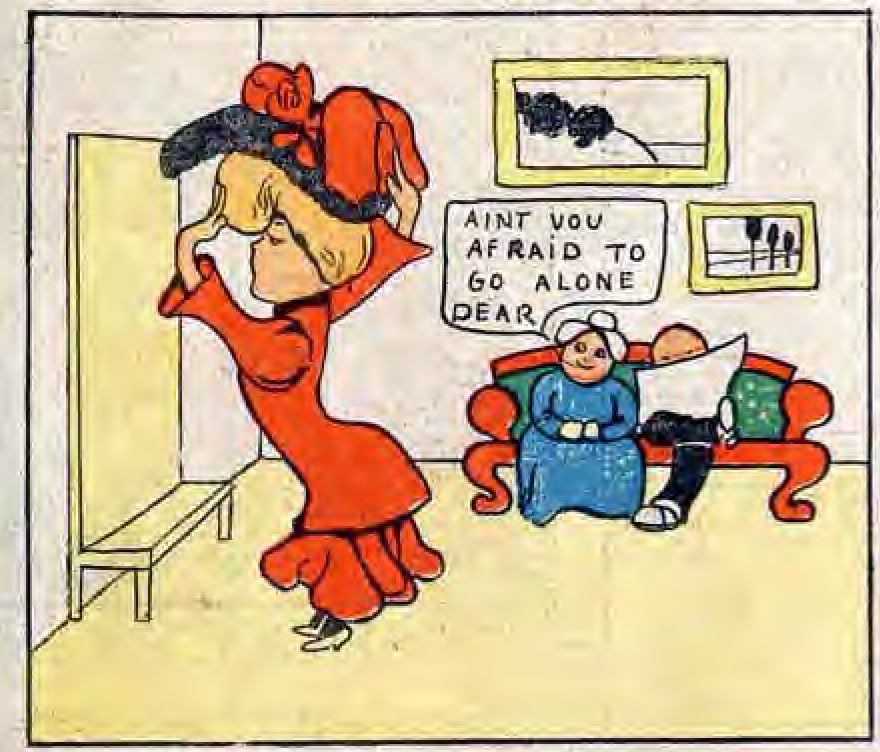

ITS AN OLD ONE BUT ITS GOOD
PAPA
GEE!
ME
WE'LL SCARE YOUR GRANDMA
I BET IT'LL BE FUN
HE. HE. HE
MERCY!
HE-HE HE-E-E
KILL IT! SPIDER
GEE!
ILL GET IT
BAD SPIDER MADE JOHNIE GET HURT
I GOT IT
LETS SCARE MAMMA NEXT
SUZANNA HELP ME LOOK FOR THIS BIG SPIDER
A.O.

THAT SMITH BOY—HE BRINGS HOME A POLE

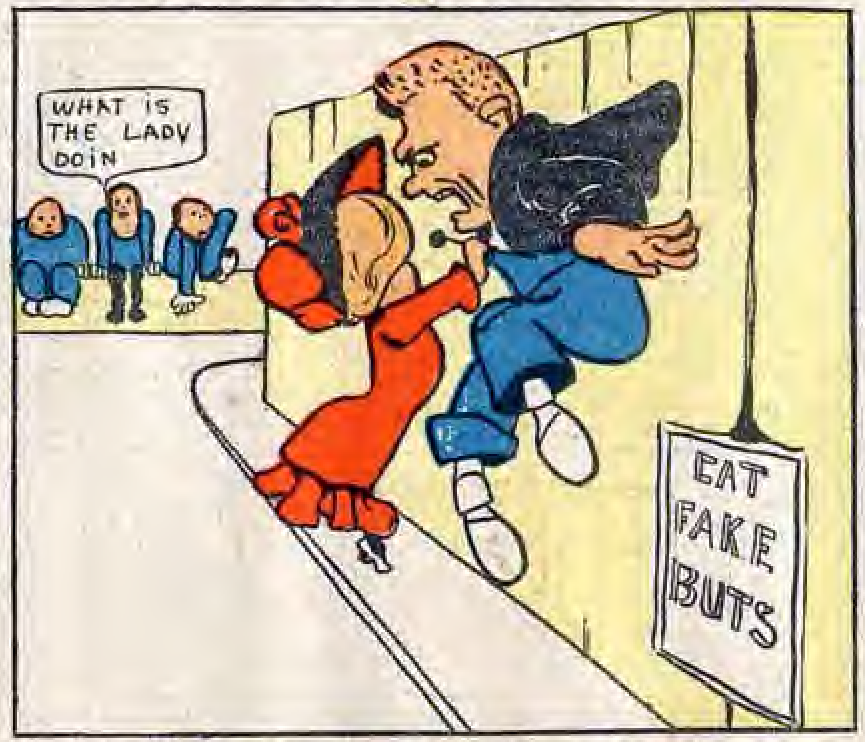

FOUND A POLE, MAW
NOW DONT BRING THAT BLAME THING IN THE HOUSE!
AW, DON'T BE MEAN, PAW
CONFOUND IT, THERE GOES A WINDOW PANE!
OH WELL WHAT OF IT?
I PUT MY FOOT DOWN RIGHT HERE ON THIS CHILD BRINGING ALL THIS STUFF IN THIS HOUSE!
SHAME! YOU WERE A BOY ONCE
A-WOW!
I WONT PUT UP WITH THIS FOOLISHNESS
SHAME!
MURDER!
IT'S A SHAME
KEEP THOSE BLAME THINGS OUT OF THIS HOUSE
HI! STOP!
Bradford

GENTLE JANE.

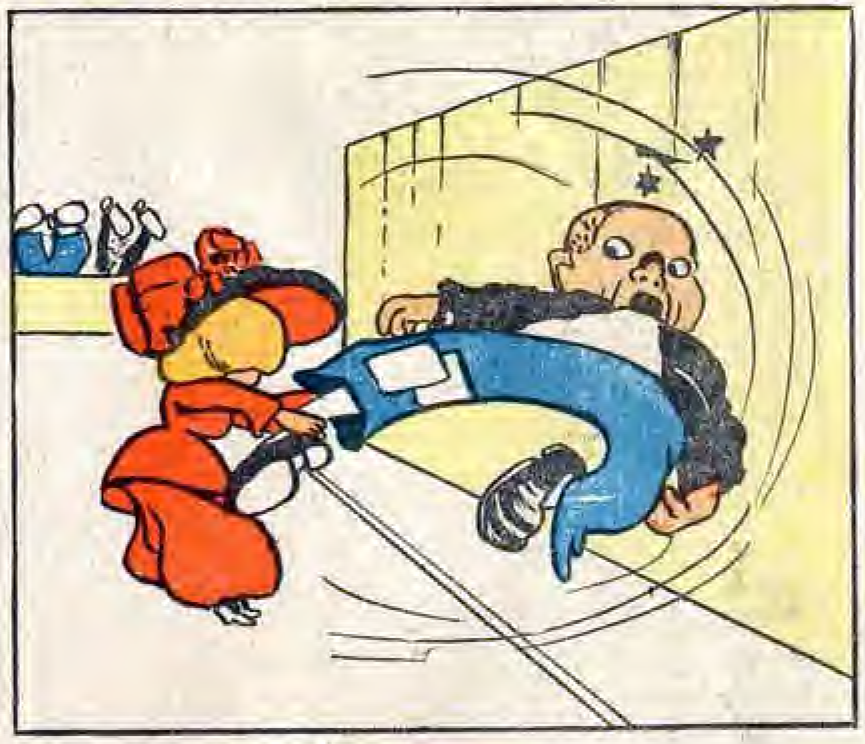
WHAT SHE SAYS SHE IS GOING TO DO AND WHAT SHE REALLY DOES.


AINT YOU AFRAID TO GO ALONE DEAR

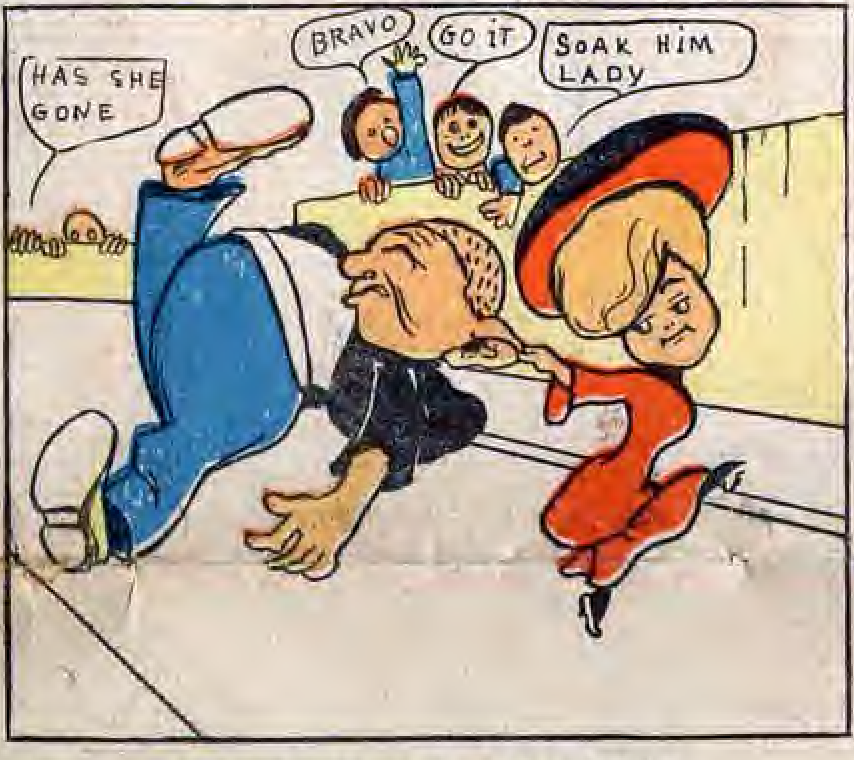
"AFRAID, MA! I GUESS NOT! I AM NOT AFRAID OF ANY LIVING THING! IF I SHOULD MEET A TRAMP—


WHAT IS THE LADY DOIN
EAT FAKE BUTS

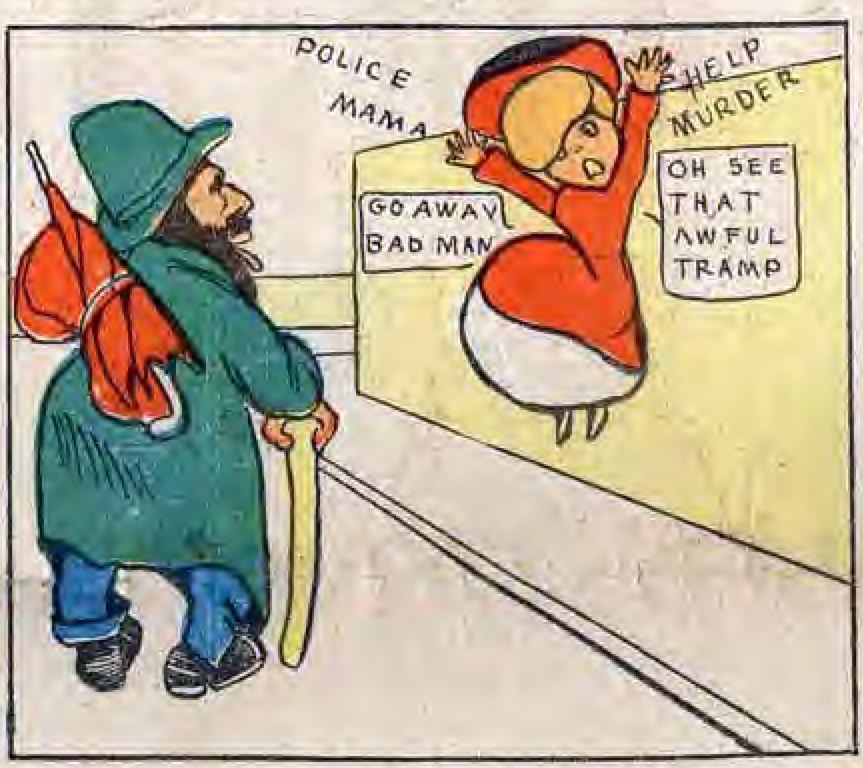
"I WOULD SIMPLY NAIL HIM TO THE WALL WITH A HAT PIN—

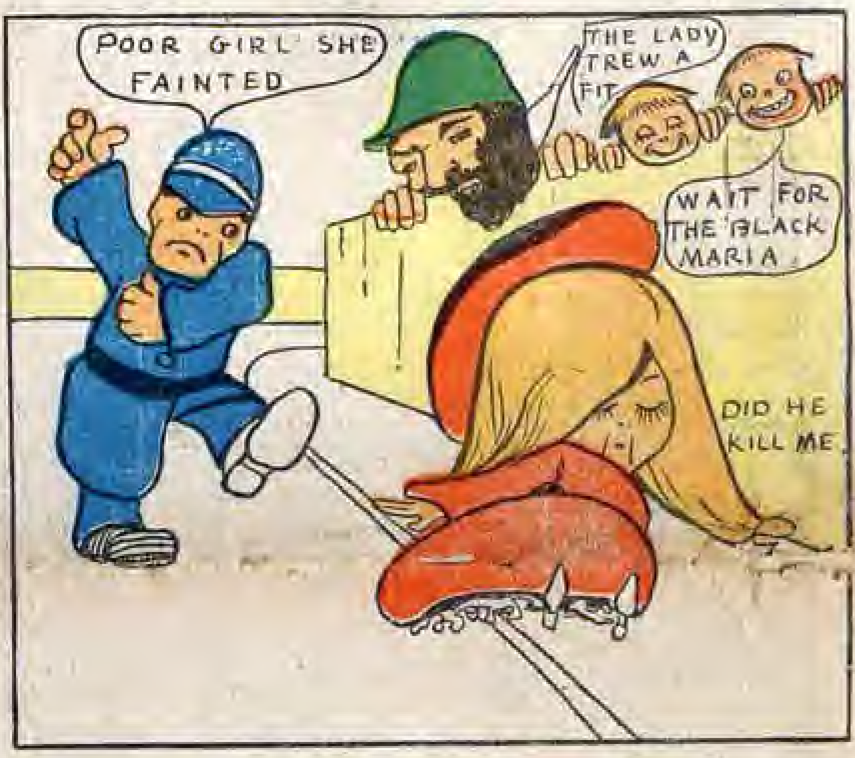


"AND WIPE UP THE STREET WITH HIM—


HAS SHE GONE
BRAVO
GO IT
SOAK HIM LADY

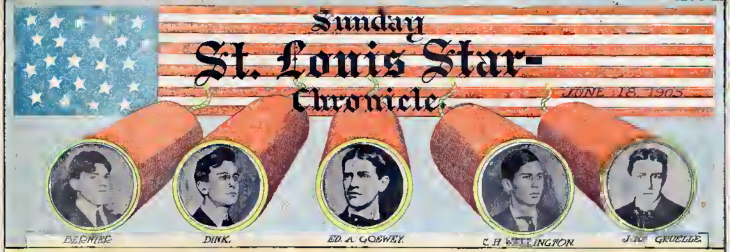
"AND THEN MARCH HIM TO THE POLICE STATION!"


POLICE
MAMA
HELP
MURDER
GO AWAY BAD MAN
OH SEE THAT AWFUL TRAMP


POOR GIRL SHE FAINTED
THE LADY TREW A FIT
WAIT FOR THE BLACK MARIA
DID HE KILL ME

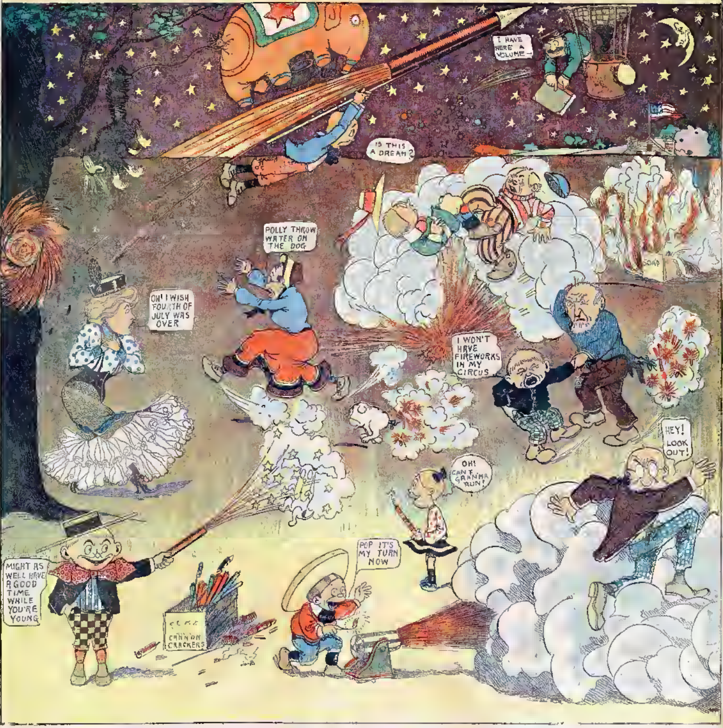
BUT WHEN SHE SAW THE STRANGE MAN COMING UP THE STREET THIS IS WHAT SHE REALLY DID.

Sunday
St. Louis Star-
Chronicle.
JUNE 18 1905

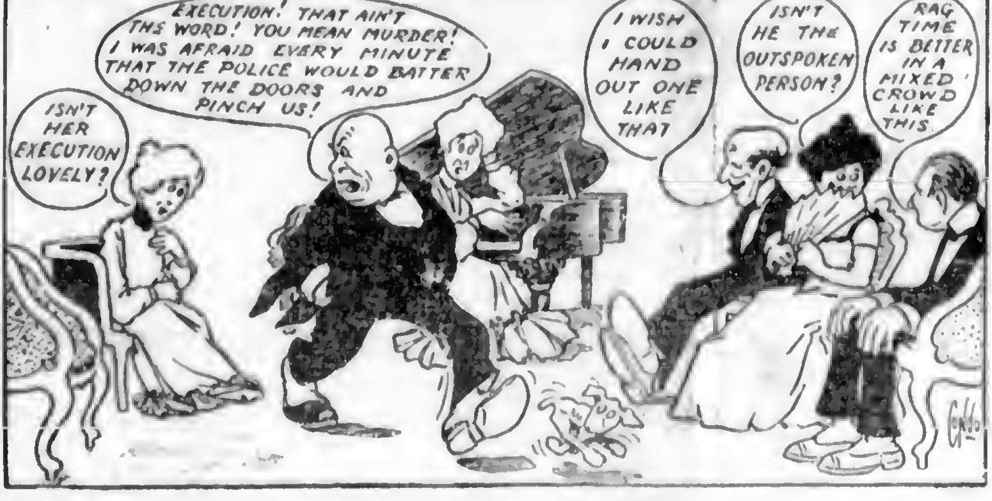


BERNIER DINK. ED. A. GOEWEY. C. H. WELLINGTON. J. [illegible] GRUELLE.

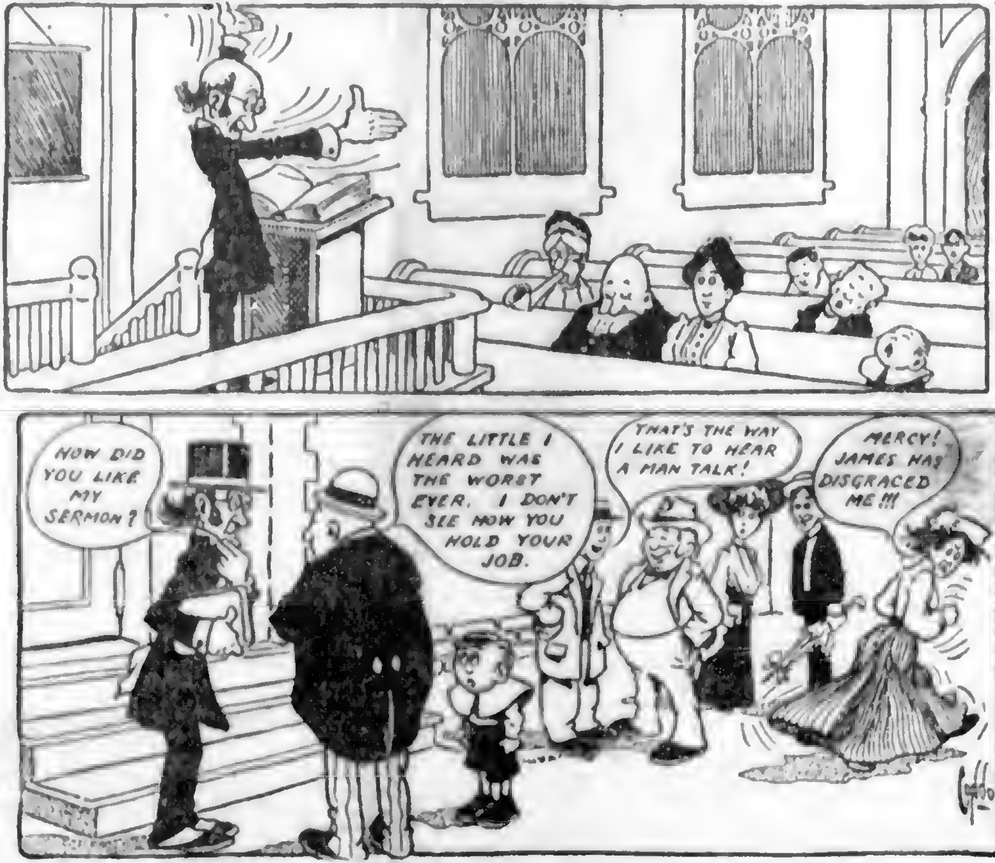
OUR FUNNY SECTION'S HAPPY FAMILY WILL HAVE AN EXCITING FOURTH.


I HAVE HERE A VOLUME—
IS THIS A DREAM?
POLLY THROW WATER ON THE DOG
OH! I WISH FOURTH OF JULY WAS OVER
SOAP
I WON'T HAVE FIREWORKS IN MY CIRCUS
HEY! LOOK OUT!
OH! CAN'T GRAN'MA RUN!
MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A GOOD TIME WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG
CANN'ON CRACKERS
POP IT'S MY TURN NOW

Chapter From Career of Mr. Everett True


ISN'T HER EXECUTION LOVELY?
EXECUTION! THAT AIN'T THE WORD! YOU MEAN MURDER! I WAS AFRAID EVERY MINUTE THAT THE POLICE WOULD BATTER DOWN THE DOORS AND PINCH US!
I WISH I COULD HAND OUT ONE LIKE THAT
ISN'T HE THE OUTSPOKEN PERSON?
RAG TIME IS BETTER IN A MIXED CROWD LIKE THIS.

Chapter From Career of Mr. Everett True


HOW DID YOU LIKE MY SERMON?
THE LITTLE I HEARD WAS THE WORST EVER. I DON'T SEE HOW YOU HOLD YOUR JOB.
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR A MAN TALK!
MERCY! JAMES HAS DISGRACED ME!!!
Condo

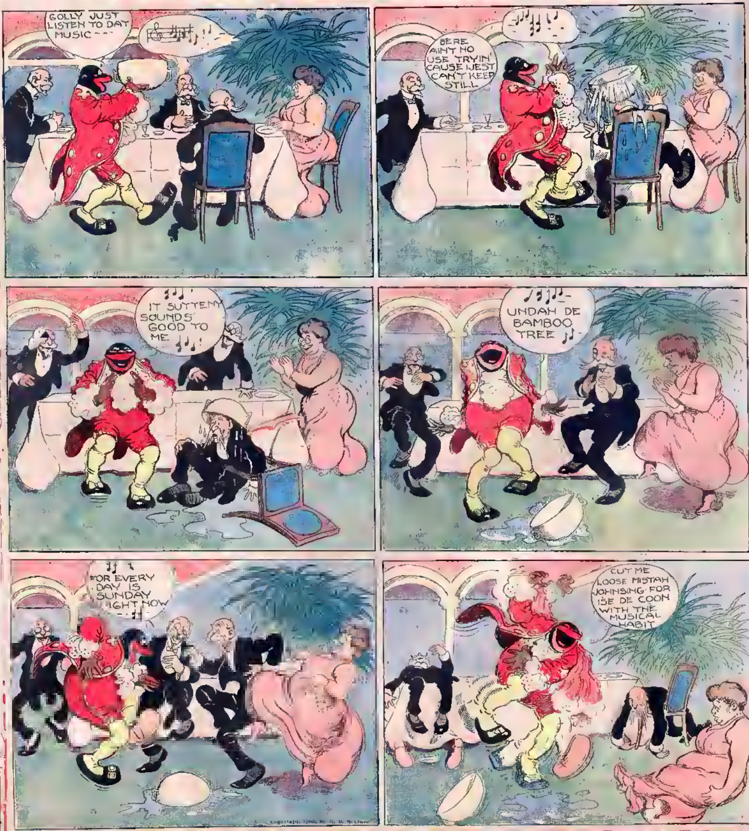
COMICS

THE

SUNDAY PRESS

Philadelphia, Aug .6.1905

"JOE" OF THE MUSICAL HABIT


GOLLY JUST LISTEN TO DAT MUSIC - - -
BERE AINT NO USE TRYIN' CAUSE NEST CAN'T KEEP STILL
IT SUTTENLY SOUNDS GOOD TO ME
UNDAH DE BAMBOO TREE
FOR EVERY DAY IS SUNDAY RIGHT NOW
CUT ME LOOSE MISTAH JOHNSING FOR ISE DE COON WITH THE MUSICAL HABIT
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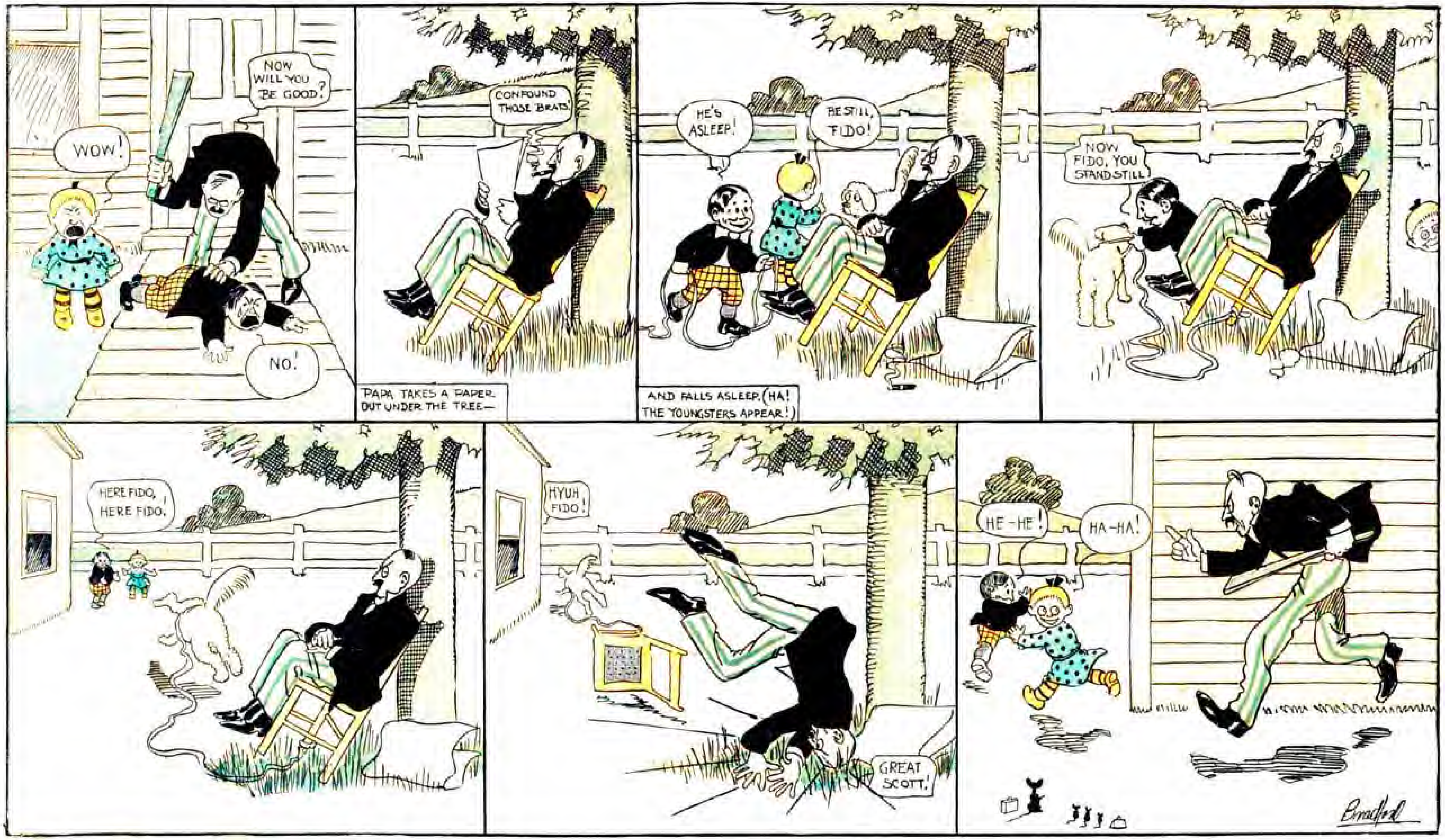
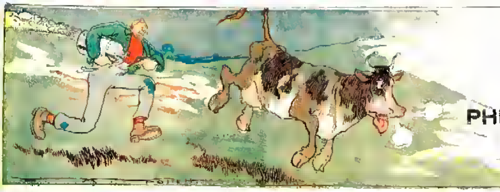
THE GETEVEN YOUNGSTERS TAKE FIDO INTO THE PLOT


NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?
WOW!
NO!
CONFOUND THOSE BRATS!
PAPA TAKES A PAPER OUT UNDER THE TREE—
HE'S ASLEEP!
BE STILL, FIDO!
AND FALLS ASLEEP. (HA! THE YOUNGSTERS APPEAR!)
NOW FIDO, YOU STAND STILL!
HERE FIDO, HERE FIDO.
HYUH FIDO!
GREAT SCOTT!
HE-HE!
HA-HA!
Bradford



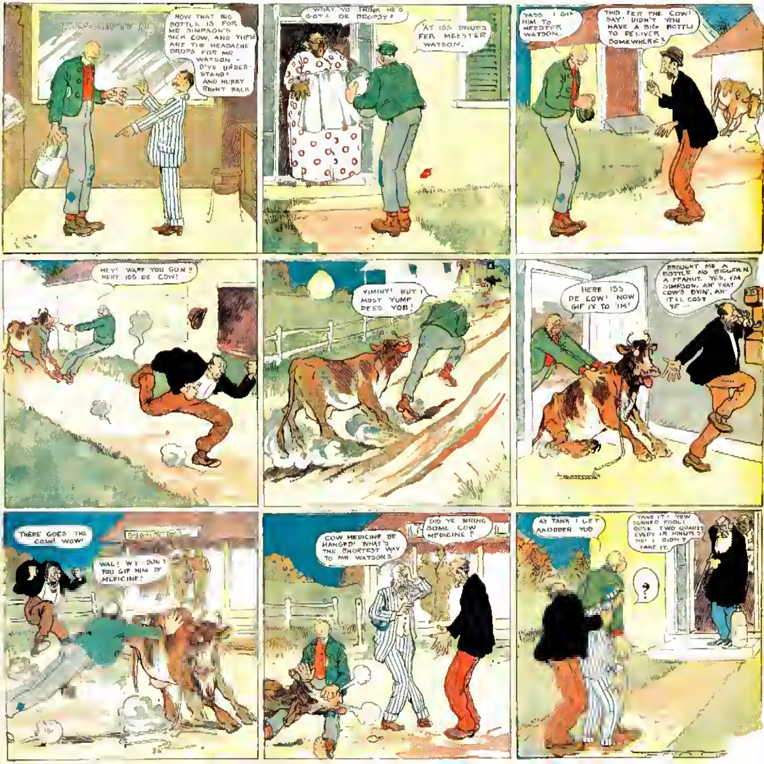
THE SUNDAY

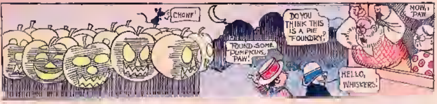
PHILADELPHIA PRESS

Oct. 22. 1905

SWEN SWENSEN SON OF SWEDEN AND MISFORTUNE WATCH HIM GET IT

Drawn by F. M. FOLLETT


NOW THAT BIG BOTTLE IS FOR MR SIMPSON'S SICK COW, AND THESE ARE THE HEADACHE DROPS FOR MR WATSON - D'YE UNDERSTAND? AND HURRY RIGHT BACK
WHAT YO THINK HE'S GOT? DE DROPSY?
AT ISS DROPS FER MEESTER WATSON.
YASS I GIF HIM TO MEESTER WATSON.
THIS FER THE COW! SAY! DIDN'T YOU HAVE A BIG BOTTLE TO DELIVER SOMEWHERE?
HEY! WARE YOU GON? HERE ISS DE COW!
YIMINY! BUT I MOST YUMP DEES YOB!
HERE ISS DE COW! NOW GIF IT TO 'IM!
BROUGHT ME A BOTTLE NO BIGGER'N A PEANUT. YES, I'M SIMPSON, AN' THAT COW'S DYIN', AN' IT'LL COST YE —
THERE GOES THE COW! WOW!
WAL! WY DON'T YOU GIF HIM DE MEDICINE?
DID YE BRING SOME COW MEDICINE?
COW MEDICINE BE HANGED! WHAT'S THE SHORTEST WAY TO MR. WATSON'S
AY TANK I GET ANODDER YOB
TAKE IT! YEW DURNED FOOL! DOSE TWO QUARTS EVERY 15 MINUTES? NO! I DIDN'T TAKE IT.
?

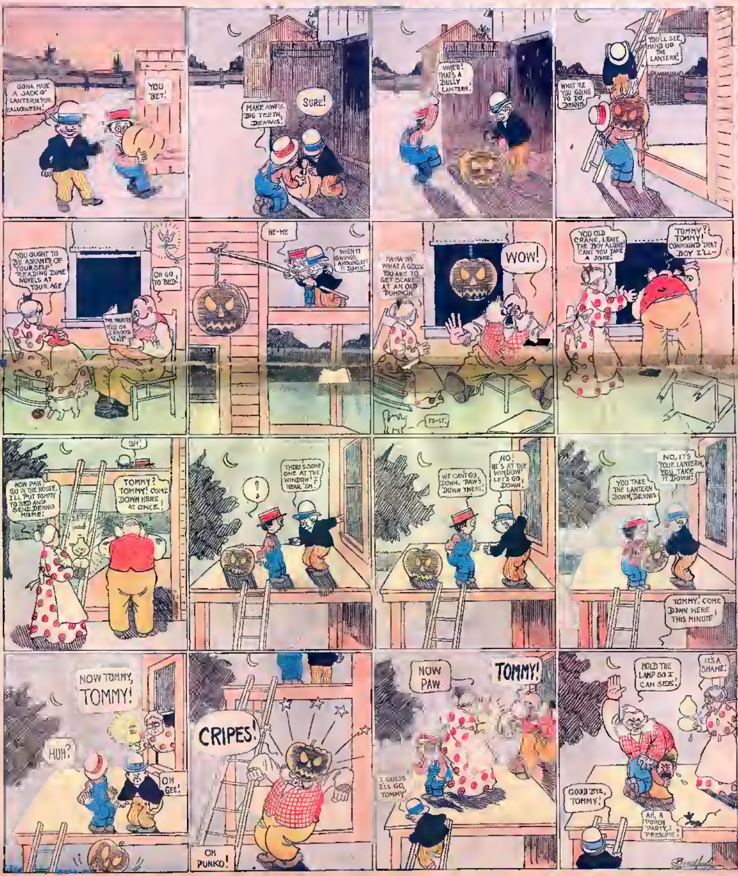

CHOWF!
FOUND SOME PUMPKINS, PAW!
DO YOU THINK THIS IS A PIE FOUNDRY?
NOW, PAW
HELLO, WHISKERS!

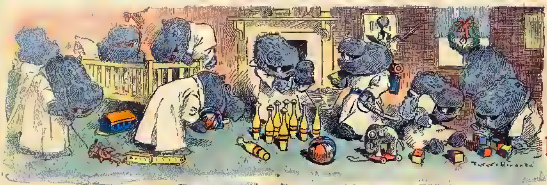
THE NORTH AMERICAN

COMIC (Fourth) SECTION

PHILADELPHIA SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1905.
(Copyright 1905, by The North American Co.)
135th Year

TOMMY TUTTLE HAS SOME HALLOWE'EN FUN WITH PAW


GONA HAVE A JACK O' LANTERN FOR HALLOWEEN!
YOU BET!
MAKE AWFUL BIG TEETH, DENNIS!
SURE!
WHEE! THAT'S A BULLY LANTERN!
WHAT 'RE YOU GOING TO DO, DENNIS
YOU'LL SEE, HAND UP THE LANTERN!
YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF READING DIME NOVELS AT YOUR AGE
OH GO TO BED!
HE-HE
WHEN IT SWINGS AROUND, LET IT DOWN!
HA-HA-HA WHAT A GOOSE YOU ARE TO GET SCARE AT AN OLD PUMPKIN
WOW!
FS-ST!
YOU OLD CRANK, LEAVE THE BOY ALONE! CANT YOU TAKE A JOKE!
TOMMY? TOMMY! COMPOUND THAT BOY I'LL—
SH!
NOW PAW! GO IN THE HOUSE. I'LL PUT TOMMY TO BED AND SEND DENNIS HOME!
TOMMY? TOMMY! COME DOWN HERE AT ONCE!
!
THERE'S SOME ONE AT THE WINDOW! I HEAR 'EM!
WE CAN'T GO DOWN, PAW'S DOWN THERE!
NO! HE'S AT THE WINDOW! LET'S GO DOWN!
YOU TAKE THE LANTERN DOWN, DENNIS
NO, IT'S YOUR LANTERN, YOU TAKE IT DOWN!
TOMMY, COME DOWN HERE THIS MINUTE!
NOW TOMMY, TOMMY!
HUH?
OH GEE!
CRIPES!
OH PUNKO!
NOW PAW
TOMMY!
I GUESS I'LL GO, TOMMY!
HOLD THE LAMP SO I CAN SEE!
IT'S A SHAME!
GOOD BYE, TOMMY!
AH, A PORCH PARTY, I PRESUME?



COMIC SECTION
OF THE
Los Angeles Examiner
DECEMBER 10th 1905.

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What You Might Call a REAL MERRY Christmas!

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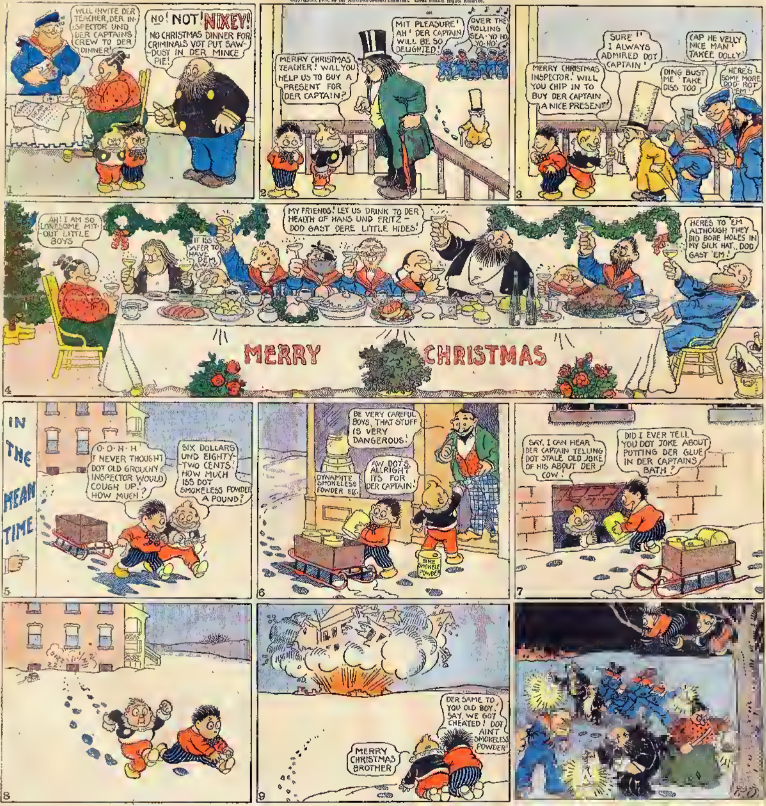
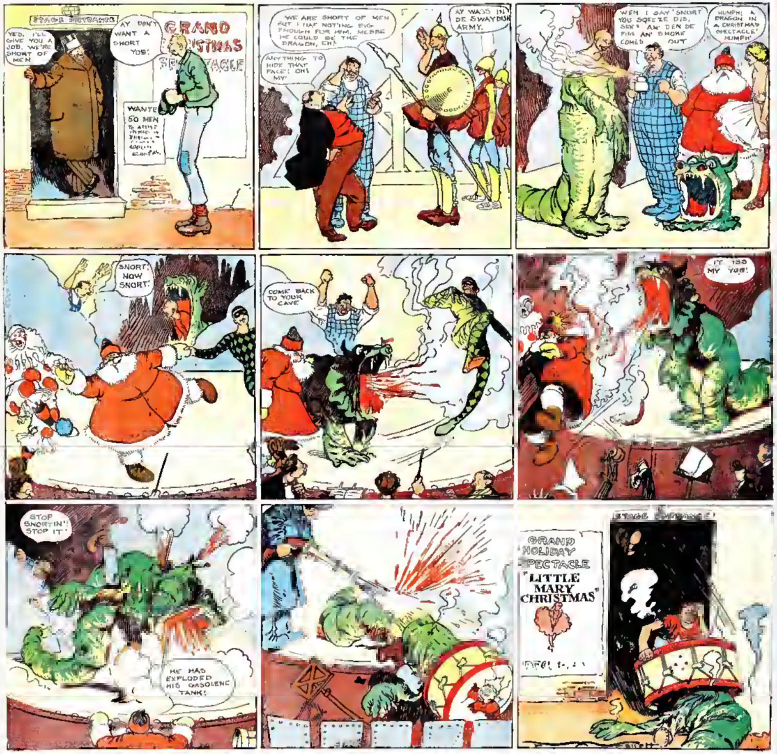

WELL INVITE DER TEACHER, DER INSPECTOR UND DER CAPTAINS CREW TO DER DINNER!
NO! NOT! NIXEY! NO CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR CRIMINALS VOT PUT SAWDUST IN DER MINCE PIE!
1
MERRY CHRISTMAS TEACHER! WILL YOU HELP US TO BUY A PRESENT FOR DER CAPTAIN?
MIT PLEASURE! AH! DER CAPTAIN WILL BE SO DELIGHTED!
OVER THE ROLLING SEA-YO HO YO-HO!
2
MERRY CHRISTMAS INSPECTOR! WILL YOU CHIP IN TO BUY DER CAPTAIN A NICE PRESENT?
SURE!! I ALWAYS ADMIRED DOT CAPTAIN!
DING BUST ME TAKE DISS TOO
CAP HE VELLY NICE MAN! TAKEE DOLLY!
HERE'S SOME MORE DOD-ROT 'EM!
3
AH! I AM SO LONESOME MIT-OUT LITTLE BOYS
IT ISS SAFER TO HAVE DEM AWAY
MY FRIENDS! LET US DRINK TO DER HEALTH OF HANS UND FRITZ – DOD GAST DERE LITTLE HIDES!
HERES TO 'EM ALTHOUGH THEY DID BORE HOLES IN MY SILK HAT,. DOD GAST 'EM!
MERRY CHRISTMAS
4
IN THE MEAN TIME
O-O-H-H I NEVER THOUGHT DOT OLD GROUCHY INSPECTOR WOULD COUGH UP! HOW MUCH?
SIX DOLLARS UND EIGHTY-TWO CENTS! HOW MUCH ISS DOT SMOKELESS POWDER A POUND?
5
BE VERY CAREFUL BOYS, THAT STUFF IS VERY DANGEROUS!
AW DOT'S ALLRIGHT ITS FOR DER CAPTAIN!
DYNAMITE SMOKELESS POWDER ETC.
FINE SMOKELESS POWDER
6
SAY, I CAN HEAR DER CAPTAIN TELLING DOT STALE OLD JOKE OF HIS ABOUT DER COW!
DID I EVER TELL YOU DOT JOKE ABOUT PUTTING DER GLUE IN DER CAPTAINS BATH?
7
SIZZ
8
MERRY CHRISTMAS BROTHER
DER SAME TO YOU OLD BOY, SAY, WE GOT CHEATED! DOT AINT SMOKELESS POWDER!
9

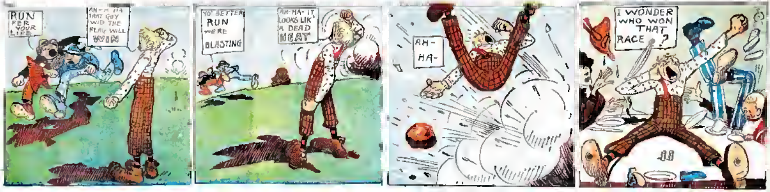
SWEN SWENSEN SON OF SWEDEN AND MISFORTUNE WATCH HIM GET IT

Drawn by F. M. FOLLETT


STAGE ENTRANCE
YES, I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB. WE'RE SHORT OF MEN
AY DON'T WANT A SHORT YOB!
GRAND CHRISTMAS SPECTACLE
WANTED 50 MEN
WE ARE SHORT OF MEN BUT I HAF NOT'ING BIG ENOUGH FOR HIM. MEBBE HE COULD BE THE DRAGON, EH?
ANYTHING TO HIDE THAT FACE! OH! MY!
AY WASS IN DE SWAYDISH ARMY.
WEN I SAY 'SNORT' YOU SQEEZE DIS, SEE? AN' DEN DE FIRE AN' SMOKE COMES OUT
HUMPH! A DRAGON IN A CHRISTMAS SPECTACLE! HUMPH!
SNORT! NOW SNORT!
COME BACK TO YOUR CAVE
IT ISS MY YOB!
STOP SNORTIN'! STOP IT!
HE HAS EXPLODED HIS GASOLENE TANK!
GRAND HOLIDAY SPECTACLE
"LITTLE MARY CHRISTMAS"
STAGE ENTRANCE

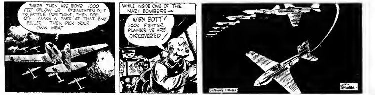
LAZY LEW—HE YAWNS

BY HUGH DOYLE


RUN FER YOUR LIFE
AH-H HA THAT GUY WID THE FLAG WILL WIN
YO' BETTER RUN WE'RE BLASTING
AH-HA- IT LOOKS LIK' A DEAD HEAT
AH- HA-
I WONDER WHO WON THAT RACE ?

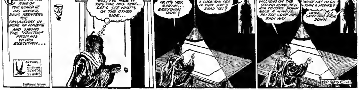
JIVE GRAY

By OL HARRINGTON

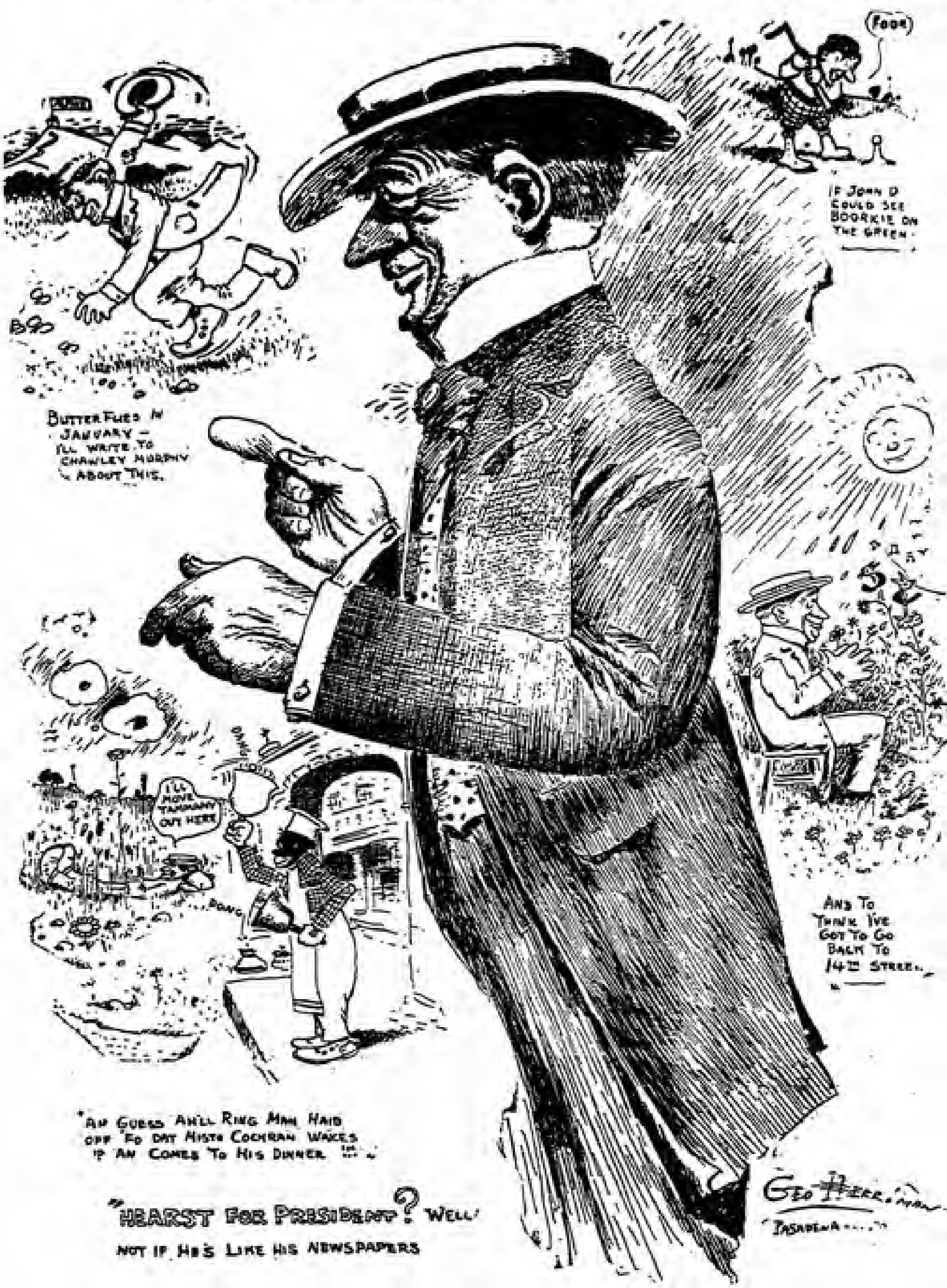

THERE THEY ARE BOYS 1000 FEET BELOW US STRAIGHTEN OUT TO BATTLE POSITIONS. THEN PEEL OFF MAKE A PASS AT THAT END FELLER THEN PICK YOUR OWN MEAT
WHILE INSIDE ONE OF THE NAZI BOMBERS—
MIEN GOTT! LOOK FIGHTER PLANES VE ARE DISCOVERED!
Continental Features

JACK DAVIS

By TED WATSON and FRANK BOGANY

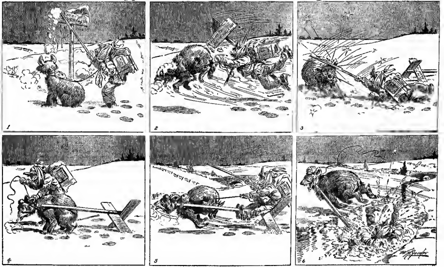

GARBED IN THE ROBE OF THE GUARD HE HAS KAYOED, DAVIS REENTERS THE PASSAGEWAY IN HOPE OF FINDING AND SAVING THE "TRAITOR" FROM HIS WEIRD EXECUTION...
For Victory Buy U.S. Defense BONDS STAMPS
Continental Features
WELL, I'VE MADE IT THIS FAR THIS TIME... LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE...
OH, IT'S YOU, MARTIN... EVERYTHING OKAY?
YEAH, THINK I OUGHT TO TAKE A LOOK AND SEE IF THAT RAT'S DEAD YET?
GO AHEAD—AND WHEN YOU SEE WILLIAMS ON THE SECOND FLOOR, TELL HIM TO COME DOWN HERE A MINUTE BETTER GO UP THIS BACK WAY
THIS IS A BREAK—I HAD NO MORE IDEA WHICH WAY TO GO THAN A MONKEY
OKAY I'LL SEND HIM RIGHT DOWN
TED WATSON

BOURKE COCKRAN CHASING BUTTERFLIES AND DISCUSSING POLITICS IN PASADENA.


BUTTERFLIES IN JANUARY — I'LL WRITE TO CHAWLEY MURPHY ABOUT THIS.
(FOOR)
IF JOHN D COULD SEE BOORKIE ON THE GREEN.
I'LL MOVE TAMMANY OUT HERE
BONG
AN' TO THINK I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO 14TH STREET.
"AH GUESS AH'LL RING MAH HAID OFF 'FO DAT MISTA COCKRAN WAKES UP AN COMES TO HIS DINNER!"
"HEARST FOR PRESIDENT? WELL! NOT IF HE'S LIKE HIS NEWSPAPERS
GEO HERRIMAN
PASADENA....

Beppo and Bruin—"Bruins Revenge"

Drawn By WM. GOODES


1
2
3
4
5
6
Wm Goodes

HAPPY "MITS" SHAKING HERE.

Array of Celebrated "Pugs" Smash Record.

McCarey's "Dope" Factory Runs Overtime.

Pathos and Humor in the Bruiser Band.

If you see a man on Spring street shaking the husky "mit" of a giant with mansard shoulders, rush up and shake the hand that shook his.

It was probably a famous prize fighter. Never were so many celebrated fists gathered together. They smash the record.

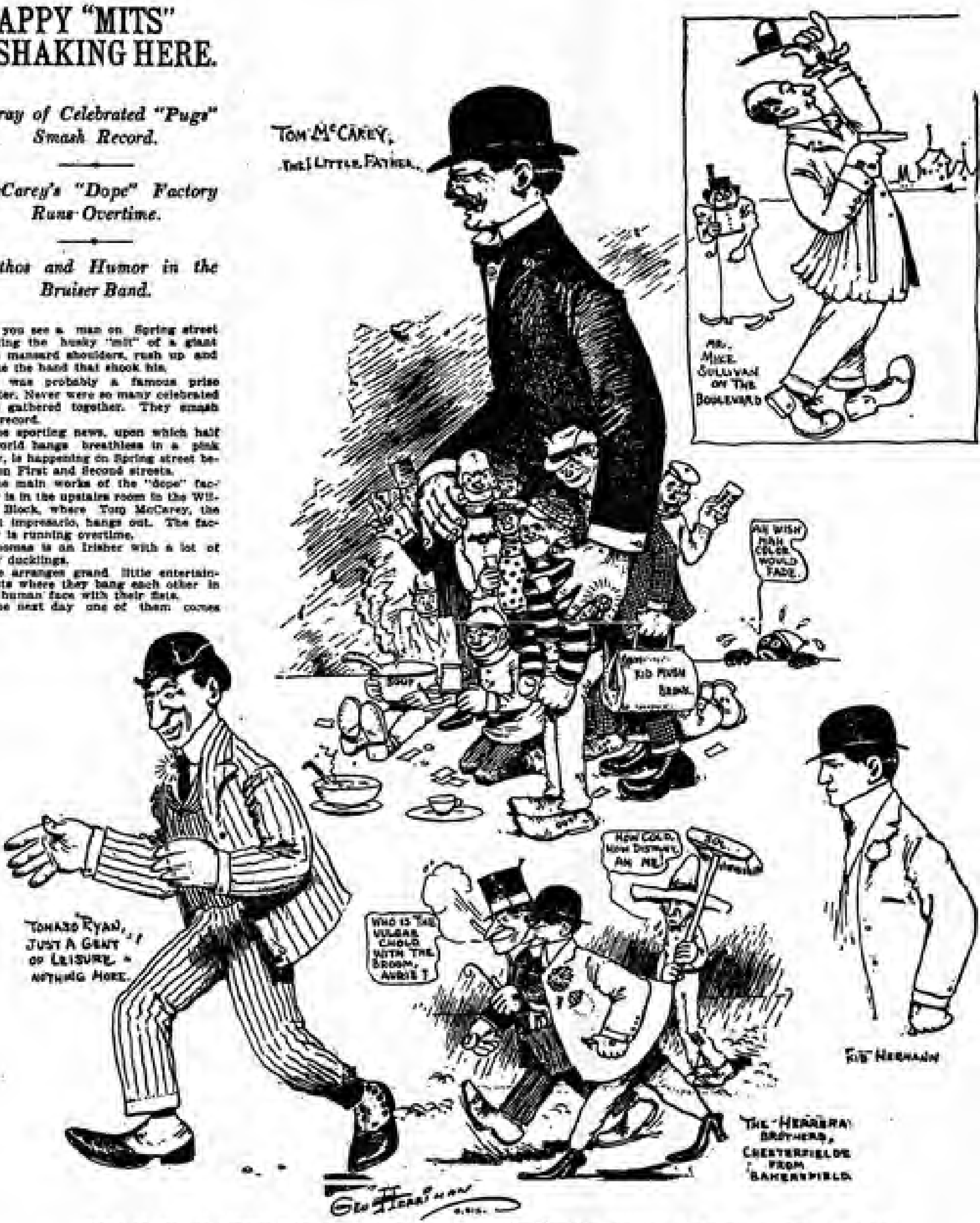
The sporting news, upon which half a world hangs breathless in a pink glow, is happening on Spring street between First and Second streets.

The main works of the "dope" factory is in the upstairs room in the Wilson Block, where Tom McCarey, the fight impresario, hangs out. The factory is running overtime.

Thomas is an Irisher with a lot of ugly ducklings.

He arranges grand little entertainments where they bang each other in the human face with their fists.

The next day one of them comes


TOM McCAREY, THE LITTLE FATHER.
MR. MIKE SULLIVAN ON THE BOULEVARD
AH WISH MAH COLOR WOULD FADE.
SOUP
KID MUSH BROS.
TOMADO RYAN, JUST A GENT OF LEISURE — NOTHING MORE.
WHO IS THE VULGAR CHOLO WITH THE BROOM, AUBIE?
HOW COLD, HOW DISTANT, AH ME!
KID HERMANN
THE HERRERA BROTHERS, CHESTERFIELDS FROM BAKERSFIELD.
GEO. HERRIMAN

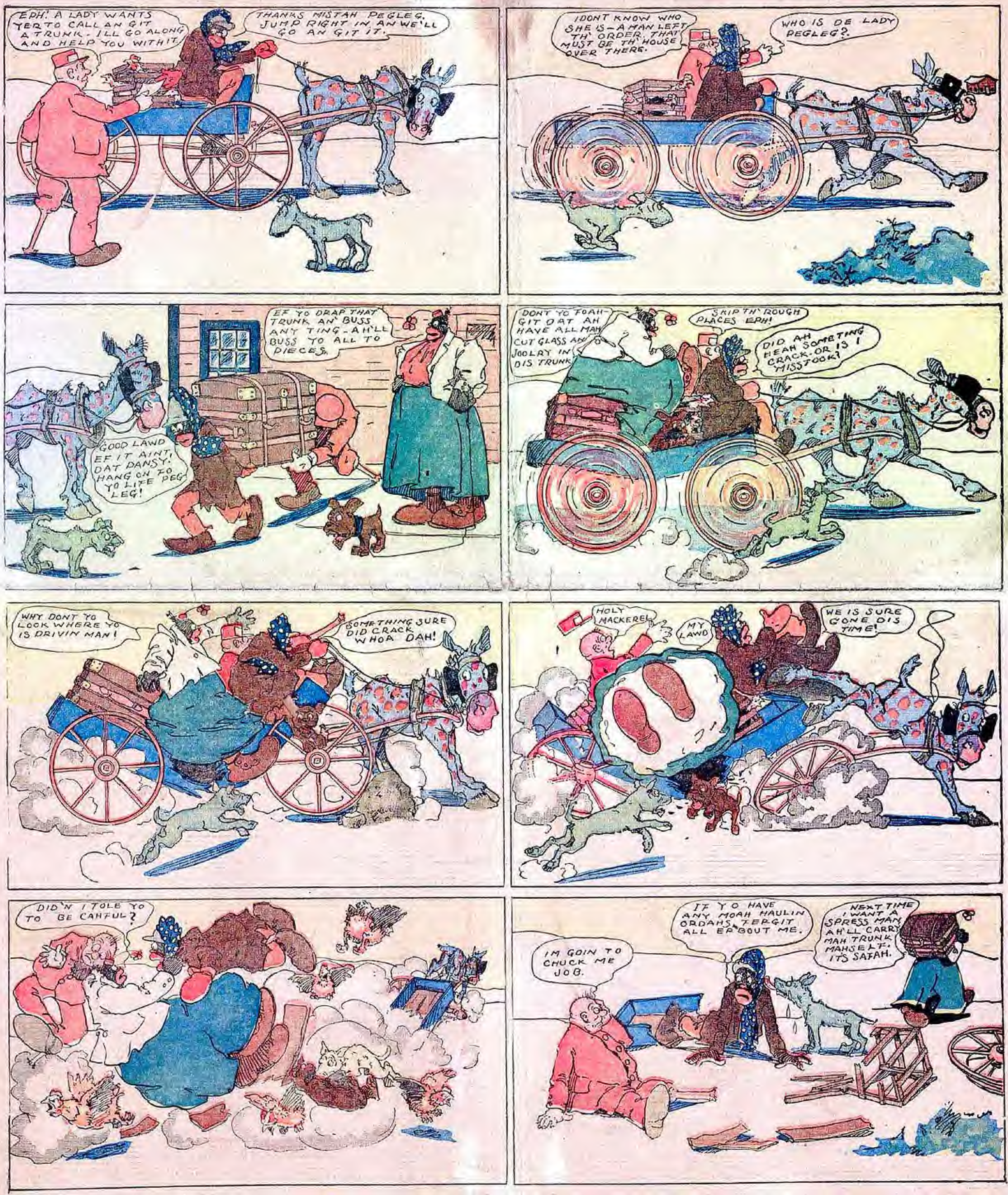
Sights on the Los Angeles Rialto to make you hold your breath—Greatest gathering of pugilists ever known now here.

COLOR AND
MAGAZINE
SECTION

The Kansas City Journal.

KANSAS CITY, MO.,
SUNDAY,
FEBRUARY 11, 1906

EPH JACKSON TAKES A TRUNK TO THE DEPOT


EPH! A LADY WANTS YER TO CALL AN GIT A TRUNK - ILL GO ALONG AND HELP YOU WITH IT.
THANKS MISTAH PEGLEG. JUMP RIGHT IN AN WE'LL GO AN GIT IT.
IDONT KNOW WHO SHE IS - A MAN LEFT TH' ORDER THAT MUST BE TH' HOUSE OVER THERE.
WHO IS DE LADY PEGLEG?.
EF YO DRAP THAT TRUNK AN' BUSS ANY TING - AH'LL BUSS YO ALL TO PIECES.
GOOD LAWD EF IT AINT DAT DANSY. HANG ON TO YO LIFE PEG LEG!
DONT YO FOAHGIT DAT AH HAVE ALL MAH CUT GLASS AN JOOLRY IN DIS TRUNK
SKIP TH' ROUGH PLACES EPH!
DID AH HEAH SOMETING CRACK - OR IS I MISSTOOK?
WHY DONT YO LOOK WHERE YO IS DRIVIN MAN!
SOMETHING SURE DID CRACK WHOA DAH!
HOLY MACKEREL
MY LAWD
WE IS SURE GONE DIS TIME!
DID'N I TOLE YO TO BE CAHFUL?
IM GOIN TO CHUCK ME JOB.
IF YO HAVE ANY MOAH HAULIN ORDAHS FERGIT ALL ERBOUT ME.
NEXT TIME I WANT A SPRESS MAN AH'LL CARRY MAH TRUNK MAHSELF. ITS SAFAH.

135th Year

THE NORTH AMERICAN

COMIC (Fourth) SECTION

PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1906.

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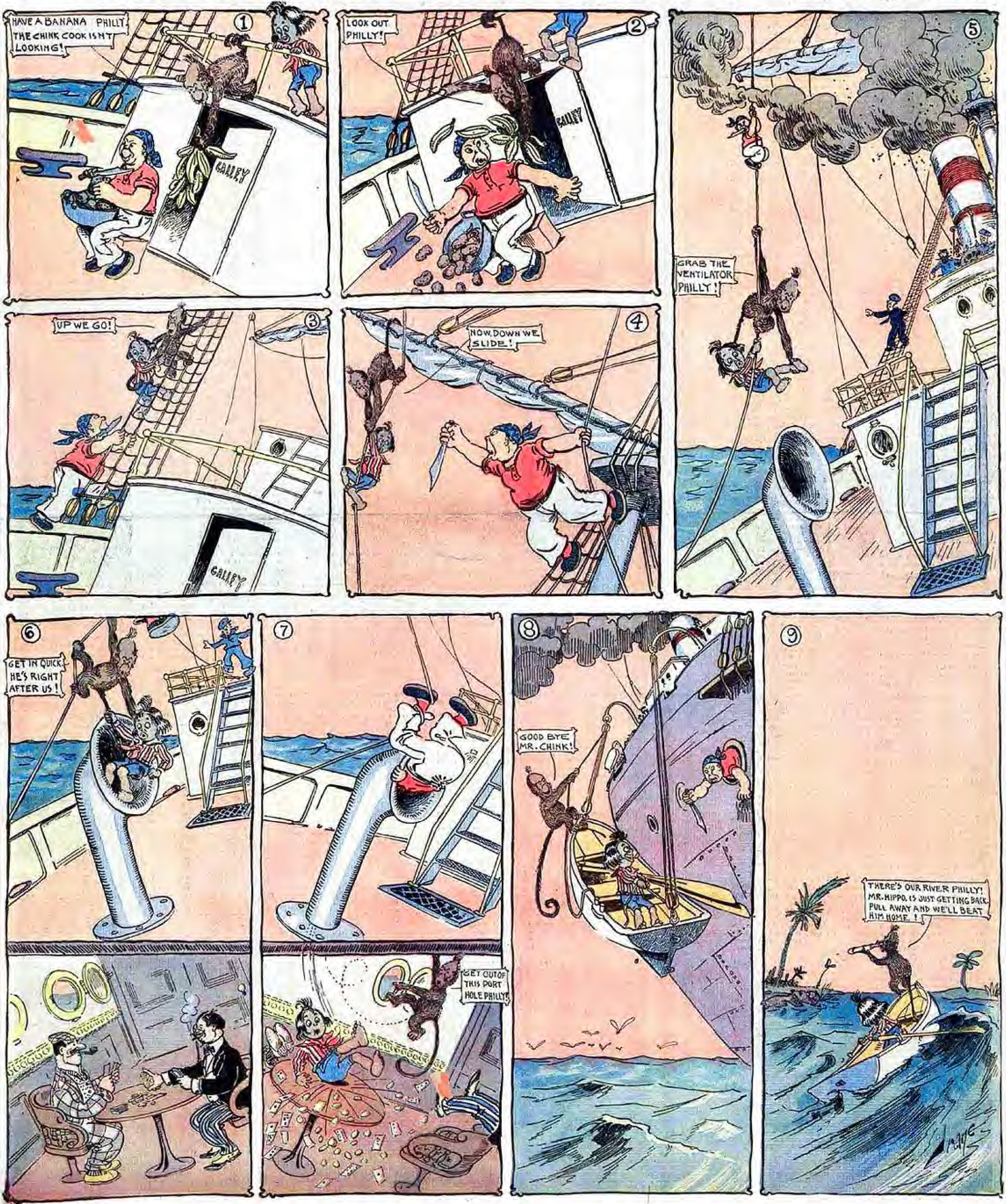
PHILLY PENO AND KOKO HAVE AN ADVENTURE WITH A CHINESE COOK


①
HAVE A BANANA PHILLY THE CHINK COOK ISN'T LOOKING!
GALLEY
②
LOOK OUT PHILLY!
GALLEY
③
UP WE GO!
GALLEY
④
NOW, DOWN WE SLIDE!
⑤
GRAB THE VENTILATOR PHILLY!
⑥
GET IN QUICK HE'S RIGHT AFTER US!
⑦
GET OUT OF THIS PORT HOLE PHILLY!
⑧
GOOD BYE MR. CHINK!
⑨
THERE'S OUR RIVER PHILLY! MR. HIPPO, IS JUST GETTING BACK. PULL AWAY AND WE'LL BEAT HIM HOME. !

THE NORTH AMERICAN
135th Year
COMIC (Fourth) SECTION
PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1906.
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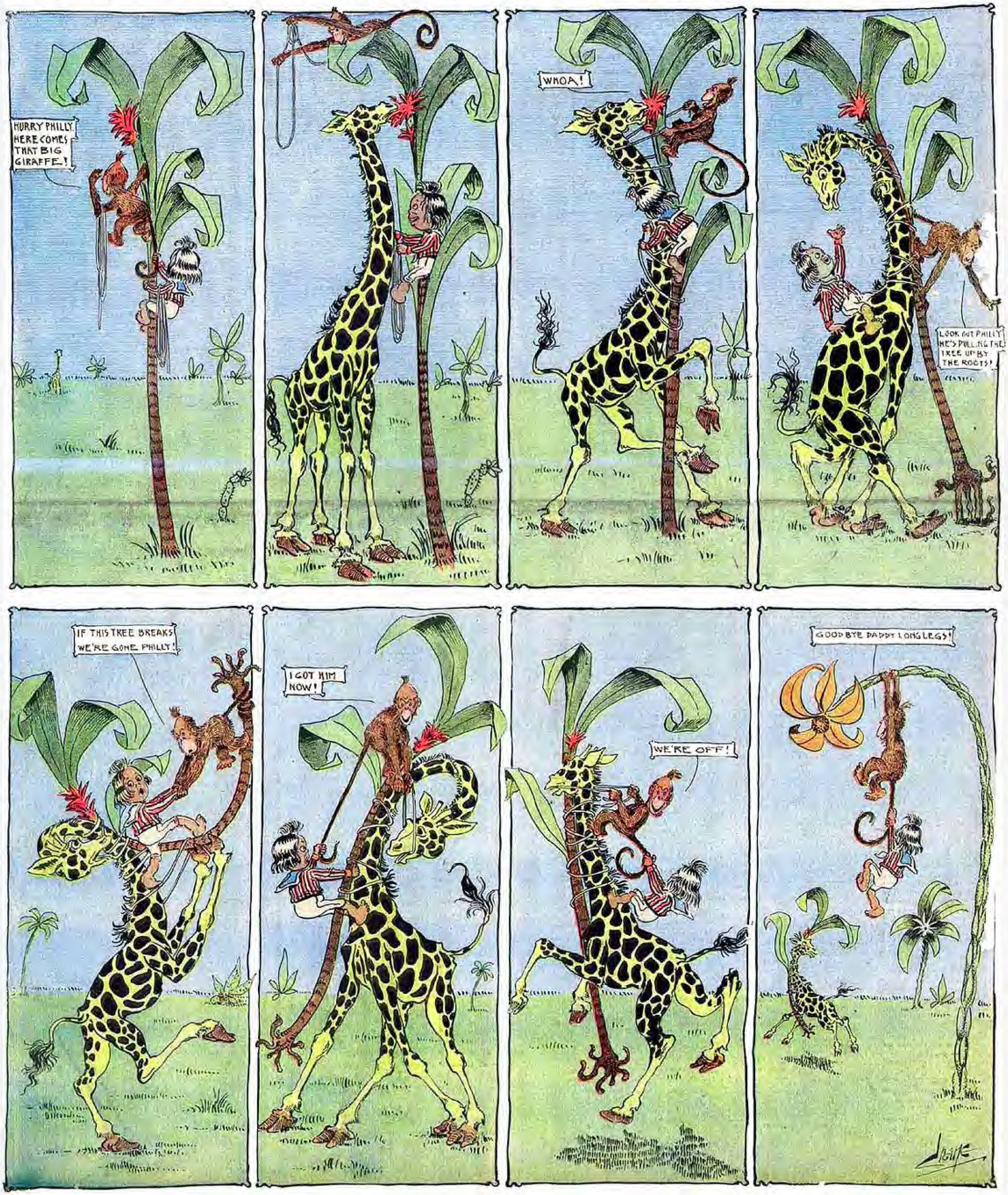
PHILLY PENO AND KOKO DO SOME STUNTS WITH A GIRAFFE


HURRY PHILLY HERE COMES THAT BIG GIRAFFE!
WHOA!
LOOK OUT PHILLY HE'S PULLING THE TREE UP BY THE ROOTS!
IF THIS TREE BREAKS WE'RE GONE PHILLY!
I GOT HIM NOW!
WE'RE OFF!
GOOD BYE DADDY LONG LEGS!

THE LOG OF THE ARK

BY JAPHETH

TRANSLATED INTO THE MODERN VERNACULAR BY WALT McDOUGALL

MARCH 3.—Everybody on board was awakened early this morning by a sudden smack. Something had bumped into us for when Shem sounded he found twenty-seven fathoms of water all around the Ark.

"It certainly seemed as if we had been banged up against by something," said Pop, "but what on earth (or rather, on water) could be big enough to give us such a smack? Surely no fish is large enough to make any impression on a craft as great as this."

"Whatever it was it got away quick enough," said Ham. "I was on deck in two minutes and there was nothing in sight anywhere!"

After breakfast we heard a loud yell from one of the toucans who was taking a saltwater bath in a window and then a chorus of noises from all the animals.

"Gee!" shouted Shem. "Those gorillas or some other mutts is up to mischief, sure as you're born!"

Ham and I hurried below to find every animal eagerly and excitedly gazing out over the flood. Off in the distance we saw a tall spout of water rise into the air for many feet and fall with a splash. I yelled for Pop to come. The fountain rose just as he arrived and he was as much amazed as we.

"That's the queerest thing we have seen yet!" said he. "Looks like there was a submarine hose company at work down there!"

Ham inquired among the animals to learn if any of them knew what caused the wonder, but all admitted total ignorance of the cause of the curious spectacle.

"It is certainly a remarkable phenomenon!" declared Zillah.

"I never heard of such an animal," said I. "What is a phenomenon?"

"That's not an animal," explained Shem, kindly, instead of laughing at me. "A phenomenon is something that only happens once in a while, like a small gas bill or a woman who hates fine clothes or something like that."

"Look!" shouted the chimpanzee. "There's your phenomenon! It's a big fish!"

Sure enough, there beside the Ark was what looked like an immense fish, almost as long as our vessel. Its head was square and its body black and shining and its little eyes, far back from its nose, winked and blinked constantly as it looked up at us. Then it came nearer and, as we stared dumb at it, asked: "Is this Noah's Ark?"

"Yes," replied Pop. "And who are you?"

"I am the whale," it answered, "and it's funny that you didn't invite me to join you on this trip of yours!"

"Oh, we didn't invite any fish!" said Pop. "Only animals, reptiles, insects, and so on, you know; land animals only."

"That's why I complain," added the whale. "I am a mammal! I am not a fish any more than that thing with the long snout that's looking out of that window there. I don't lay eggs and I nurse my babies just like any other well made creature!"

"That's news to me!" declared Pop in wonder. "At any rate, your name wasn't down on my list and I can't see where I could have stowed you, anyhow! Guess you must be the biggest thing in the world!"

"Oh, I never could have accompanied you," said the whale, "but I would like to have received an invitation just as a courtesy."

"Well, I am very sorry it happened so," began Pop.

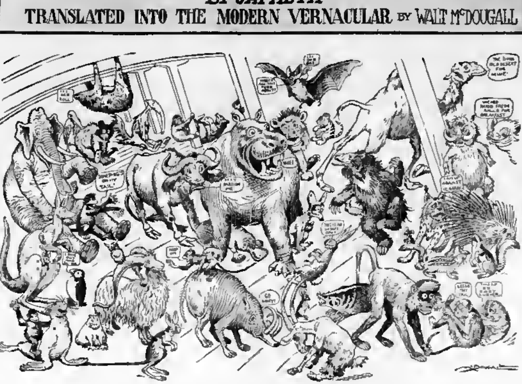
"Oh, pray don't apologize," said the whale. "I merely wanted to let you know who I am and to show you that you had missed one honest mammal who didn't happen to have a long, wrinkled snout, or horns, or whiskers, or wool, or feathers, that's all. Good morning!"

The gorilla was hanging far out of the window and in order to obtain a closer view and perhaps to retort abusively to the remark of the whale about wrinkled snouts, the elephant pushed him so that with a loud yell and a tremendous splash he plumped into the water. The Ark was moving along with considerable speed and the poor gorilla, who can not swim at all, would surely have drowned had not the whale come to his rescue and taken him upon his great broad back. Then he brought him close to our vessel and the giraffe very cleverly reached out and allowed him to climb aboard along his slender neck.

"That was a close call!" exclaimed Ham. "Next time be more careful!" "Gee! I thought you were a goner!" said I. "Weren't you awful scared?"

"Oh, no, not much, but, say, I did feel a little put out!" said the gorilla.

At 10 o'clock another big wind sprang up and the seas began to roll again. In about an hour we were all sucking lemons as Hannah had advised us, but they were of no use. All but the little ant whom I rescued last week were sick as [illegible] time! I was sure I was not going to live more than an hour. I lay myself down and closed my eyes so that I [illegible]. The storm was awful! The waves thundered against the sides of the boat and drowned the uproar made by the animals and I rolled out of bed seven or eight times until the rattlesnake wound himself around my leg and lashed me to the bedpost. The storm continued all night and all next day and we had nothing to eat, but none of us, except Hannah, wanted a thing. She never is sick. When you are seasick you merely want to die easy and be done with it!

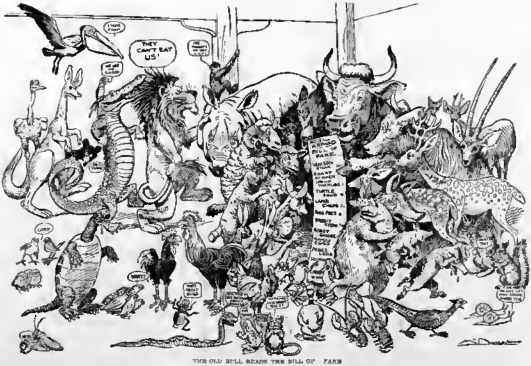


THE PASSENGERS SLIDE FROM PORT TO STARBOARD.

About noon yesterday, for I didn't bother to put down anything in the Log until today, Zipporah came to me and told me that Ham wanted me to go down and feed the animals as he was sure that he could not move without dropping dead. So I crawled down below, but there was nothing to do. None of the animals had any time to eat for they were all too busy dodging one another and untangling themselves from the snarls that they were constantly getting into. Every time the Ark would roll over all the animals would slide toward port or starboard in a bunch. The birds, squirrels, monkeys and all the others that live on perches and shelves were hanging on for dear life and those who were not seasick were having fun with the ones on deck.

It surely was a wonderful phenomenon! When the craft rolled the biggest animals would start to slide first, an avalanche of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, buffaloes, tapirs, giraffes, bears, lions, tigers and so forth, followed by a squirming, wriggling, scratching mass of smaller creatures such as wolves, dogs, cats, rabbits, capybaras, skunks, ocelots, raccoons and the like and then a fringe of turtles, minks, rats, mice, lizards, moles, shrews, lemurs, beetles and similar tiny things, all of which and in hustle to get out of the way on the return trip. Each one was yelling, or howling, or growling, or squealing with all his might. The armadillos and the anteaters had rolled themselves up tight and slid back and forth like cannon balls and the elephants went scooting along like boys sliding down cellar doors. Every time one of these landed against the side of the Ark it seemed as if he would go right through. Cries and loud yells of "Get off my ear!" "Let go of my tail!" "Whose is my eye?" "Keep out of my mouth!" "You're on my flipper!" and the like, followed the grand mix-up at the end of each roll and it seemed impossible ever to separate the tangle of legs, tails, horns and necks, but the next surge would shake them up and shake them out for another start. Then away would go the elephant with the boa constrictor made into a four-in-hand about his neck, his trunk wound round the gazelle's horn and the baboon clinging to his tail, the crocodile with the seal halfway down his throat and the sun bear wrapped up in his long tail, would wrestle with the duck-billed platypus for a fair start, while the zebu and the walrus, straddling the hippopotamus, bellowed for help! The giraffe had ten marmosets, three monkeys, two [illegible] and a mud turtle strung along his neck and the same buffalo had the porcupine squatting between his horns!

But there were not many quills left on the porcupine. Most every animal had some of them sticking in him and all of the animals were dreadfully mussed up. Everybody



THE OLD BULL READS THE BILL OF FARE.

was full of scratches and sharp splinters.

I came down and sat in among them but stood in the doorway. The sun bear came sliding past me and grinned as he shouted: "Hello, Japh! Say, we are being thrown among some good society, eh? I feel as if I were getting to be a real boarder!"

During a slight lull the polar bear said to me: "I don't care much on being exclusive but, after this, separate cabins for mine!" "I'd give a week's rations to be turned into a turtle with a double re-enforced shell!" groaned the ostrich. "The simple life for me on shore after this if I ever get a chance!"

"Same here!" added the giraffe as he stretched his neck around a post. "I am so upset inside that I couldn't even hold down a government job two minutes! I feel as if they'd fed me on yeast cakes for a week!" When I went up I reported to Pop that the animals were not feeling very keen about eating. Said he:

"Don't blame them! I've been bringing up things that I'd been forgotten, during this spell, myself, and I'm as empty as a last year's birdsnest but I don't yearn for buckwheat cakes nor sausages! If the ship would not turn over and mix with us pretty soon I reckon I'll kind of go off in a faint! And your Ma feels the same way!"

"Oh, Pop, keep up your courage!" said I. "Don't give up the ship! It would be a shame to throw up the sponge now!"

"I'll bet I've given up everything that was in me," replied Pop, "but I'm not an ostrich. I never swallowed the sponge so I can't throw it up!"

MARCH 5, 2348 B. C.—Passed big red buoy with the number 17 painted on it. Shem thinks it is the [illegible] Fishing Banks buoy. He likes to put on airs about what he has learned from his Mail Course in Navigation in the Kadesh Correspondence School. Said Pop:

"Nice, safe place for a bank! Plenty of circulation and, I suppose, no more water in the stock than is usual in corporations."

"But you would need a diving suit to draw your money!" said Shem.

"And it's kept in a red-herring safe perhaps!" suggested Ham.

"The Fishing Bank's money ought to be all net profits," suggested Pop.

"That conceit would make a pretty romance," said Zillah, who is a poetic thing in the morning. "I would like to write a little fairy tale—"

"Sort of a fishery tale!" said Ham.

"With the Fishing Bank, its coral-lined safe with sea dollars and with several watch-dogfish guarding it."

"And some old greenback turtles counting bags of goldfish or testing them by weight or with acid and listening to the deposits drawing interest," put in Shem.

"Yes," said I, "and some night the blowfish comes and blows open the safe!"

"You are all jesting upon a poetic subject, but I have composed a poem:

"Far down where the gleaming sunfish dart
Taking the crimson sunset hush,
Deep down in the coral's rosy heart
To make the pale sea-lily blush."

"Oh, that sort of rhyming is easy enough!" declared Ham, for he loves to tease his wife. "I can do a little of it sometimes, myself!

"Down where the mergoo never gripe;
Where thunder [illegible] banana peels
Where the pale pipefish hits the pipe
And the salted codfish feels
That the time for him is ripe
To motor with electric eels,
Where the double tripe [illegible]—"

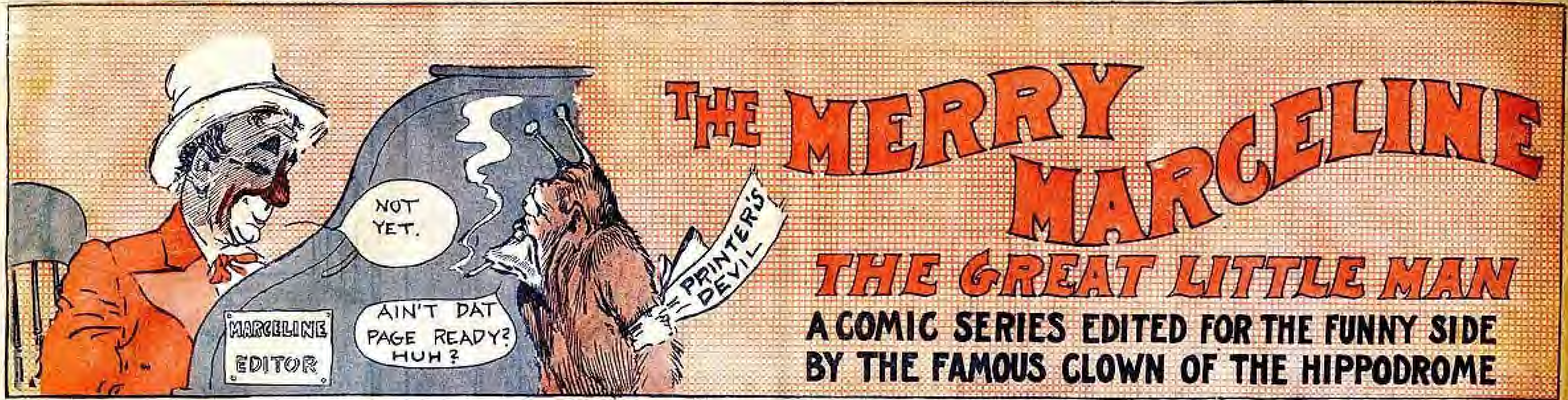
"Oh, [illegible]!" exclaimed Zillah. "That isn't poetry. That's simply a—a bawl!"

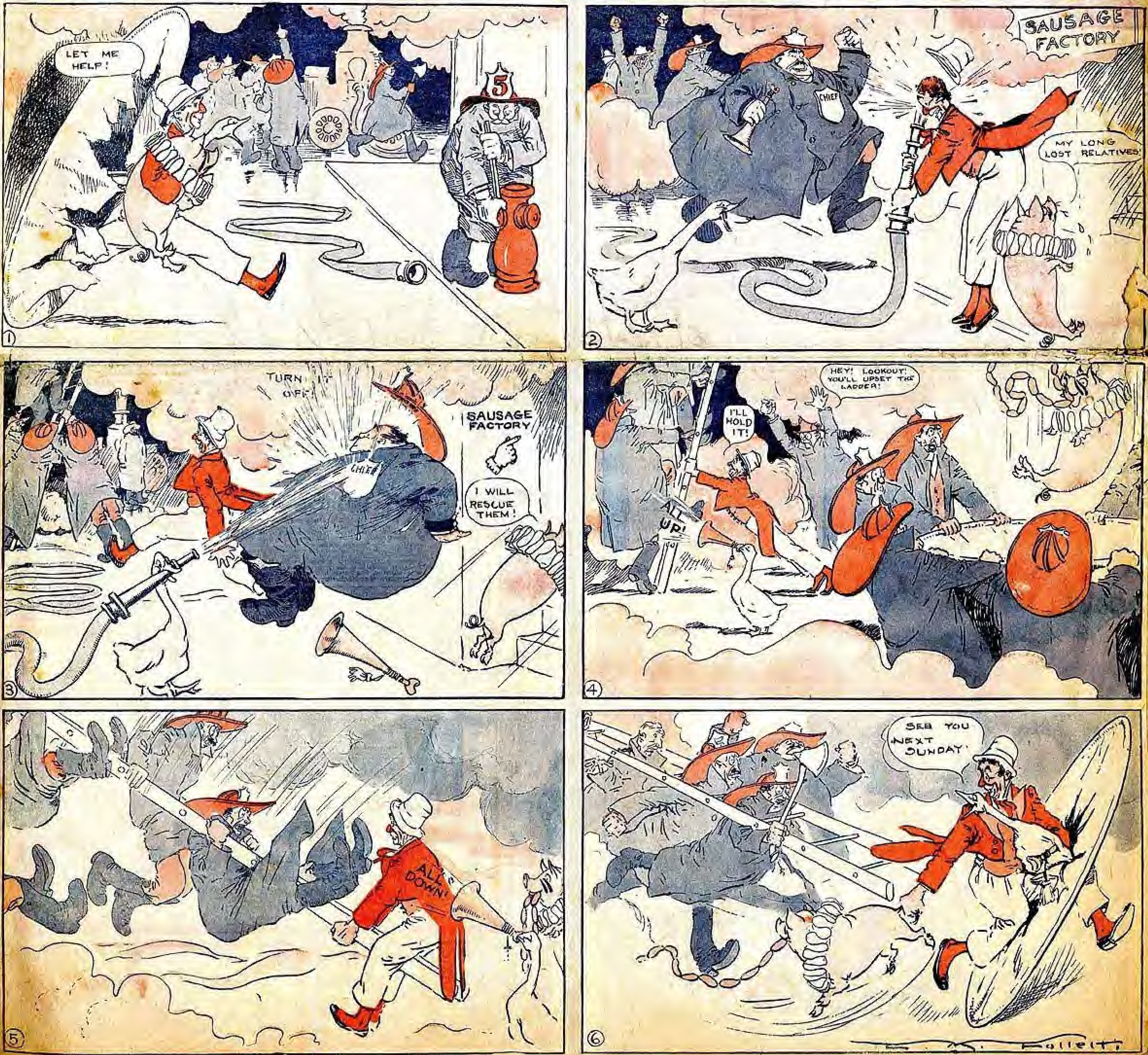
"Sort of a fish bawl!" said Pop.

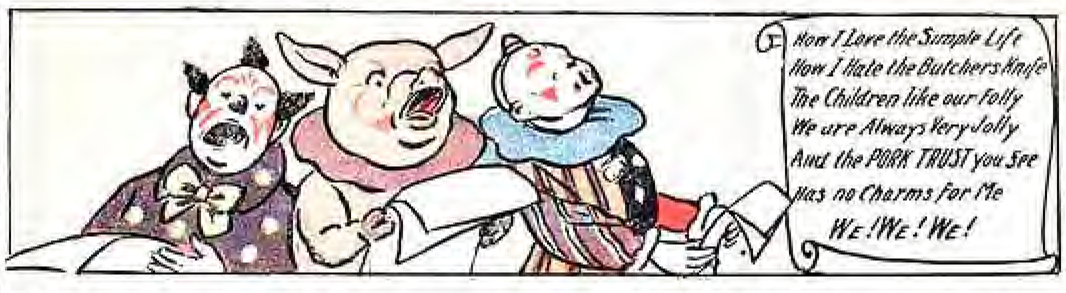
Just then one of the red squirrels came to Ham with a complaint that the fox had taken advantage of his innocence and his appetite and had offered to give him a big nut in exchange for part of his daily allowance of food. The squirrel had gleefully parted with his dinner, which the wily fox ate, and then referred him to the spot where he had hidden the nut, which proved to be an iron one, unscrewed by the ostrich from a bulkhead bolt! The squirrel, upon the advice of the crow, who, it seems, is among us a sort of a lawyer on board, repaired at once to Ham, basing his complaint on the ground that the fox had defrauded him, inasmuch as the iron nut was not his property and therefore he was unable to give it away or trade it.

(Continued on Page Seven, this Section.)

THE MERRY MARCELINE
THE GREAT LITTLE MAN
A COMIC SERIES EDITED FOR THE FUNNY SIDE
BY THE FAMOUS CLOWN OF THE HIPPODROME


NOT YET.
AIN'T DAT PAGE READY? HUH?
MARCELINE EDITOR
PRINTER'S DEVIL


1
LET ME HELP!
5
2
SAUSAGE FACTORY
CHIEF
MY LONG LOST RELATIVES!
3
TURN IT OFF!
CHIEF
SAUSAGE FACTORY
I WILL RESCUE THEM!
4
HEY! LOOKOUT! YOU'LL UPSET THE LADDER!
I'LL HOLD IT!
ALL UP!
5
ALL DOWN!
6
SEE YOU NEXT SUNDAY!
Follett


How I Love the Simple Life
How I Hate the Butchers Knife
The Children like our Folly
We are Always Very Jolly
And the PORK TRUST you See
Has no Charms for Me
We! We! We!

THE NORTH AMERICAN
COMIC (Fourth) SECTION
PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1906.
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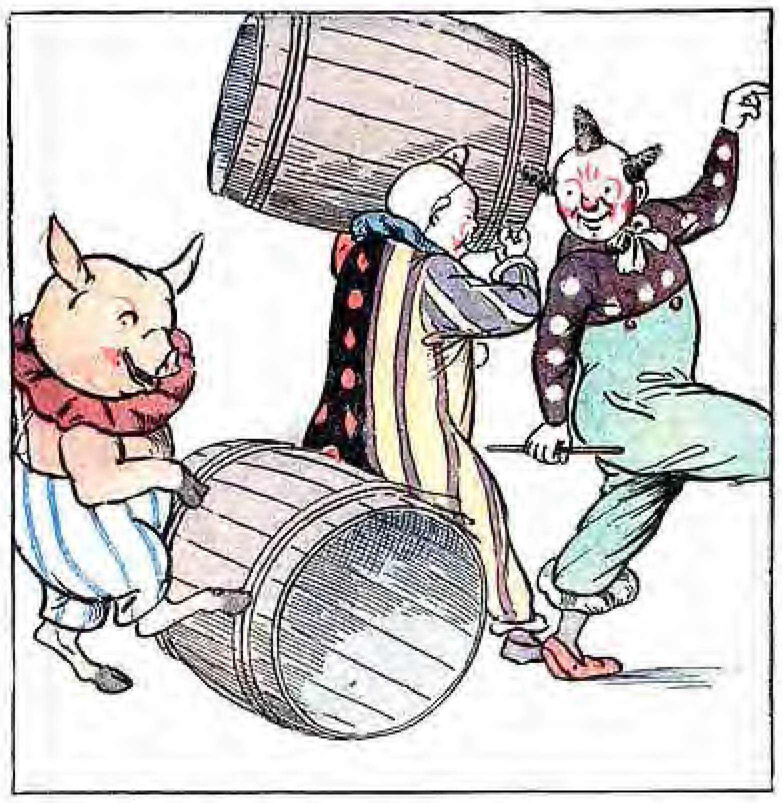
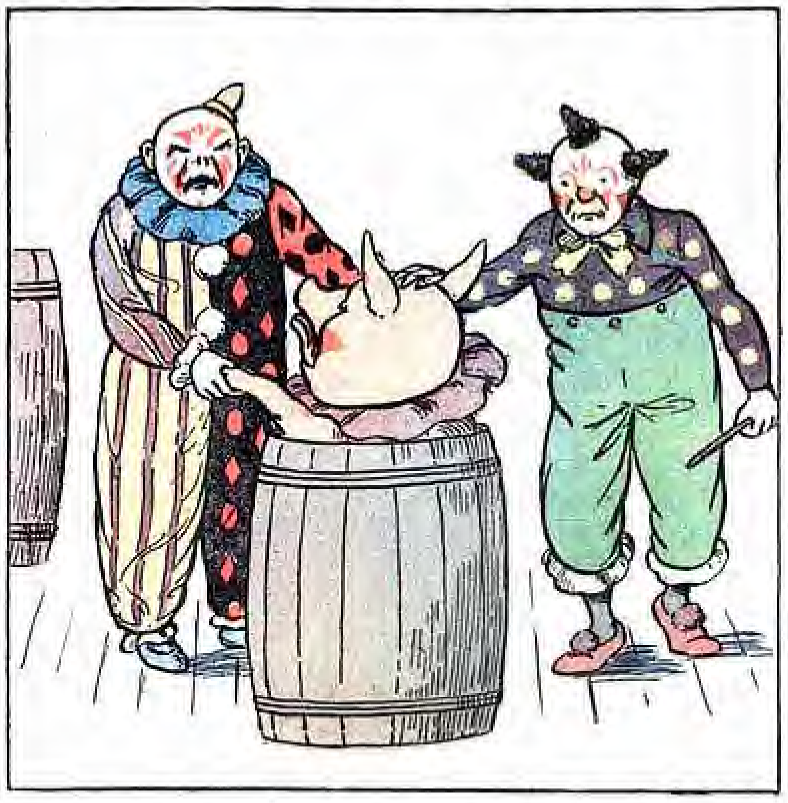
135th Year

TRIXY AND FRISKY, COMICAL CLOWNS, AND THEIR ABLE ASSISTANT, FLITCHY, THE PIG

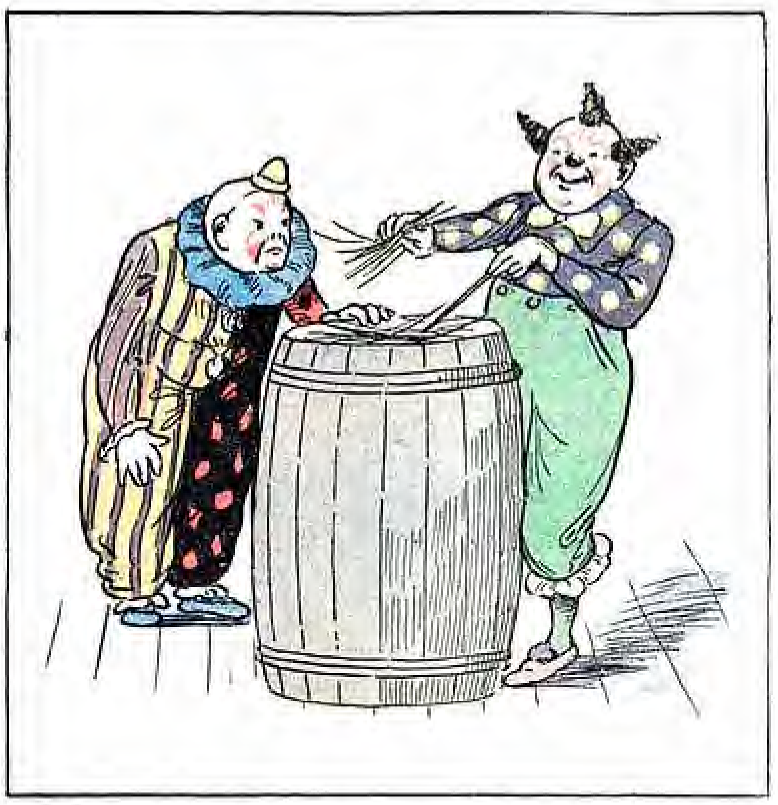
II---THE MAGIC FIRE



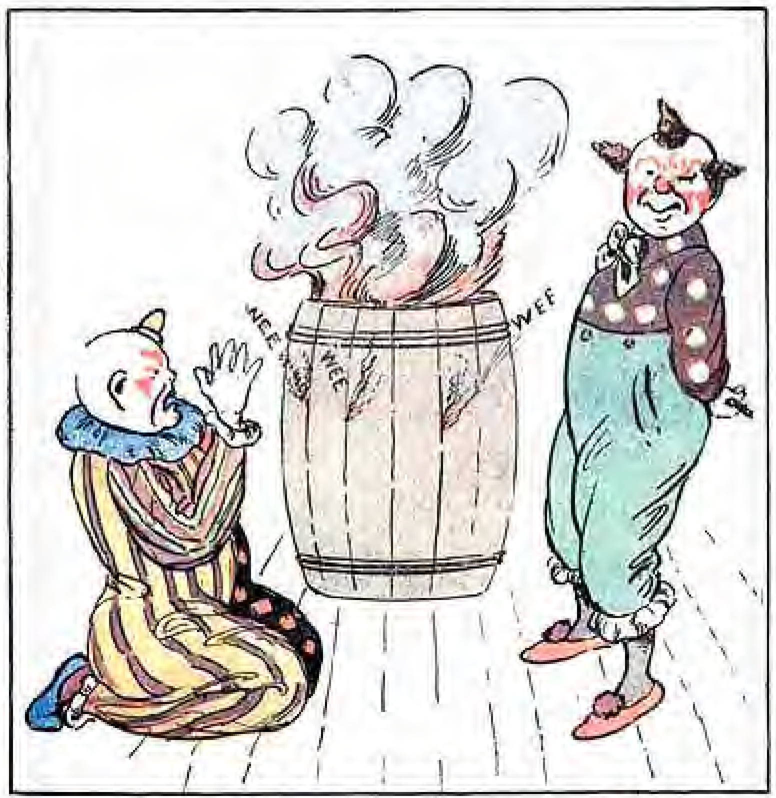
Now, boys and girls, we'll shortly learn just what this story means.
You see two barrels, two young clowns and a pig in striped jeans.



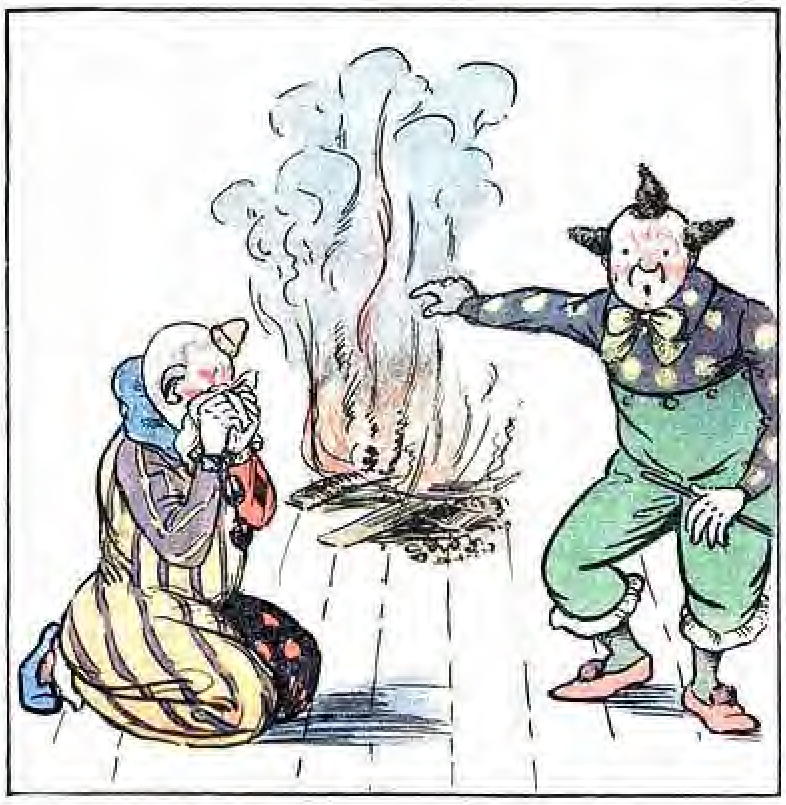
Inside the barrel goes the pig, tho' not without a cry,
But the learned Professor says he's sure to come back by and by.



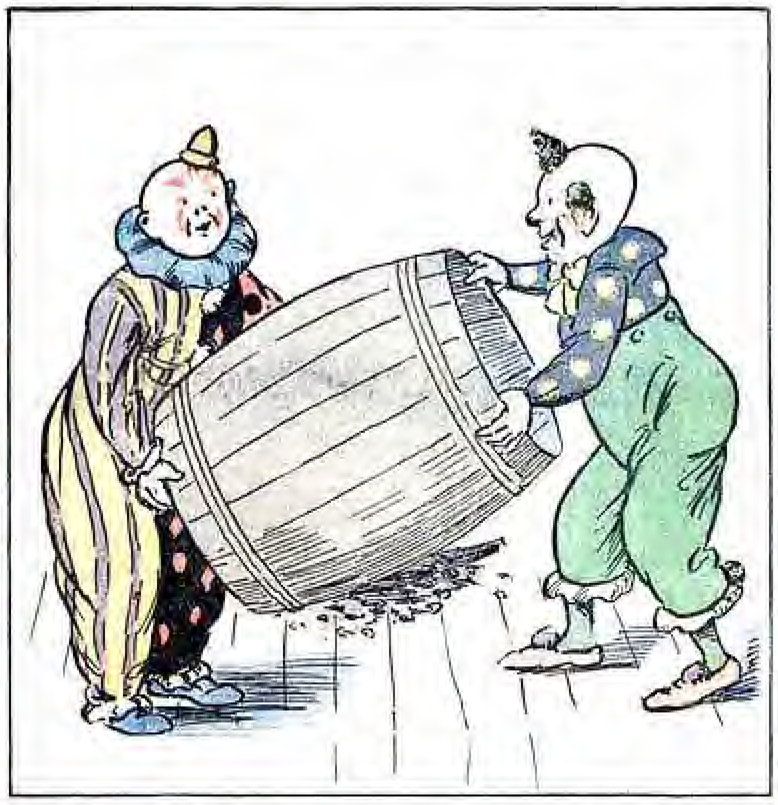
He's covered up till all is hid with clover and with hay,
Then coal oil's poured upon the pile in a careless sort of way.


WEE
WEE
WEE
WEF

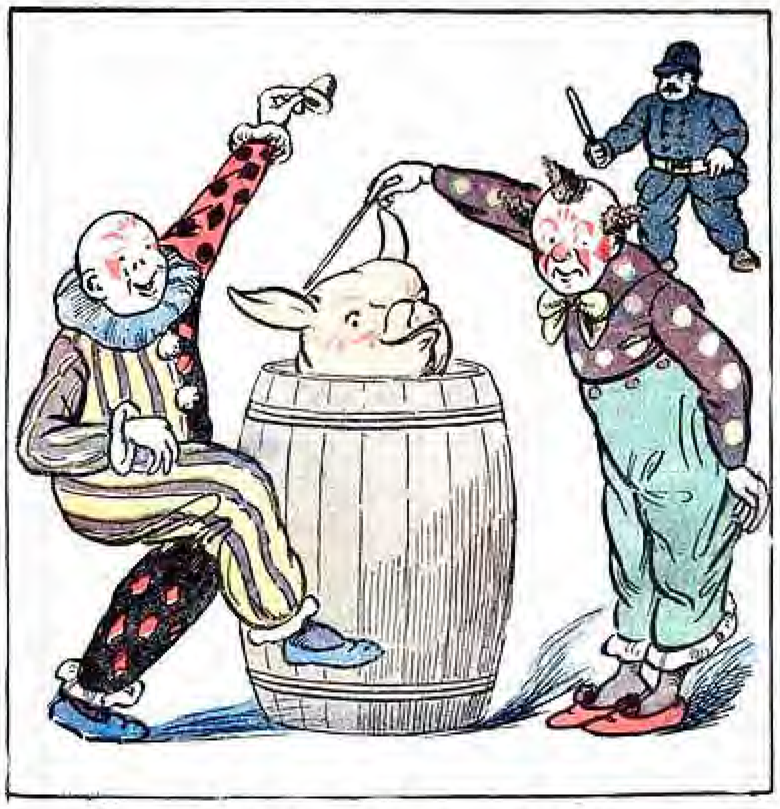
Still, tho' it seems the squeaking pig, that Flitchy there must burn,
The chances are when it is time he's likely to return.



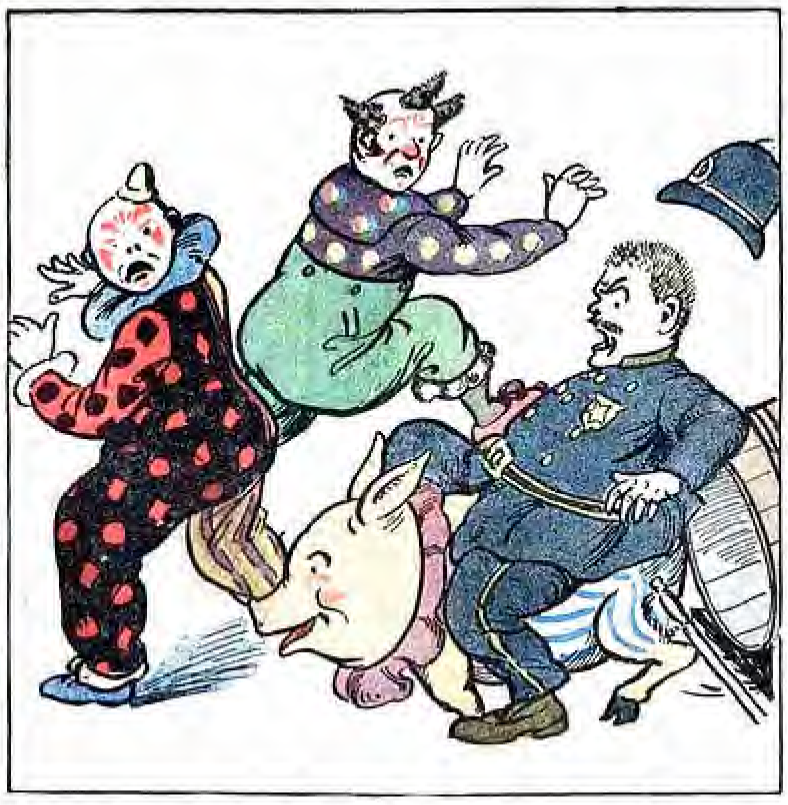
Yet, gazing at the burning pile, the fire and the smoke,
It looks as if the porker soon would find it was no joke.



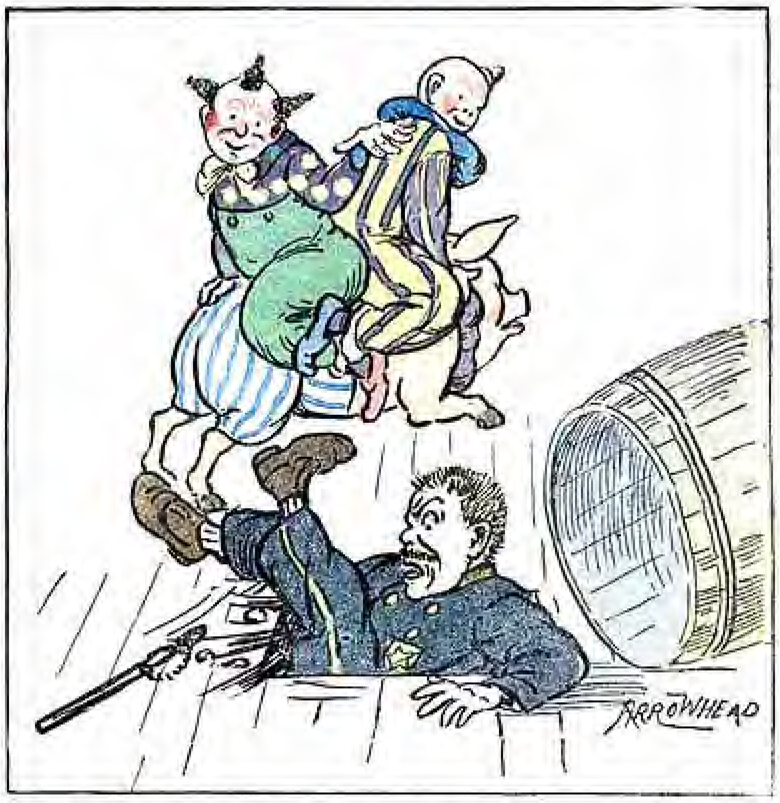
But never mind—just smile and laugh—there's no need for a tear;
The pig has started to come back and quickly will be here.



Just as was said. You see him there exactly as before,
From out the cellar, where he'd gone down thro' a small trap-door.



Police, you know, are people who can seldom see much fun,
So one rushed in who thought perhaps some harm was being done.



He takes a ride on Flitchy's back—a trade he's not been taught;—
Then Frisky, Trixy in their turn are off and can't be caught.

New Idea in Comic Supplements

BEST IN THE WORLD

REAL HUMOR——BY——REAL ARTISTS

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY—MAY 6—THE TRIBUNE will inaugurate a revolution in the comic supplements of Sunday newspapers. It will present to its readers a comic supplement of entirely different character than any now extant—a comic supplement prepared by the past masters in the art of this species of illustration, the cream of the German humorists who have made the funny papers of the fatherland the best in the world. ¶ A representative of THE TRIBUNE recently made a special trip to Europe and completed arrangements which will mark an epoch in the history of comic journalism in the United States. Beginning on May 6 the comic supplement of THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE will be made up mainly of the work of the best humorous artists of Germany, some of whom will draw exclusively for this paper.

——BEST IN THE WORLD——

FEININGER, HORINA, POMERHANZ, MEGGENDORFER, STAUDINGER, SCHRAM.

Best in the World——**SIX PAGES OF COMICS EACH WEEK**——Best in the World

WATCH FOR:
- **Feininger's Kin-Der Kids.**
- **Hungry Tommy.**
- **Pomerhanz's Masterly Drawings.**
- **Horina's Absent Minded Aunt.**
- **Meggendorfer's Animals.**
- **Schram's Lively Boys.**

$150,000 00 series of complete novels written especially for this series also begins next Sunday,

A ROCK IN THE BALTIC, - - - - by Robert Barr. COMPLETE IN FOUR INSTALLMENTS OF A SPECIAL 8-PAGE SUPPLEMENT EACH WEEK.

——BEST IN THE WORLD——

BEST COMICS. BEST FICTION. ALL THE NEWS. BEST FEATURES IN THE

CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE

ORDER FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER TODAY, OR YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GET A COPY

GRAIN O' SALT NEEDED HERE.

Ought to Be Put on Tail of This Fly-By-Night.

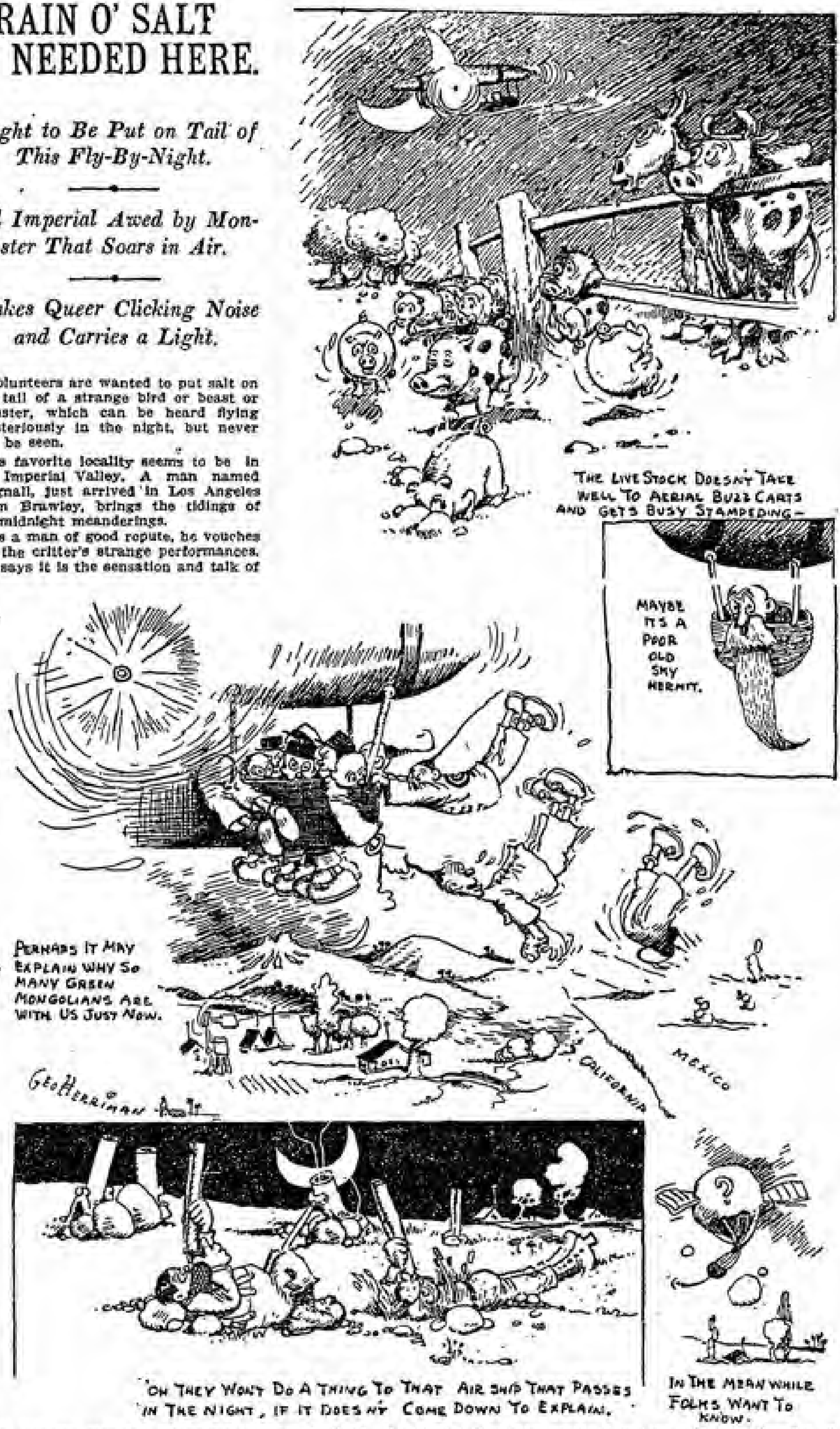
All Imperial Awed by Monster That Soars in Air.

Makes Queer Clicking Noise and Carries a Light.

Volunteers are wanted to put salt on the tail of a strange bird or beast or monster, which can be heard flying mysteriously in the night, but never can be seen.

Its favorite locality seems to be in the Imperial Valley. A man named Dagnall, just arrived in Los Angeles from Brawley, brings the tidings of its midnight meanderings.

As a man of good repute, he vouches for the critter's strange performances. He says it is the sensation and talk of


THE LIVE STOCK DOESN'T TAKE WELL TO AERIAL BUZZ CARTS AND GETS BUSY STAMPEDING—
MAYBE ITS A POOR OLD SKY HERMIT.
PERHAPS IT MAY EXPLAIN WHY SO MANY GREEN MONGOLIANS ARE WITH US JUST NOW.
CALIFORNIA
MEXICO
GeoHerriman
"OH THEY WON'T DO A THING TO THAT AIR SHIP THAT PASSES IN THE NIGHT, IF IT DOESN'T COME DOWN TO EXPLAIN.
?
IN THE MEAN WHILE FOLKS WANT TO KNOW.

What strange monster flies over Imperial Valley? Cartoonist Herriman presents various scientific theories of his own, designed to solve the alarming mystery.

COMIC SECTION

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

DENVER, COLO.,
JUNE 24, 1906.

Peter Popple the Prize Pilgrim.

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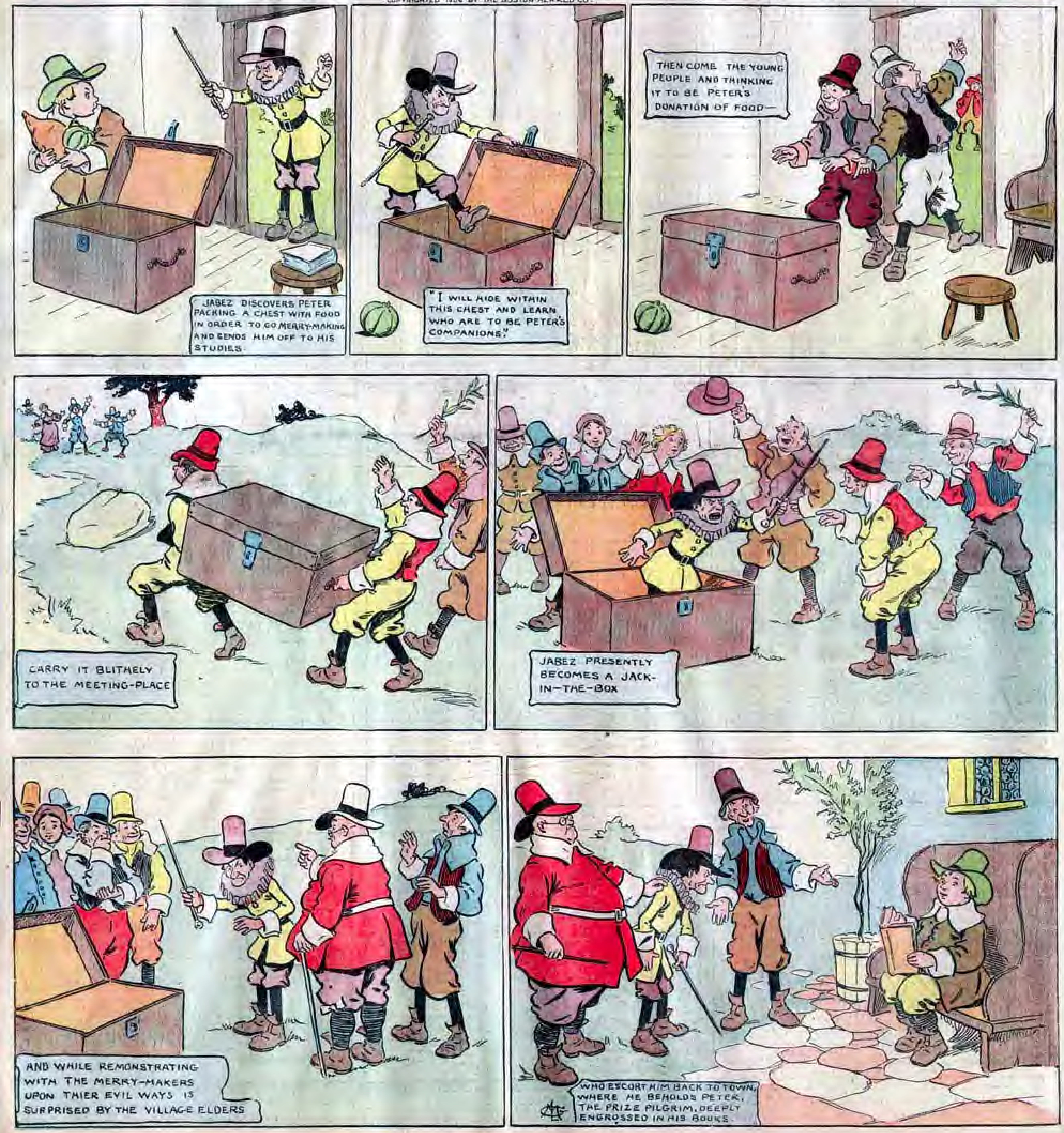

JABEZ DISCOVERS PETER PACKING A CHEST WITH FOOD IN ORDER TO GO MERRY-MAKING AND SENDS HIM OFF TO HIS STUDIES.
"I WILL HIDE WITHIN THIS CHEST AND LEARN WHO ARE TO BE PETER'S COMPANIONS."
THEN COME THE YOUNG PEOPLE AND THINKING IT TO BE PETER'S DONATION OF FOOD—
CARRY IT BLITHELY TO THE MEETING-PLACE
JABEZ PRESENTLY BECOMES A JACK-IN-THE-BOX
AND WHILE REMONSTRATING WITH THE MERRY-MAKERS UPON THIER EVIL WAYS IS SURPRISED BY THE VILLAGE ELDERS
WHO ESCORT HIM BACK TO TOWN, WHERE HE BEHOLDS PETER, THE PRIZE PILGRIM, DEEPLY ENGROSSED IN HIS BOOKS.

Jimmy Swinnerton Back With Little Bears.

By C. E. Van Loan.

JIMMY SWINNERTON, the young man who presented California with the little bears, is home again.

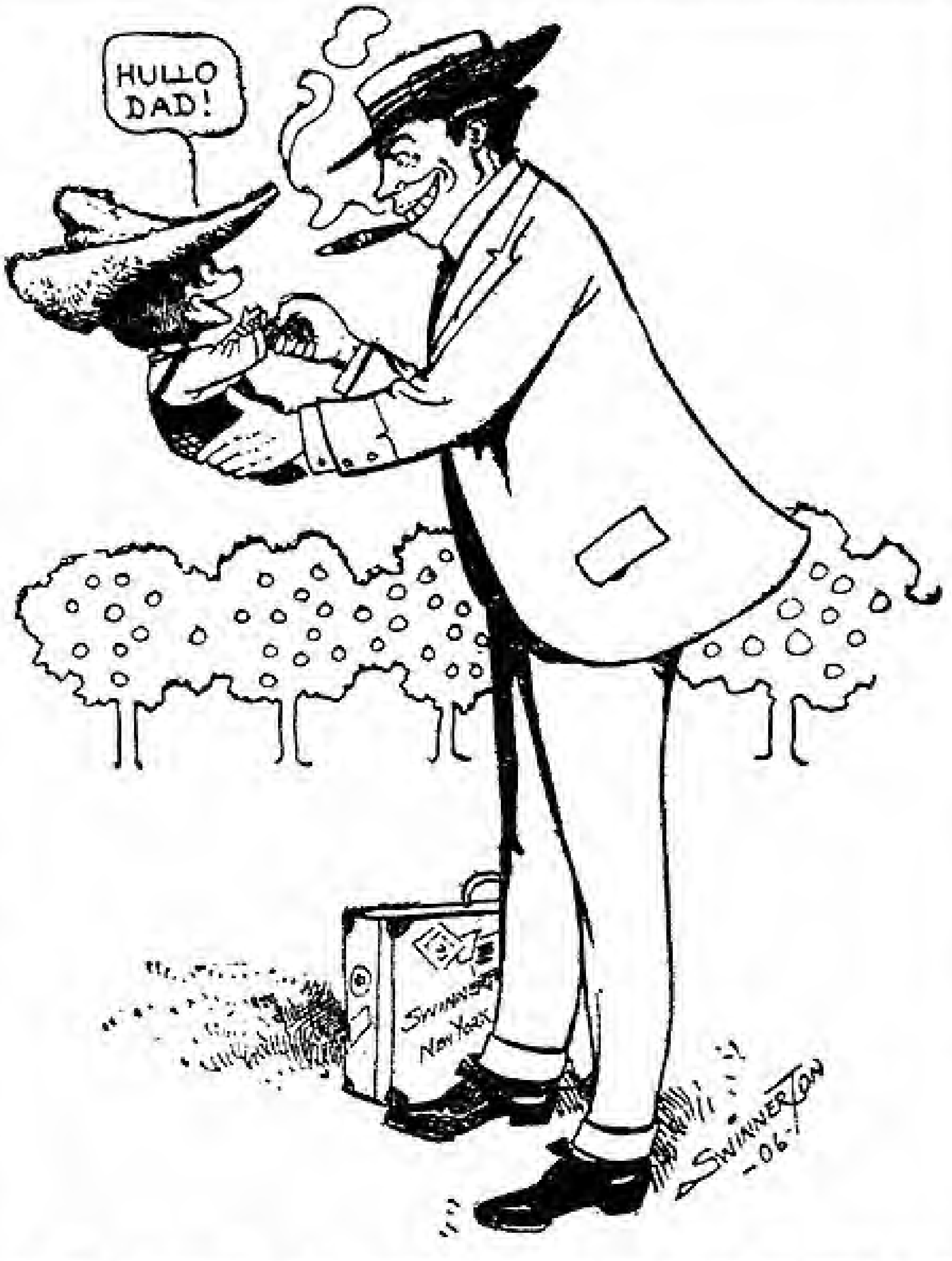
All the old-timers remember "Swin" and his bears. The cubs broke into print during the run of the Midwinter Fair, and it has always been a question as to which scored the greater hit with Western public. The Fair was quite an institution in its way, but the little bears were an epidemic. They swept everything before them, making their 16-year-old creator famous in a week.

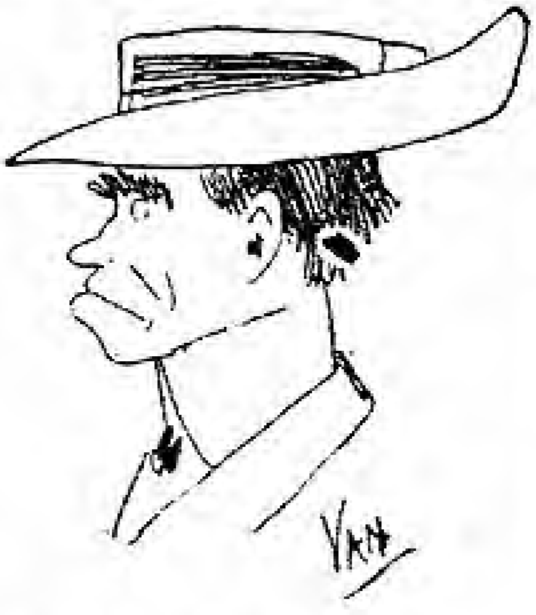
Then J. Guilford Swinnerton packed seven trunks with purple and fine linen and departed eastward to add to the gayety of the nations. Wisely deciding that the little bear belonged to California, James picked the Tammany Tiger for his next campaign, scoring another knockout with his "Mister Jack," a flirty rascal as well known on the coast as he became in the East.

In the last six years Swinnerton has invented many characters for the comic supplements. He has drawn so many different series that he says he cannot remember them all, but we remember the Mount Ararat Series, Sam, who jes' laughed, and Hans Nix, to say nothing of Old Butch, Little Katy and her Uncle, and several others.

Just at present Swinnerton furnishes us with weekly installments concerning the adventures of that comical little coot, he of the short memory and the many spankings—Little Jimmy, who hurries.

Mr. Swinnerton is now sojourning in Colton, California. The Eastern winters do not agree with him and he hopes to regain his usual good health in Southern California.





What Van Thinks of Swin.

The little bears who have been hibernating for twelve years have come out of their holes to illustrate this article. It is their first California appearance in many years.

Though only 30 years of age, Swinnerton has had a very busy life. For fourteen years he has been a star in the world of comic artists—a position which he attained overnight and to which he still retains a clear title.

This is the story of his life, told to slow music:

Terror of Stockton.

Jimmy did not intend to be an artist when he left his happy home in dear old Stockton, Cal. He intended to be a minstrel man—and he was—for about six weeks. Jimmy's father was a man of prominence in that locality: a Superior Court judge. As is usual in such cases, the judge's son was the unholy terror of the community. Any time a farmer lost his apple crop or found his watermelon patch neatly piled in a heap, he blamed it on the judge's kid and his gang of young desperadoes. And the farmer seldom had another guess coming.

At the tender age of fourteen, having exhausted the possibilities of Stockton as a place of residence, young Swinnerton packed up two collars, a red necktie and a rusty revolver and joined a minstrel troupe. The blackface artists took him along because he had a bigger mouth than any man in the company. It is the same mouth that he still uses.

James devoted himself to his Art and found that by carefully decorating himself with grease paints he could enlarge that mouth an inch on either side. Now the mouth did not really NEED the enlargement and when the work was done the cavity looked like a view of the Hoosac tunnel by moonlight. Young Swinnerton, mentioned on the bills as James Guilford, the wonderful Child Soprano, was the Big Hit of the piece. Farmers came for miles around to see the boy who was all mouth and some noise on the side.

The judge searched the country for his wandering boy, but found him not. Young James was far away, the envy of every kid in the jerkwater towns where the minstrels halted long enough to give a performance.

From Minstrel to Jockey.

He was the proud possessor of a long, black overcoat with a velvet collar, and it was his custom to leave enough of the black paint in his ears to prove his professional standing and convince the most skeptical youth on the bush league circuit. He had one great ambition; it was to double in brass and lead the band. But for one thing he might have been a minstrel man to this day, blowing his heart into an E-flat cornet and asking the gentlemanly interlocutor why the chicken crosses the road.

The minstrel troupe stranded.

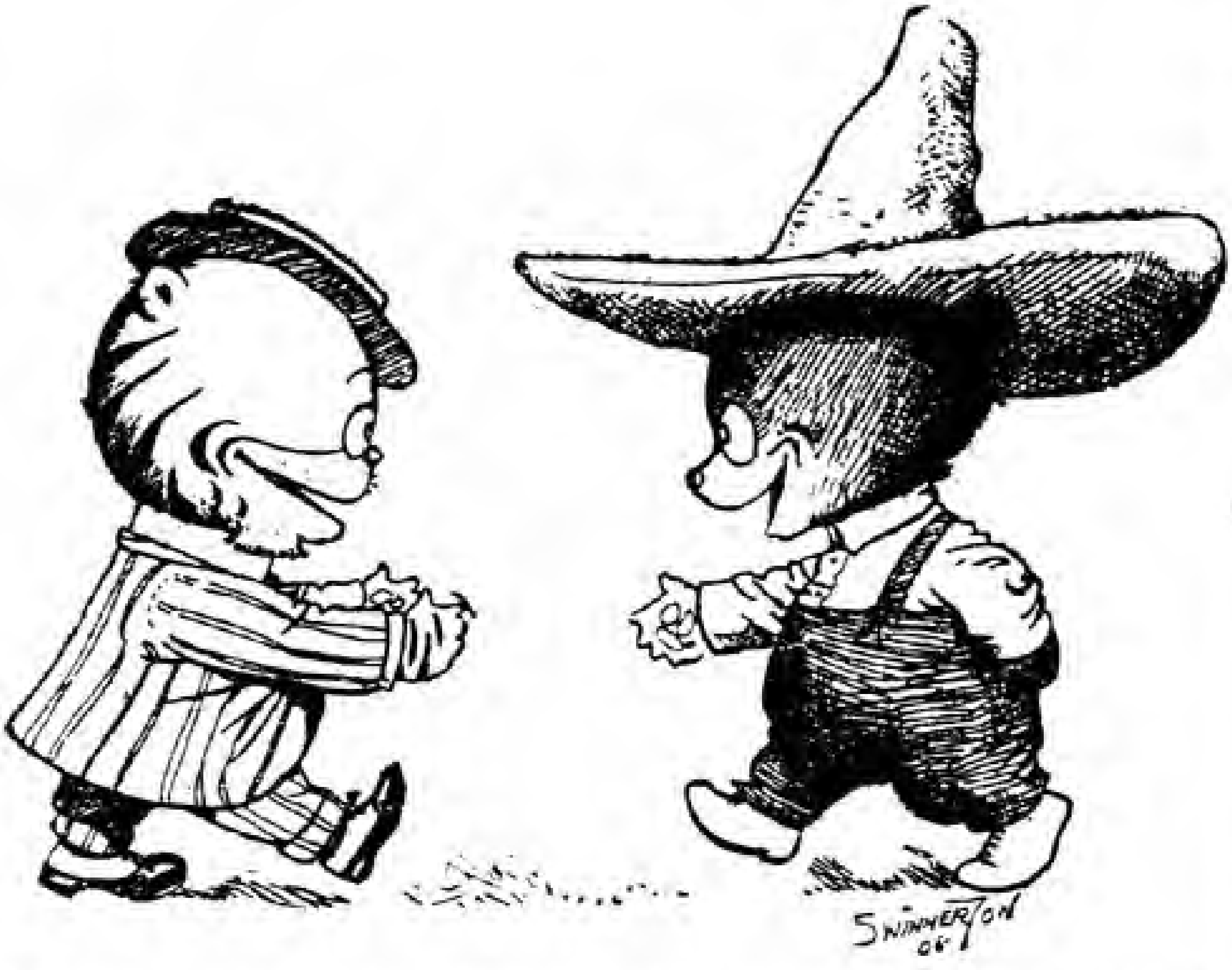
Young James refused to return home. He made his way back to San Francisco and hurried to the old Bay District Track. Next to a minstrel, he desired to be a great jockey. James thought it would be a wonderful thing to wear silk pants and a blue jacket, and he knew just where he would buy his diamond horseshoe pin.

A lean, silent Southerner gave him a job as an exercise boy. He was hauled out of the hay at unearthly hours to gallop sour-tempered horses through the fog. Because he was a growing boy, they buried him in piles of stable-litter, swathed in an oilcloth blanket. This primitive Turkish bath removes weight at an alarming rate. It was not an easy life, but James endured it all for the sake of his dream of future greatness.

There came a golden day when James rode his first race. He was to be that skate's alibi, though they did not take the trouble to explain this to him.

Discovered for Mr. Hearst.

The horses paraded in front of the stand and James threw out his small chest like a pouter pigeon. He had a vision of himself riding into the ring



and carelessly saluting the judges; the band would play, the pikers would cheer and the women in the boxes would say:

"Who is this J. Guilford? Nice looking little feller, ain't he?"

And just about that time somebody said: "You're off!"

Five minutes after the numbers were hung up a horse cantered down the homestretch, switching his tail contemptuously. A small boy sat on his back. The boy was J. Guilford Swinnerton. He had been left at the post, and thus another fond hope was blasted.

A few days afterward Judge Swinnerton dropped in at the Bay District Track and took his son and heir by the ear. James had just come out of the oilcloth, and he was humble.

"Do you want to be a dog all your life?" asked Swinnerton, the elder, a man of plain speech. "I know you'll only run away if I take you home again, but isn't there something respectable you would like to do?"

James had an inspiration.

"I would like to go to art school," said he.

His father whooped at the bare idea, but he paid the boy's tuition and young Swinnerton became the youngest member of the life class.

After a few months a man who knew happened along. He saw some of Swinnerton's work and remarked to Mr. Hearst that he knew of a youngster with a remarkable talent for caricature. Mr. Hearst sent for Jimmy, who hurried to an interview. After some conversation, a small boy with a large, expressive mouth was added to the art staff of the San Francisco "Examiner."

Little Bears Appear.

He began on the little things, for there was a lot he did not know. He drew borders for photographs, and the head of the department warned him not to be too original.

One day he was making some initial letters for the Sunday paper. He made them in the shape of little bears—cunning little cubs togged out in pantaloons and pinafores.

"These are good," said the boss. "Where did you get the idea?"

Young Swinnerton tapped his forehead, and the head of the art department grinned.

"All right," said he. "Make up a lot more of 'em."

So Jimmy made up a lot more. He kept on making them. They appeared everywhere in the paper; they danced around the borders of the Sunday supplement in bewildering changes of costume. Soon the people on the street began to talk about those bears. Instead of "Good morning; what's the news?" it was "Good morning; have you seen the little bears?"

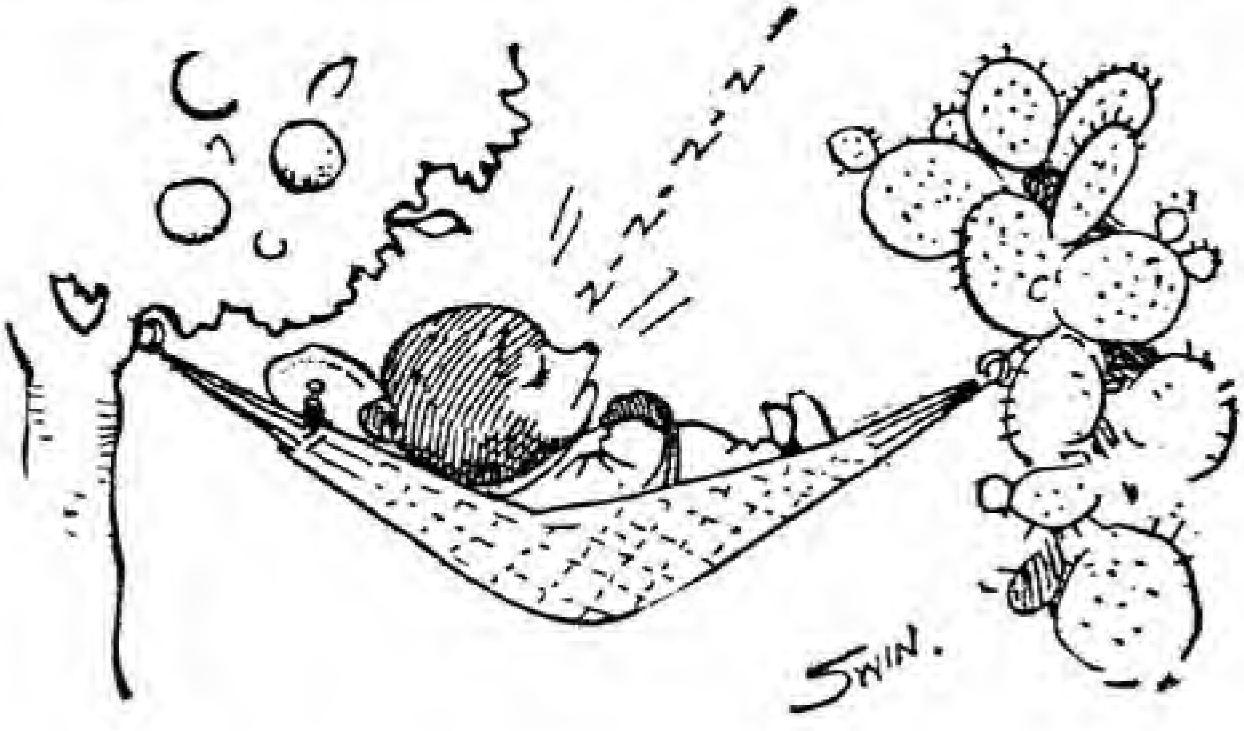
That was the beginning of James Swinnerton's career. He had found something new under the sun; tapped a fresh vein of humor. He has been doing it ever since. It did not take the "Examiner" people long to discover that they had found a rare bird—one of the few really funny comic artists. In the past fourteen years Jimmy Swinnerton has been making the country brighter. Life has been one long laugh with this young man and he has made millions laugh with him.

He says I may say anything about him so long as I do not "boost" him. When a young man boosts himself into prominence he does not need a press agent. It is enough to say that Swinnerton has done more good comic work than any man of his age in this or any other country.

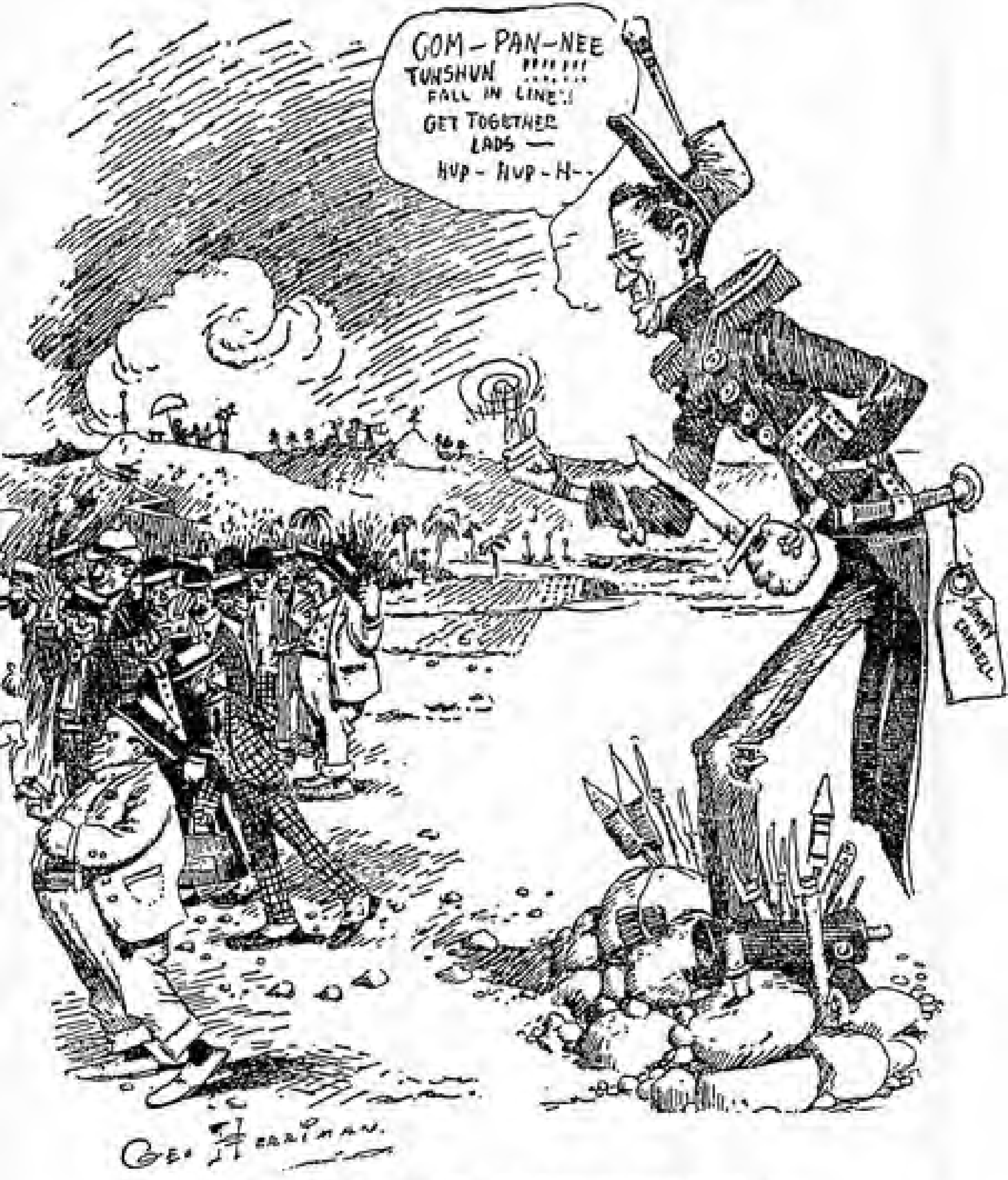
He has had many tempting offers to go on the stage and exhibit his smile and other things. He has steadfastly refused. The stage has lost its charm for him. Neither does he desire to be a jockey.

California is Swinnerton's native State, but the whole country claims him. Children cry for him; the old folks would miss him sorely.

A health to Jimmy Swinnerton and the little bears. The man who makes us laugh is more of a philanthropist than the man who gives us musty libraries and cash endowments.

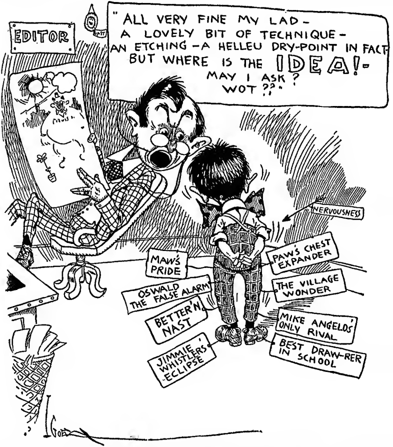


"IN COMMAND" OF PASADENA?

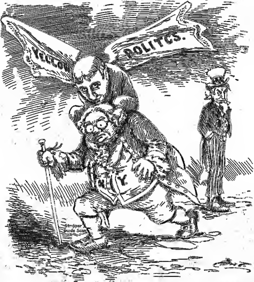

GOM - PAN - NEE
TUNSHUN !!!!!!
FALL IN LINE!!
GET TOGETHER
LADS —
HUP - HUP - H - -
JIMMY CARRELL
GEO. HERRIMAN.

Pardee's latest political colonel ordering the forces to line up.

THE PICTURE WITHOUT AN IDEA--WH-AAT?

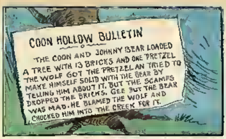

EDITOR
"ALL VERY FINE MY LAD - A LOVELY BIT OF TECHNIQUE - AN ETCHING - A HELLEU DRY-POINT IN FACT - BUT WHERE IS THE IDEA! - MAY I ASK? WOT??"
NERVOUSNESS
MAW'S PRIDE
PAW'S CHEST EXPANDER
OSWALD THE FALSE ALARM
THE VILLAGE WONDER
BETTER'N NAST
MIKE ANGELOS' ONLY RIVAL
JIMMIE WHISTLERS' ECLIPSE
BEST DRAW-RER IN SCHOOL

AND IF THE PICTURE MAN TRIES TO FAKE, TRIES TO DRAW SALARY FOR A PICTURE WITHOUT AN IDEA, MY WORD, WHAT A FUSS!


YELLOW
POLITICS.
N. Y.

Stripper Guide Scan

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S POLITICAL OLD MAN OF THE SEA.
Uncle Sam—Hope the critter will be satisfied with bestowing his attentions on old New York.



COON HOLLOW BULLETIN

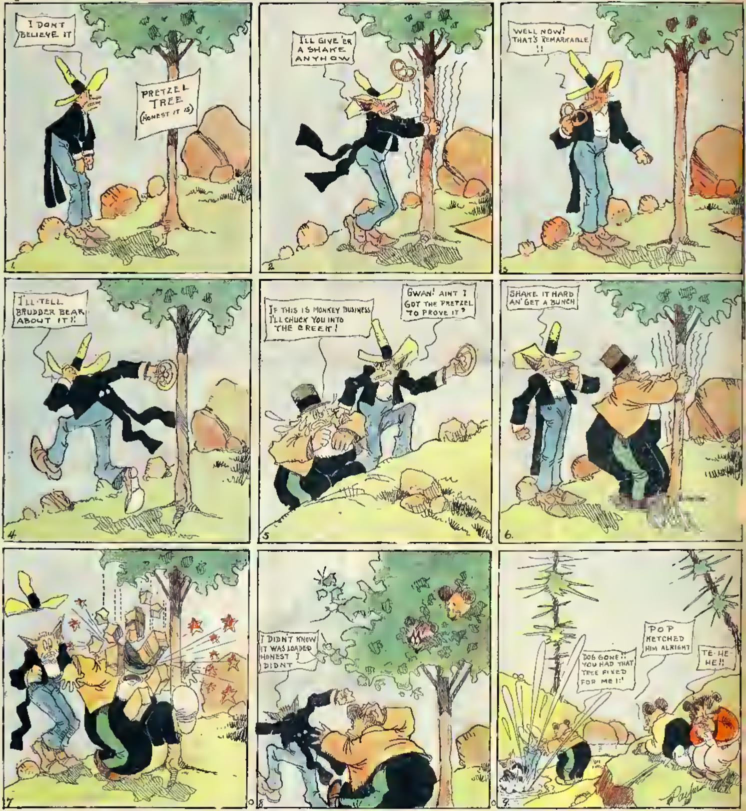
THE COON AND JOHNNY BEAR LOADED A TREE WITH 13 BRICKS AND ONE PRETZEL THE WOLF GOT THE PRETZEL AN TRIED TO MAKE HIMSELF SOLID WITH THE BEAR BY TELLING HIM ABOUT IT. BUT THE SCAMPS DROPPED THE BRICKS. GEE BUT THE BEAR WAS MAD. HE BLAMED THE WOLF AND CHUCKED HIM INTO THE CREEK FOR IT.

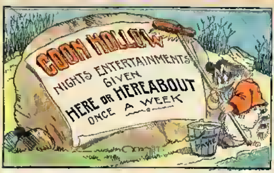
Newark Advertiser.

·COMIC SECTION··

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3. 1906

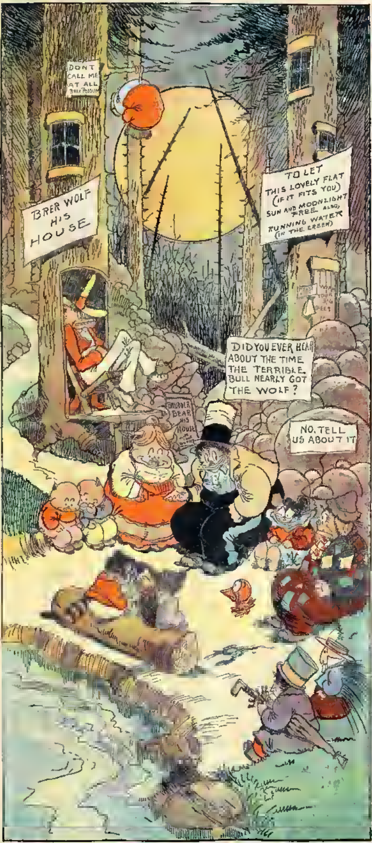
MY GOODNESS! THE WOLF NEARLY FOUND A PRETZEL TREE.


I DONT BELIEVE IT
PRETZEL TREE (HONEST IT IS)
1.
I'LL GIVE 'ER A SHAKE ANYHOW
2
WELL NOW! THAT'S REMARKABLE !!
3
I'LL·TELL BRUDDER BEAR ABOUT IT!!
4
IF THIS IS MONKEY BUSINESS I'LL CHUCK YOU INTO THE CREEK!
GWAN! AINT I GOT THE PRETZEL TO PROVE IT?
5
SHAKE IT HARD AN' GET A BUNCH
6.
7
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED HONEST I DIDNT
8.
DOG GONE!! YOU HAD THAT TREE FIXED FOR ME!!
POP KETCHED HIM ALRIGHT
TE-HE-HE!!
9.
Payne

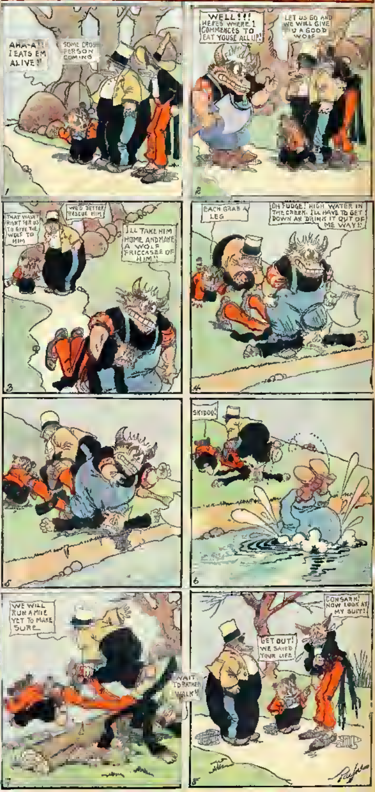

COON HOLLOW
NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS GIVEN
HERE OR HEREABOUT
ONCE A WEEK
PASTE

Newark Advertiser.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1906

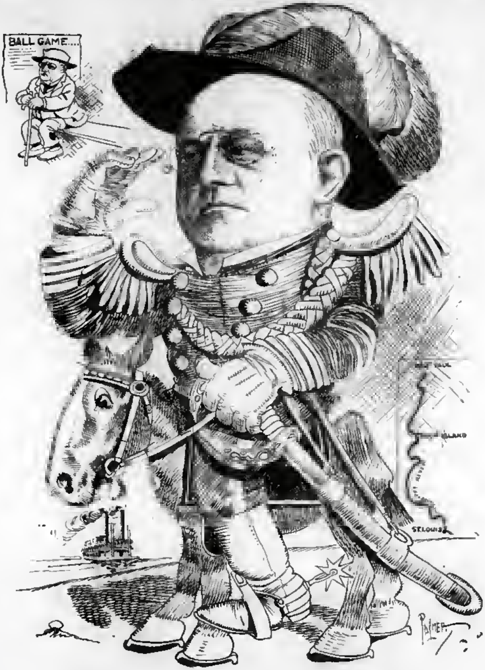

DONT CALL ME AT ALL BRER POSSUM
BRER WOLF HIS HOUSE
TO LET THIS LOVELY FLAT (IF IT FITS YOU) SUN AND MOONLIGHT FREE ALSO, RUNNING WATER (IN THE CREEK)
BRUDDER BEAR HIS HOUSE
DID YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT THE TIME THE TERRIBLE BULL NEARLY GOT THE WOLF?
NO, TELL US ABOUT IT

SO THIS IS THE STORY BRUDDER BEAR TOLD ~


AHA-A!! I EATS EM ALIVE!!
SOME CROSS PERSON COMING
1
WELL!!! HERES WHERE I COMMENCES TO EAT YOUSE ALL UP!
LET US GO AND WE WILL GIVE U A GOOD WOLF
2
THAT WASNT RIGHT FOR US TO GIVE THE WOLF TO HIM
WE'D BETTER RESCUE HIM
I'LL TAKE HIM HOME AND MAKE A WOLF FRICCASSEE OF HIM!!
3
EACH GRAB A LEG
OH FUDGE! HIGH WATER IN THE CREEK. I'LL HAVE TO GET DOWN AN DRINK IT OUT OF ME WAY!!
4
5
SKIDOO!
6
WE WILL RUN A MILE YET TO MAKE SURE
WAIT, I'D RATHER WALK!!
7
CONSARN! NOW LOOK AT MY SUIT!
GET OUT! WE SAVED YOUR LIFE
8

PEN PICTURES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE

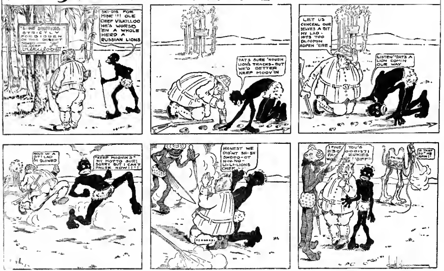
FAMILIAR FACES AS SEEN IN ROCK ISLAND'S EVERYDAY LIFE.



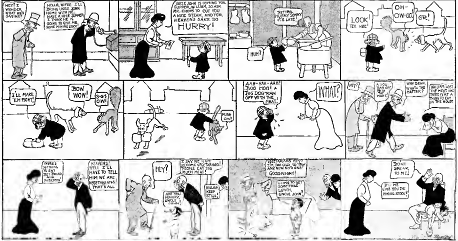
COLONEL CHARLES W. DURHAM, A. B.

United States civil engineer on duty in Rock Island since 1871, since which year Colonel Durham has been one of the most prominent and most popular citizens. Wholesouled, genial in his nature, enjoying a good joke, and capable of telling one, his company is always sought and appreciated. He has been years in charge of river improvements in the government engineer corps. For 30 years he has been in command of snag boats, the largest and best equipped on the river. For 20 years he was captain of the Gen. Barnard, the predecessor of the Col. A. Mackenzie, and two boats of this character were designed by him. Colonel Durham is a public spirited citizen, having served nine years on the board of education and four on the public library board, and is a leading member of the Rock Island Club. He is secretary of the Marlin Rifle club, a crack shot and a baseball fan who rarely misses a game. He was appointed colonel and aide de camp in the Illinois National Guard by Governor Altgeld, and served four years, during which time the people of Rock Island were privileged to see him on two different occasions riding in state attending the chief of the commonwealth on official visits to this city. He is now on the retired list. Colonel Durham is a graduate of Harvard college, the University of Heidelberg and Institute of Technology.

Mr. English SEEKS and FINDS A LITTLE TROUBLE~

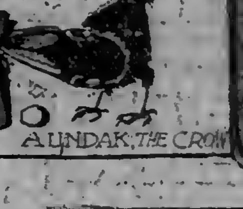

"LION HUNTING STRICTLY FORBIDDEN ON THIS DESERT SIGNED — BIG CHIEF Vilkilloo III"
SKI-DIG FOR MINE!!! OLE CHIEF VILKILLOO HE'S WORSD 'EN A WHOLE HERD A RUSSIAN LIONS
DAT'S SURE 'NOUGH LION'S TRACKS- BUT WE'D BETTER KEEP MOOV IN
LET US CONCEAL OUR SELVES A BIT MY LAD - HITS TOO BLOOMIN HOPEN 'ERE
LISTEN''DAT'S A LION COMIN OUR WAY
HOLD UP A BIT! LAD I'M BLOWED
"KEEP MOOVIN'S" MY MOTTO SUR! SORRY BUT I CAN'T PAUSE NOW!!!!
HONEST WE DID'NT SH-SH SHOOO-OT N-N-NO- LI-LI-LIONS CHIEF --
I FINE YOU'S 230 000,971 PA- ZUKIES WO OF!!BIFF!!
IS THAT SO? HE HAW!!

THE ALMOST FAMILY---DOES UNCLE LEAVE THEM MINING STOCKS? NOT QUITE

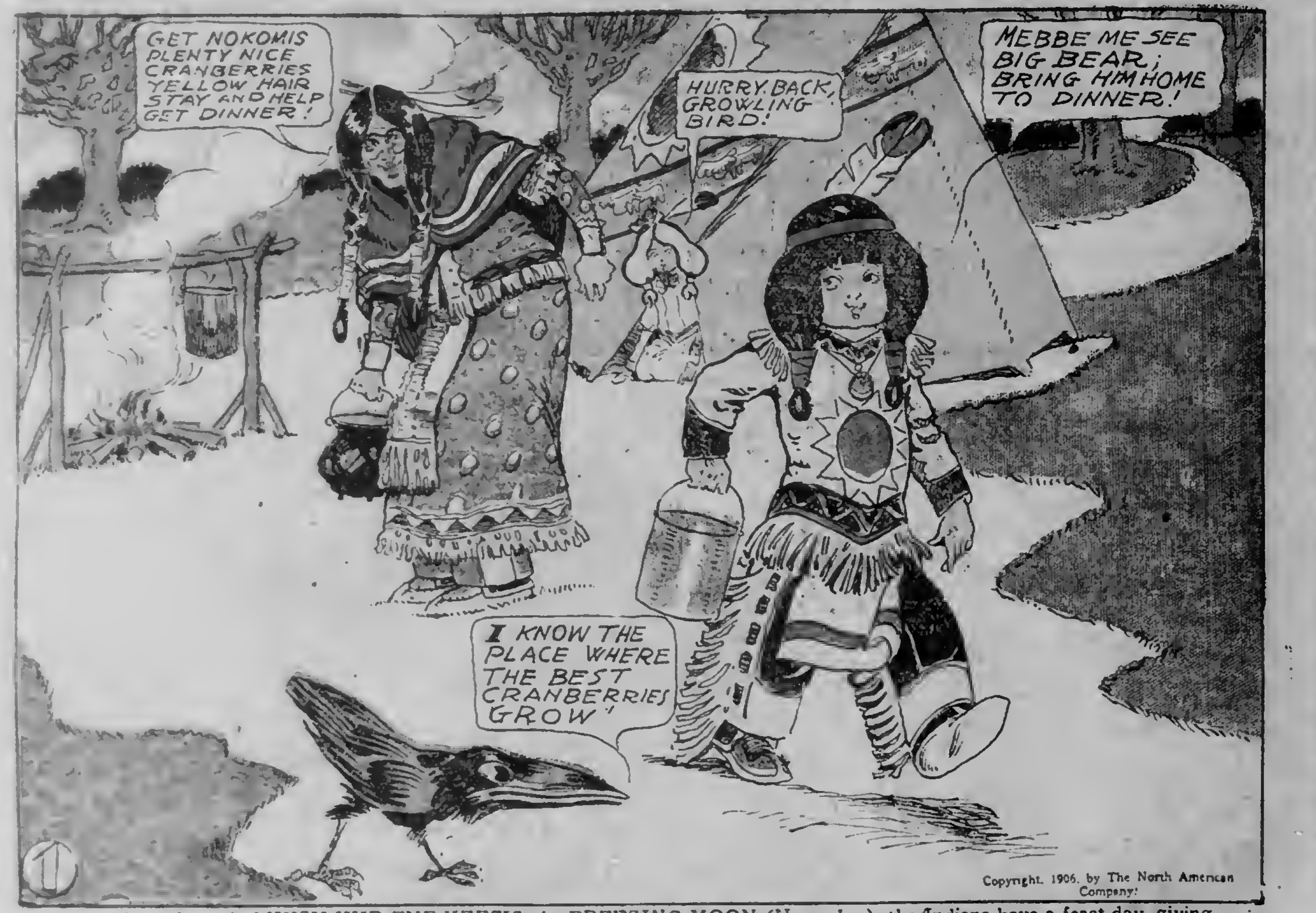

HEY? I WONDER WHAT HE'S SAYING?
HELLO, WIFEY. I'LL BRING UNCLE JOHN HOME WITH ME. HAVE A NICE SUPPER. I THINK HE IS GOING TO GIVE ME SOME MINING STOCK!
UNCLE JOHN IS COMING FOR SUPPER, WILLIAM, SO ASK MR. CHOPS TO CUT YOU A NICE STEAK, AND FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DO HURRY!
BETTER HURRY SONNY IT'S LATE!
HUH?
LOOK! TEE HEE!
OH-OW-OO!
GR!
I'LL MAKE 'EM FIGHT!
BOW WOW!
S-S-S OW!
PURR OW!
AAH-HAA-AAH! BOO HOO! A BIG DOG RAN OFF WITH THE MEAT!
WHAT?
HEY?
A DOG RAN OFF WITH THE MEAT!
WHY DEAR WHATS THE MATTER?
WILLIAM LOST THE MEAT AND THERE ISNT A THING TO EAT IN THE HOUSE
THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT BUT BREAD AND POTATOES!
HEAVENS! WELL I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM WE ARE VEGETARIANS! THATS ALL
HEY?
I SAY WE HAVE BECOME VEGETARIANS! PEOPLE EAT TOO MUCH MEAT!
ARE YOU HUNGRY, UNCLE JOHN?
WILLIAM KEEP STILL!
VEGETARIANS HEY? I'M TOO OLD TO TRY ANY NEW NOTIONS! GOOD NIGHT!
GOING TO GET SOME FREE LUNCH, UNCLE JOHN?
DON'T SPEAK TO ME!
DID HE GIVE YOU THE MINING STOCK?

GROWLING BIRD ... "YELLOW HAIR"

"Little Growling Bird" in Windego Land.


AUNDAK, THE CROW

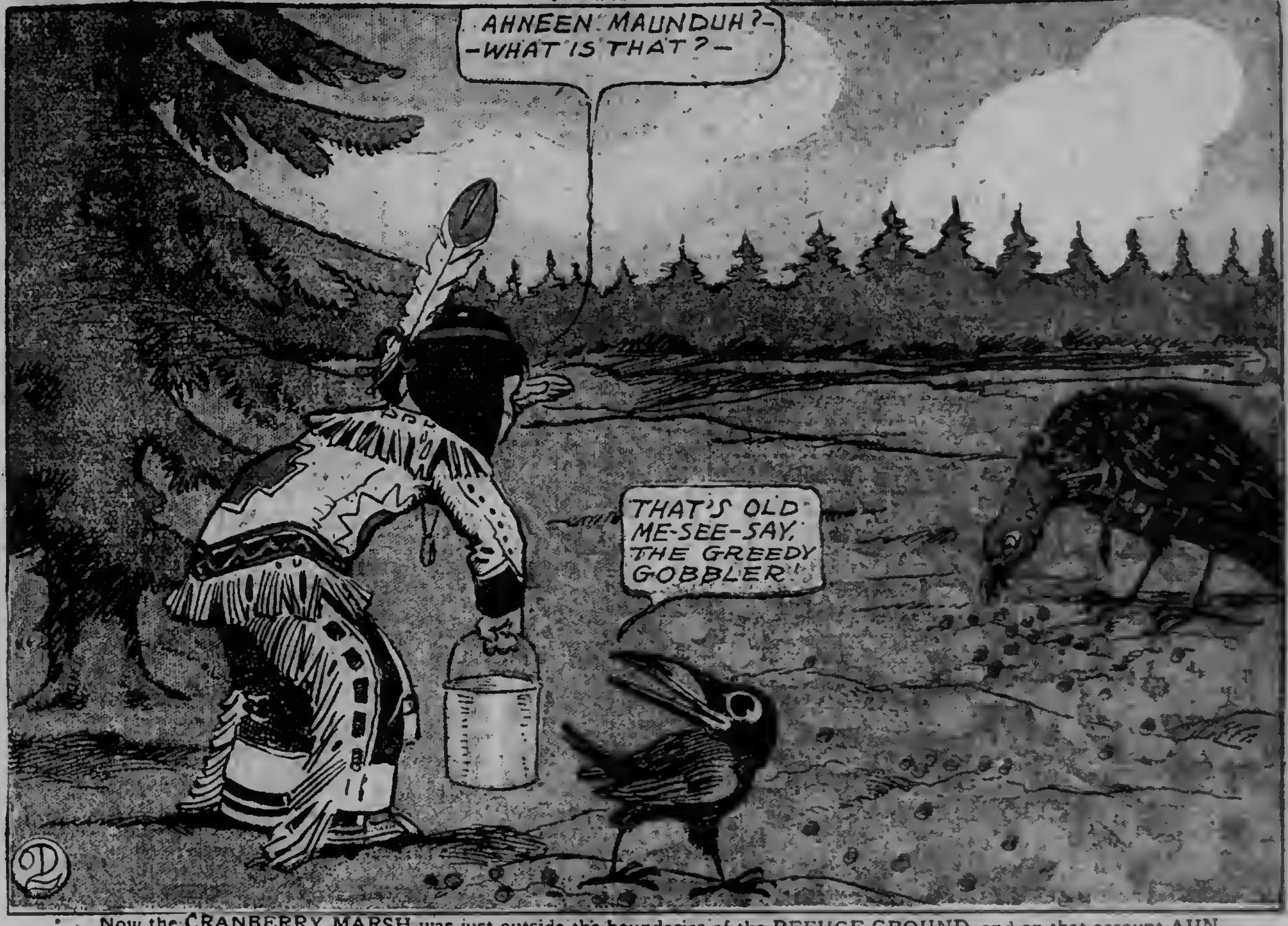
CEE MUKWAE THE BIG BEAR


GET NOKOMIS PLENTY NICE CRANBERRIES YELLOW HAIR STAY AND HELP GET DINNER!
HURRY BACK, GROWLING BIRD!
MEBBE ME SEE BIG BEAR; BRING HIM HOME TO DINNER!
I KNOW THE PLACE WHERE THE BEST CRANBERRIES GROW!
1

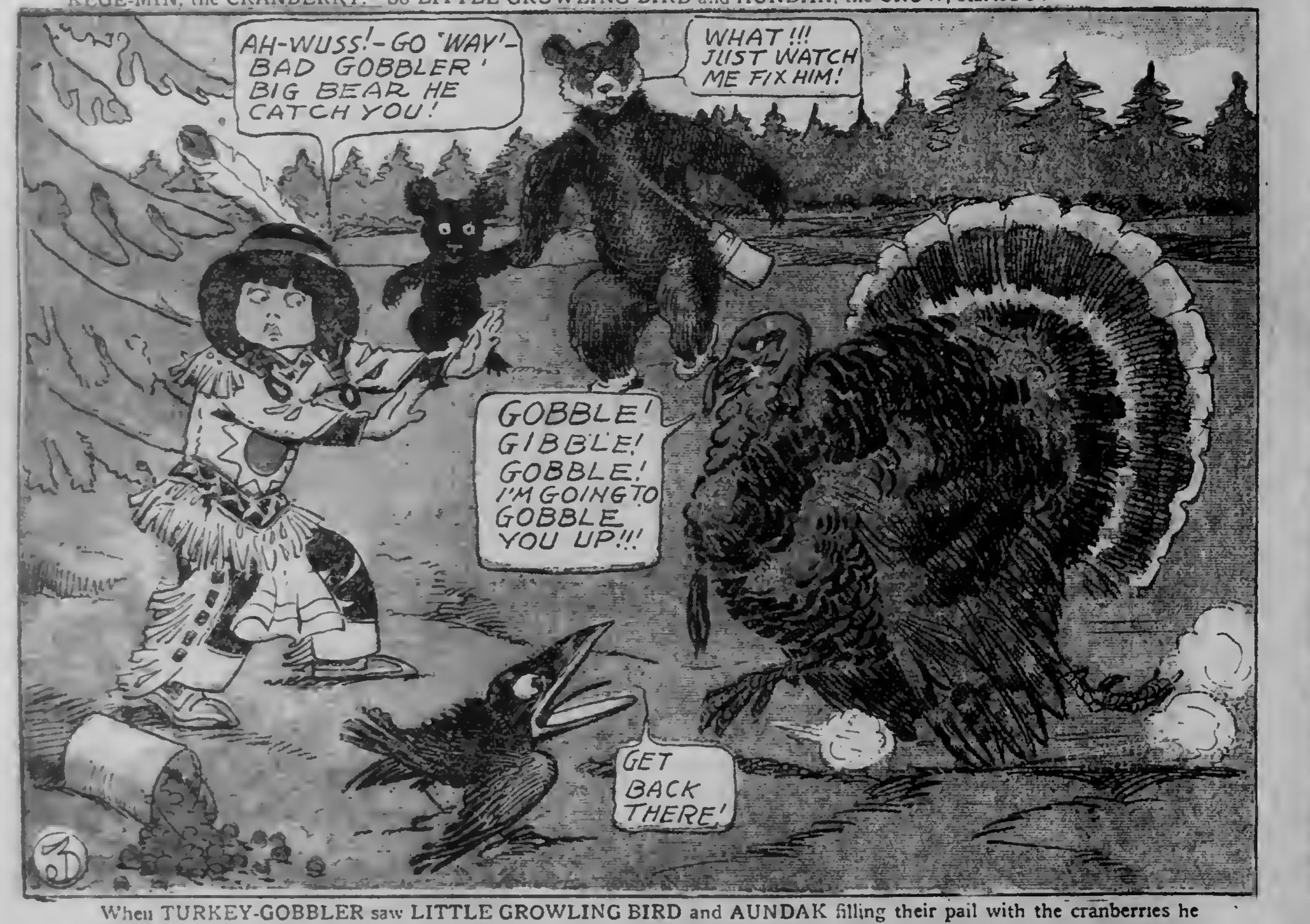
Copyright, 1906, by The North American Company.

About the end of KUSH-KUD-ENE KEEZIS, the FREEZING MOON (November), the Indians have a feast day, giving thanks to the GREAT SPIRIT for the plentiful harvest of corn and potatoes and berries and other good things they have gathered during the summer and laid up against the coming of winter.

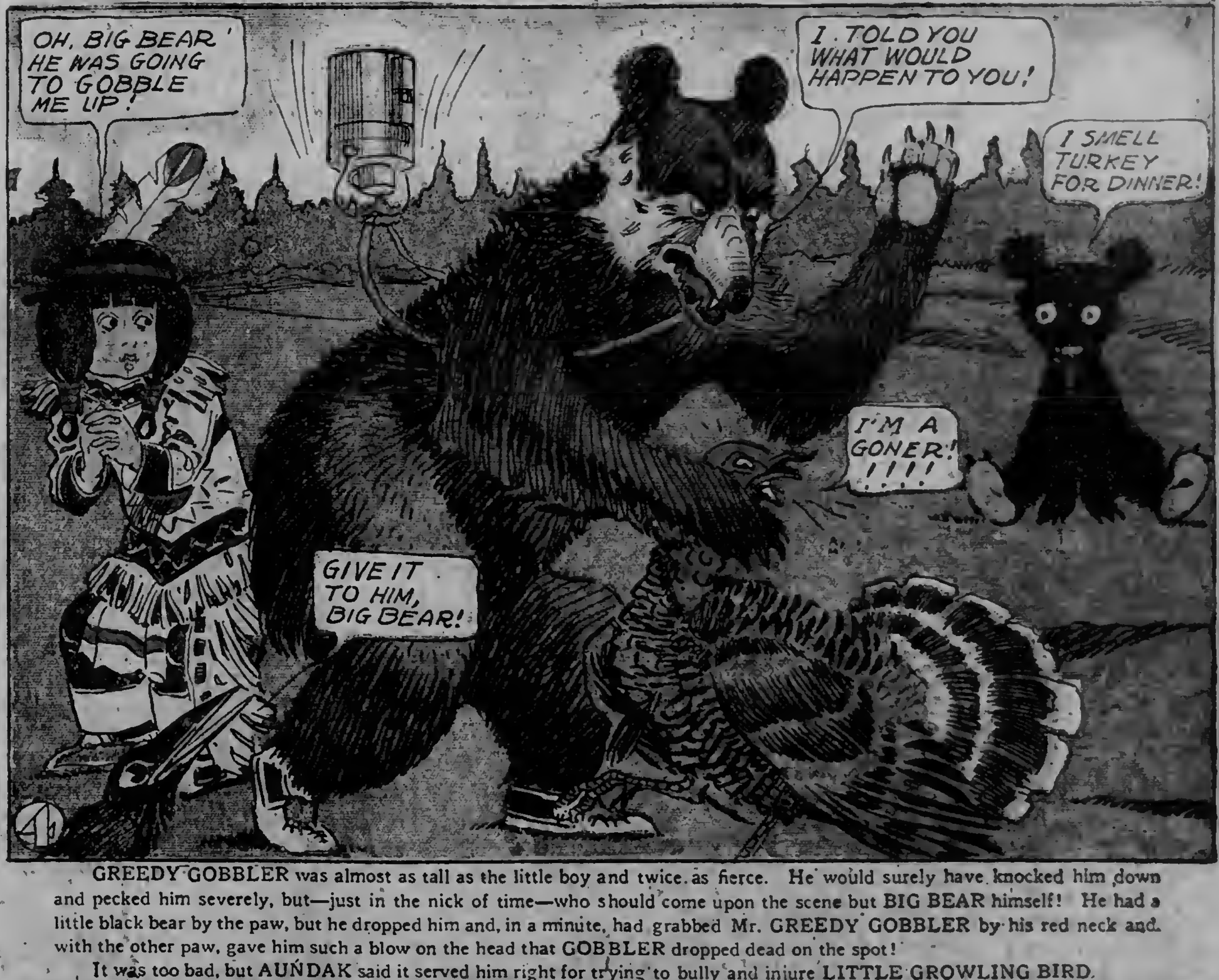
One morning NOKOMIS said to LITTLE GROWLING BIRD. "Today heap big feast-day. Go pick pailful MUSH-KEGE-MIN, the CRANBERRY. So LITTLE GROWLING BIRD and AUNDAK, the CROW, started off.


AHNEEN MAUNDUH? -WHAT IS THAT?-
THAT'S OLD ME-SEE-SAY, THE GREEDY GOBBLER!
2

Now the CRANBERRY MARSH was just outside the boundaries of the REFUGE GROUND, and on that account AUNDAK kept a sharp lookout for any prowling beast that might try to harm the little boy. There was no one in sight when they came to the place, except a big black bird that was so busy picking up and swallowing the ripe berries that he never noticed them. "It is MES-E-SAY, the wild TURKEY GOBBLER!" said AUNDAK, "and he is the greediest bird in all WINDEGO LAND."

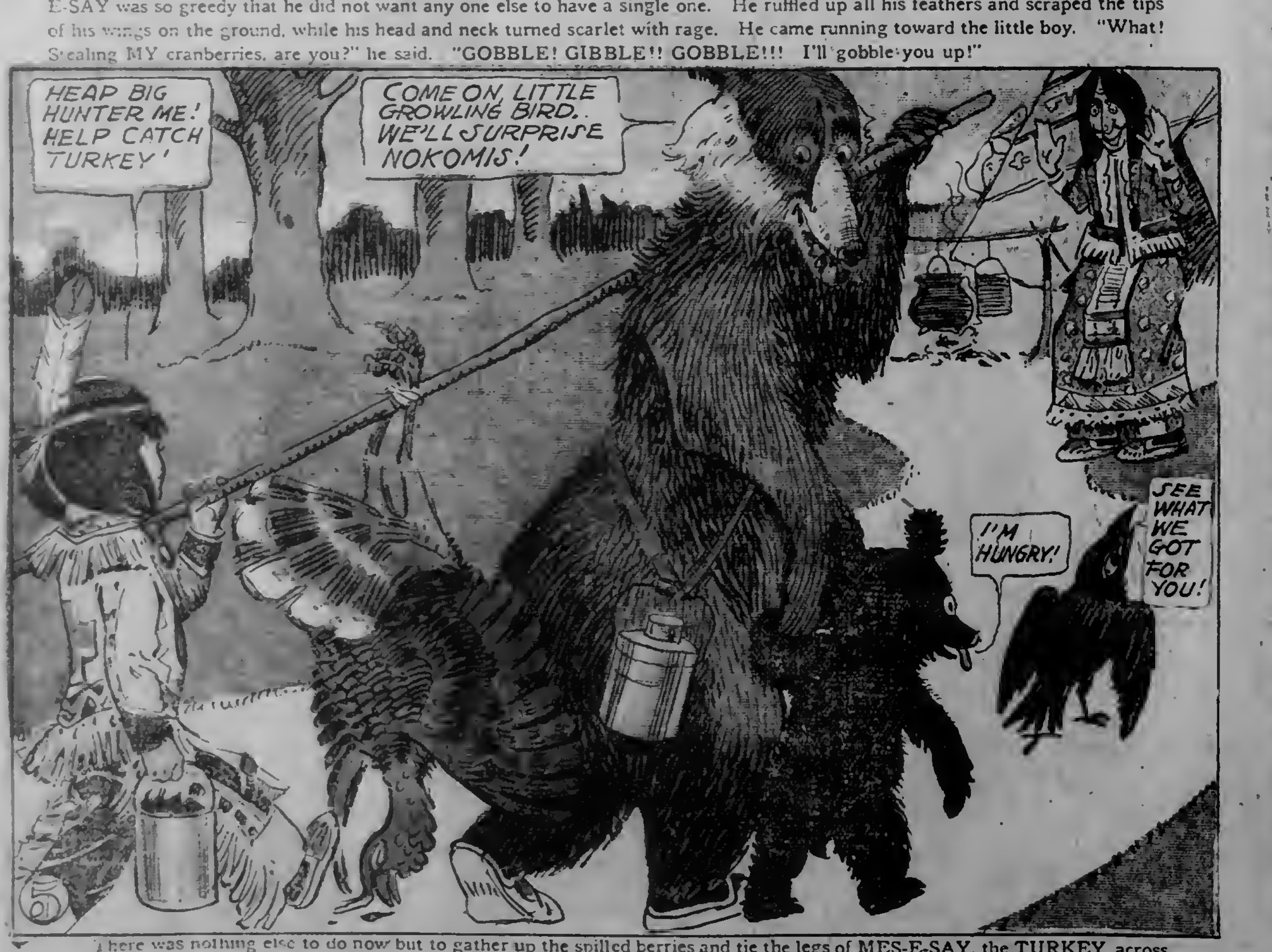

AH-WUSS!-GO 'WAY'-BAD GOBBLER! BIG BEAR HE CATCH YOU!
WHAT!!! JUST WATCH ME FIX HIM!
GOBBLE! GIBBLE! GOBBLE! I'M GOING TO GOBBLE YOU UP!!!
GET BACK THERE!
3

When TURKEY-GOBBLER saw LITTLE GROWLING BIRD and AUNDAK filling their pail with the cranberries he became very angry indeed. He was so full of the hard round berries himself that he couldn't swallow another one! Yet MES-E-SAY was so greedy that he did not want any one else to have a single one. He ruffled up all his feathers and scraped the tips of his wings on the ground, while his head and neck turned scarlet with rage. He came running toward the little boy. "What! Stealing MY cranberries, are you?" he said. "GOBBLE! GIBBLE!! GOBBLE!!! I'll gobble you up!"


OH, BIG BEAR! HE WAS GOING TO GOBBLE ME UP!
I TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU!
I SMELL TURKEY FOR DINNER!
I'M A GONER! !!!!
GIVE IT TO HIM, BIG BEAR!
4

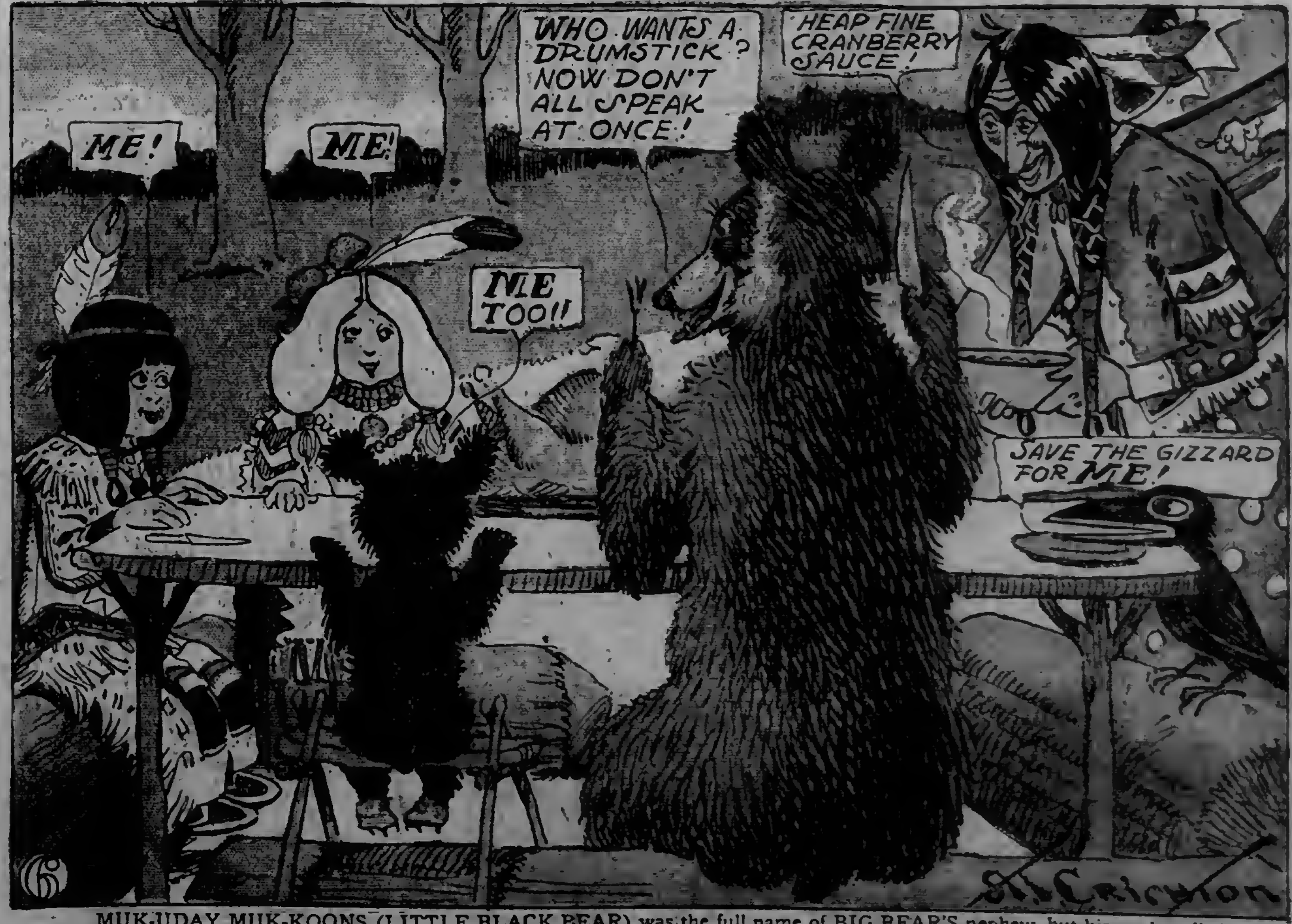
GREEDY GOBBLER was almost as tall as the little boy and twice as fierce. He would surely have knocked him down and pecked him severely, but—just in the nick of time—who should come upon the scene but BIG BEAR himself! He had a little black bear by the paw, but he dropped him and, in a minute, had grabbed Mr. GREEDY GOBBLER by his red neck and, with the other paw, gave him such a blow on the head that GOBBLER dropped dead on the spot!

It was too bad, but AUNDAK said it served him right for trying to bully and injure LITTLE GROWLING BIRD.


HEAP BIG HUNTER ME! HELP CATCH TURKEY!
COME ON, LITTLE GROWLING BIRD. WE'LL SURPRISE NOKOMIS!
I'M HUNGRY!
SEE WHAT WE GOT FOR YOU!
5

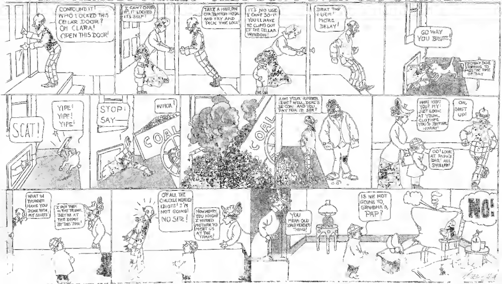
There was nothing else to do now but to gather up the spilled berries and tie the legs of MES-E-SAY, the TURKEY, across a long pole and carry him back to the WIGWAM.

"NOKOMIS will know what to do with Mr GOBBLER!" said AUNDAK, with a sly wink at BIG BEAR. But that wise old fellow made no reply—only licked his lips a little as they came in sight of the WIGWAM. NOKOMIS was greatly pleased when she saw the fine big TURKEY. She quickly dressed it, and, while it was cooking, BIG BEAR introduced his nephew.

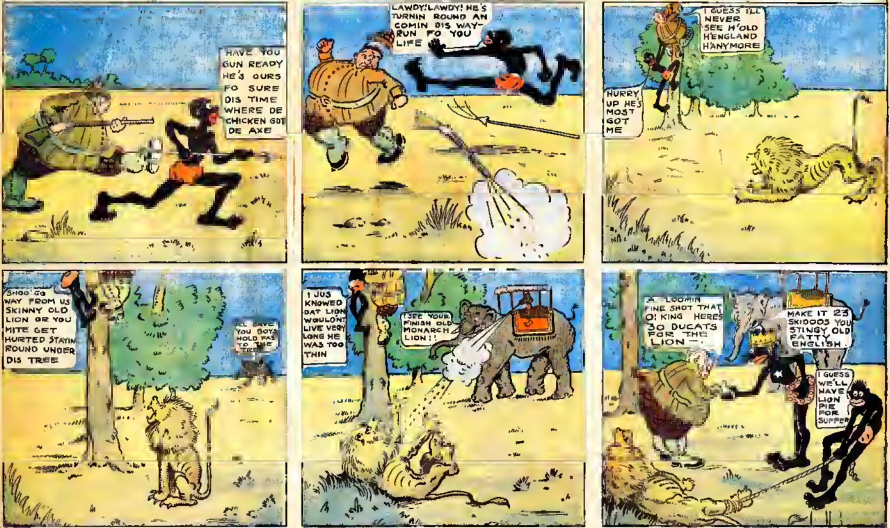

ME!
ME!
WHO WANTS A DRUMSTICK? NOW DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE!
HEAP FINE CRANBERRY SAUCE!
ME TOO!!
SAVE THE GIZZARD FOR ME!
6
A. Crichton

MUK-UDAY MUK-KOONS (LITTLE BLACK BEAR) was the full name of BIG BEAR'S nephew, but his uncle called him "Koons" (Little One) for short. He was VERY hungry, and could hardly wait till the table was set. NOKOMIS gave thanks to KEZHA MUH-NEDO, the GOOD SPIRIT, for all their good fortune, and then began the first THANKSGIVING DINNER—of roast TURKEY and CRANBERRY SAUCE—ever eaten in WINDEGO LAND! So, ever since then, the INDIANS and the PALEFACE PEOPLE give thanks for good crops and eat MES-E-SAY, the TURKEY, for dinner. A. T. C.

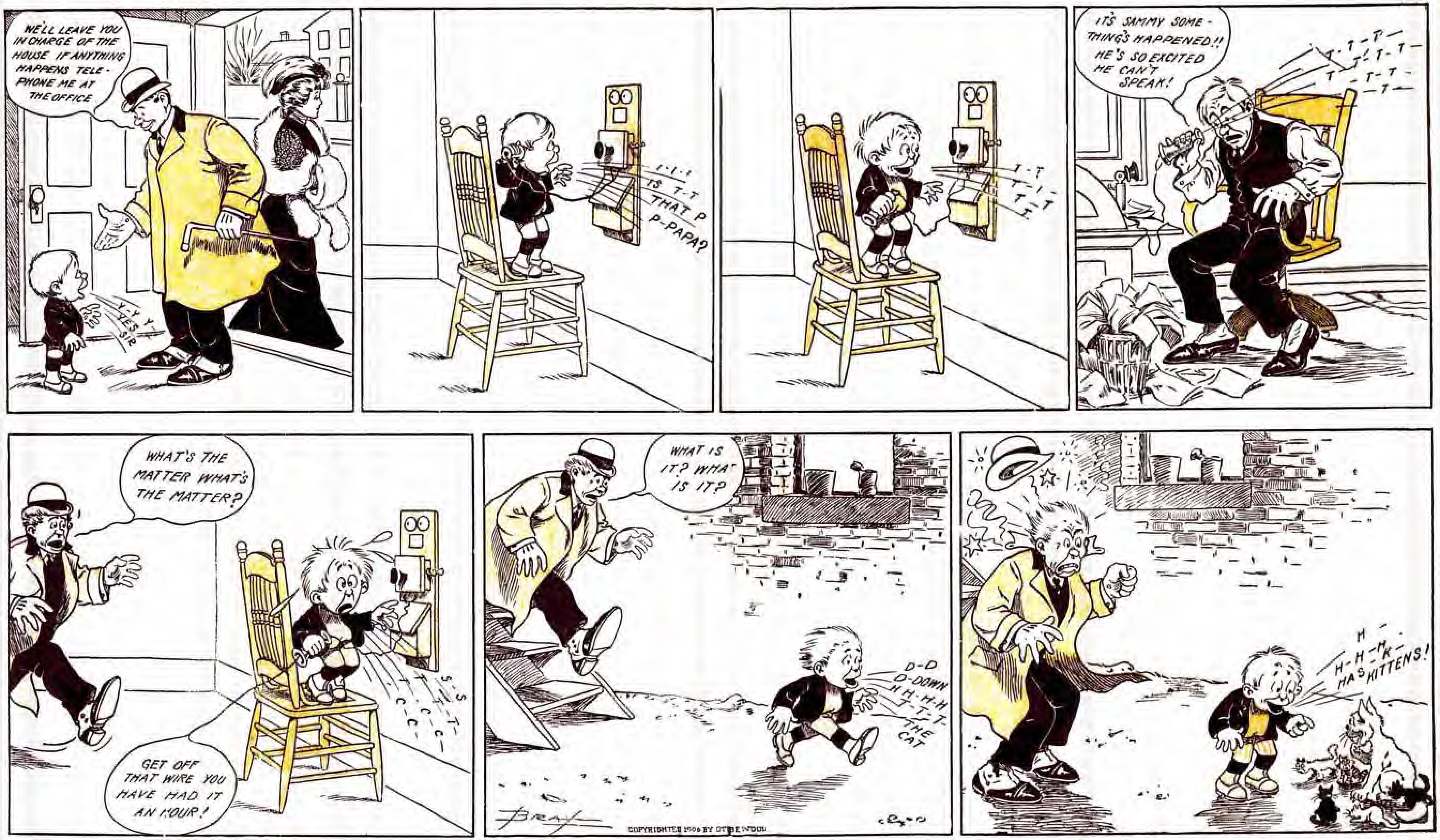
THE ALMOST FAMILY—THEY DON'T EVEN GET STARTED


CONFOUND IT! WHO LOCKED THIS CELLAR DOOR? OH CLARA! OPEN THIS DOOR!
I CANT OPEN IT, IT LOCKED ITS SELF!
TAKE A HAIR PIN OR BUTTON HOOK AND TRY AND PICK THE LOCK!
IT'S NO USE I CANT DO IT! YOU'LL HAVE TO CLIMB OUT OF THE CELLAR WINDOW!
DRAT THE LUCK! MORE DELAY!
GO'WAY YOU BRUTE!
FRIENDLY DOG STOPPING TO PASS THE TIME OF DAY
SCAT!
YIPE! YIPE! YIPE!
STOP! SAY—
WHOA!
COAL
COAL
AIN'T YOUR JUMBER IZ45? WELL, DERE'S DE COAL AND YOU PAY FOR IT SEE?
WHAT KEPT YOU? MY! JUST LOOK AT YOUR CLOTHES YOU'D BETTER HURRY!
OH, SHUT UP!
OO! LOOK AT PAPA'S EAR! ALL SWOLLEN!
WHAT IN THUNDER HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY SHIRTS
I PUT THEM IN THE TRUNK THEY'RE AT THE DEPOT BY THIS TIME!
OF ALL THE CHUCKLE HEADED IDIOTS! I'M NOT GOING! NO SIR!
NOW HENRY YOU KNOW I WIRED MOTHER TO MEET US AT THE TRAIN!
YOU MEAN OLD [illegible] HEADED THING!
IS WE NOT GOING TO GRANDMA'S, PAP?
NO!

Mr. English gets Real AFRICAN LION—


HAVE YOU GUN READY HE'S OURS FO SURE DIS TIME WHERE DE CHICKEN GOT DE AXE
LAWDY! LAWDY! HE'S TURNIN ROUND AN COMIN DIS WAY—RUN FO YOU LIFE
I GUESS I'LL NEVER SEE H'OLD H'ENGLAND H'ANYMORE
HURRY UP HE'S MOST GOT ME
SHOO! GO WAY FROM US SKINNY OLD LION OR YOU MITE GET HURTED STAYIN ROUND UNDER DIS TREE
I'LL SAVE YOU BOYS HOLD FAS TO THE TREE
I JUS KNOWED DAT LION WOULDN'T LIVE VERY LONG HE WAS TOO THIN
SEE YOUR FINISH OLD MONARCH LION!!
A BLOOMIN FINE SHOT THAT O! KING HERES 30 DUCATS FOR THE LION—.
MAKE IT 23 SKIDOOS YOU STINGY OLD FATTY ENGLISH.
I GUESS WE'LL HAVE LION PIE FOR SUPPER

S-ST-STUT-TERING SA-SAMMY


WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN CHARGE OF THE HOUSE IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TELEPHONE ME AT THE OFFICE
Y-Y Y-YES SIR
I-I-I IS T-T THAT P P-PAPA?
T-T T-I T-T I
IT'S SAMMY SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!! HE'S SO EXCITED HE CAN'T SPEAK!
T-T-T- T-T-T- T- T-T- -T-
WHAT'S THE MATTER WHAT'S THE MATTER?
GET OFF THAT WIRE YOU HAVE HAD IT AN HOUR!
S-S T-T- C-C- C-C-
WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?
D-D D-DOWN H-H-H T-T-T THE CAT
H- H-H-H HAS KITTENS!
BRAY
COPYRIGHTED 1906 BY OTTO E WOOD

THE NAUGHTY RHINOCEROS BOYS AND THEIR MA

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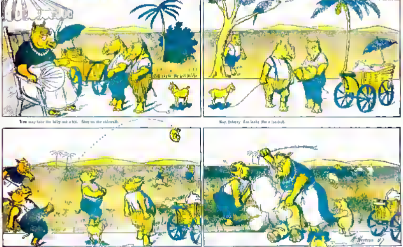


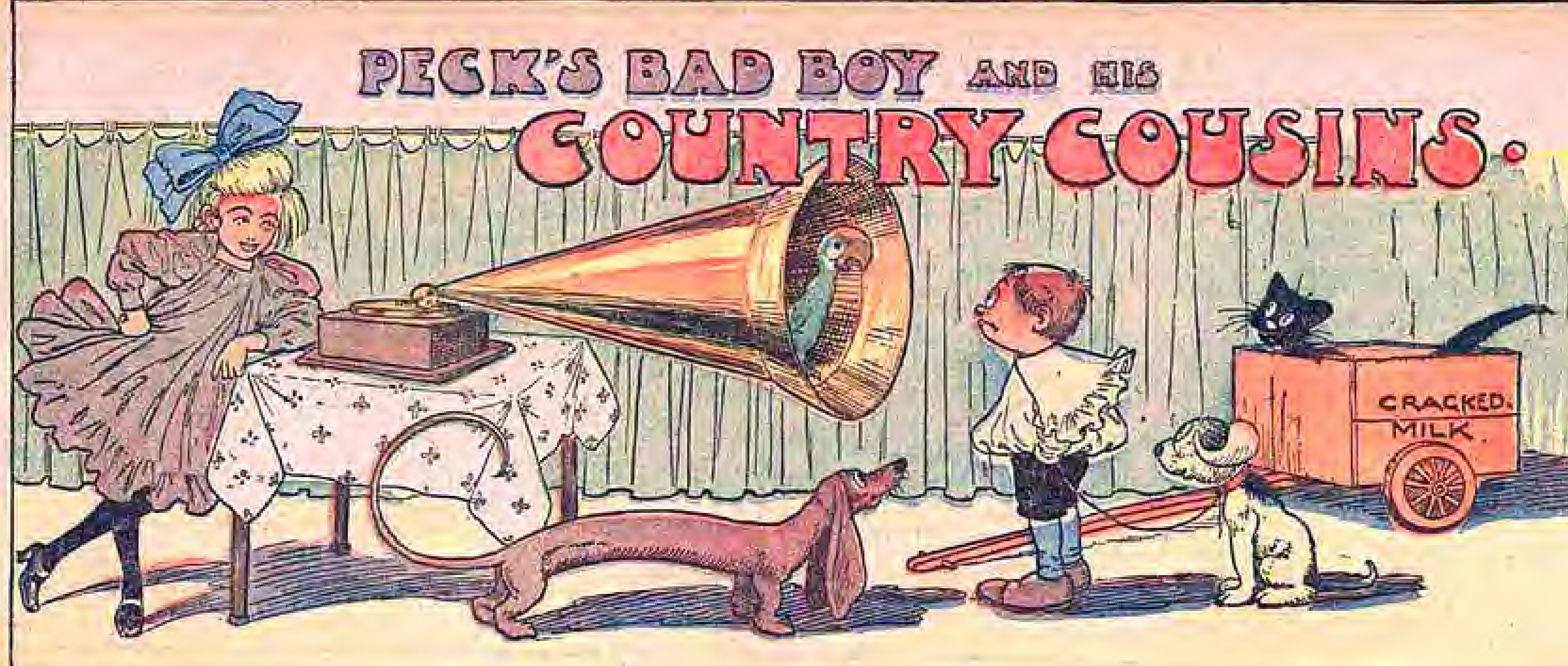
You may take the baby out a bit. Stay on the sidewalk.

Say, Johnny, that looks like a football.

Gee—th a [illegible]

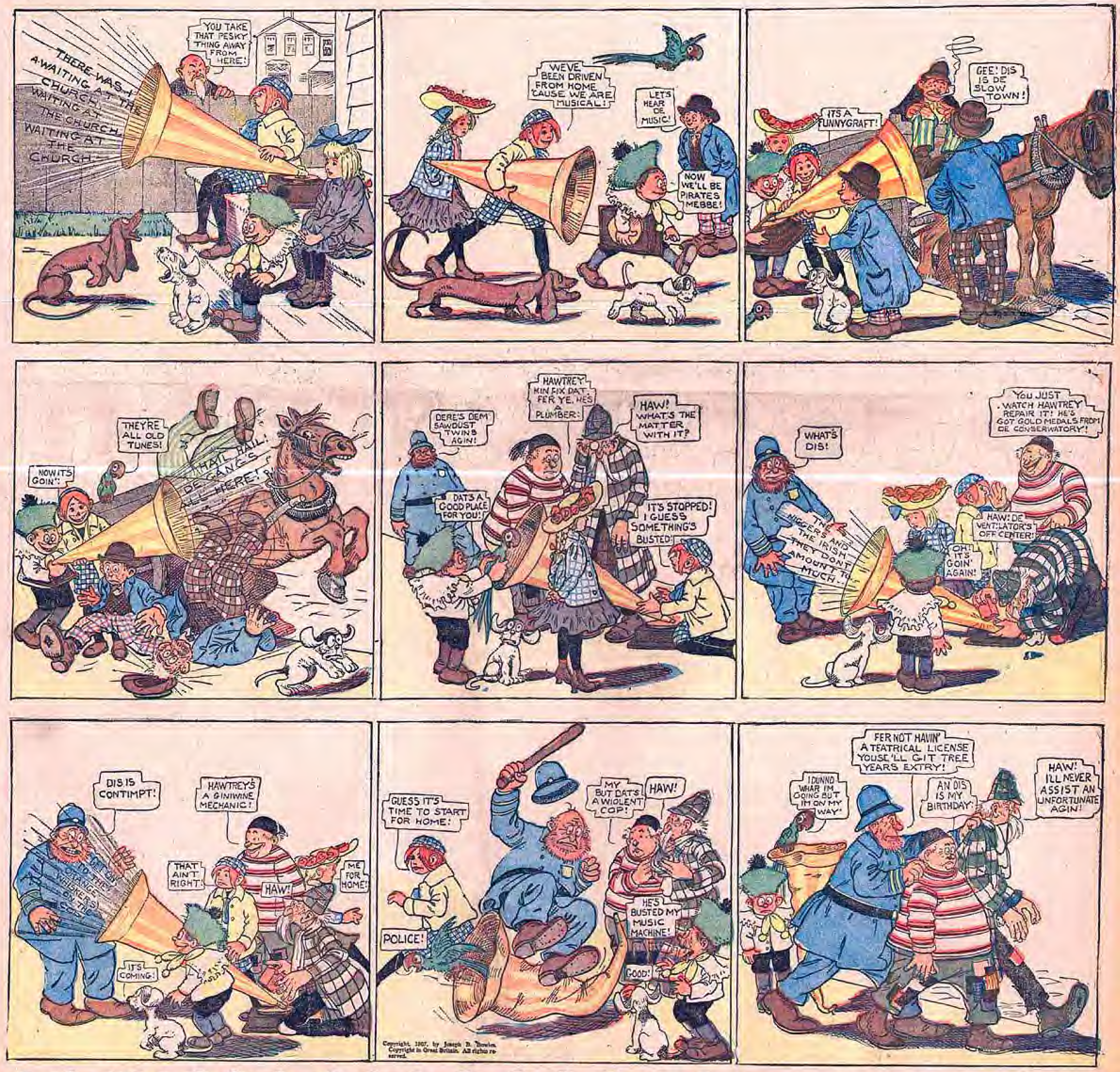
Wait! I'll fix you.

PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS COUNTRY COUSINS.


CRACKED MILK

Oregon
(DAILY)
Journal
COMIC
SECTION 2.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907


YOU TAKE THAT PESKY THING AWAY FROM HERE!
THERE WAS I A-WAITING AT THE CHURCH, WAITING AT THE CHURCH, WAITING AT THE CHURCH—
WE'VE BEEN DRIVEN FROM HOME 'CAUSE WE ARE MUSICAL!
LET'S HEAR DE MUSIC!
NOW WE'LL BE PIRATES MEBBE!
ITS A FUNNYGRAFT!
GEE! DIS IS DE SLOW TOWN!
NOW IT'S GOIN'!
THEY'RE ALL OLD TUNES!
HAIL, HAIL! DE GANG'S ALL HERE!
DERE'S DEM SAWDUST TWINS AGIN!
HAWTREY KIN FIX DAT FER YE. HE'S A PLUMBER!
HAW! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?
DAT'S A GOOD PLACE FOR YOU!
IT'S STOPPED! I GUESS SOMETHING'S BUSTED!
WHAT'S DIS!
THE NIGGERS AND THE IRISH THEY DON'T AMOUNT TO MUCH—
YOU JUST WATCH HAWTREY REPAIR IT! HE'S GOT GOLD MEDALS FROM DE CONSERVATORY!
HAW! DE VENTILATOR'S OFF CENTER!
OH! IT'S GOIN' AGAIN!
DIS IS CONTIMPT!
[illegible] TO THE ORANGE WHISKERS ON THE COP
HAWTREY'S A GINIWINE MECHANIC!
THAT AIN'T RIGHT!
HAW!
ME FOR HOME!
IT'S COMING!
GUESS IT'S TIME TO START FOR HOME!
MY BUT DAT'S A WIOLENT COP!
HAW!
POLICE!
HE'S BUSTED MY MUSIC MACHINE!
GOOD!
I DUNNO WHAR I'M GOING BUT I'M ON MY WAY!
FER NOT HAVIN' A TEATRICAL LICENSE YOUSE'LL GIT TREE YEARS EXTRY!
AN DIS IS MY BIRTHDAY!
HAW! I'LL NEVER ASSIST AN UNFORTUNATE AGIN!

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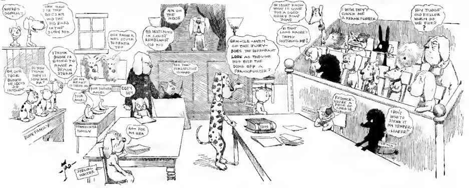
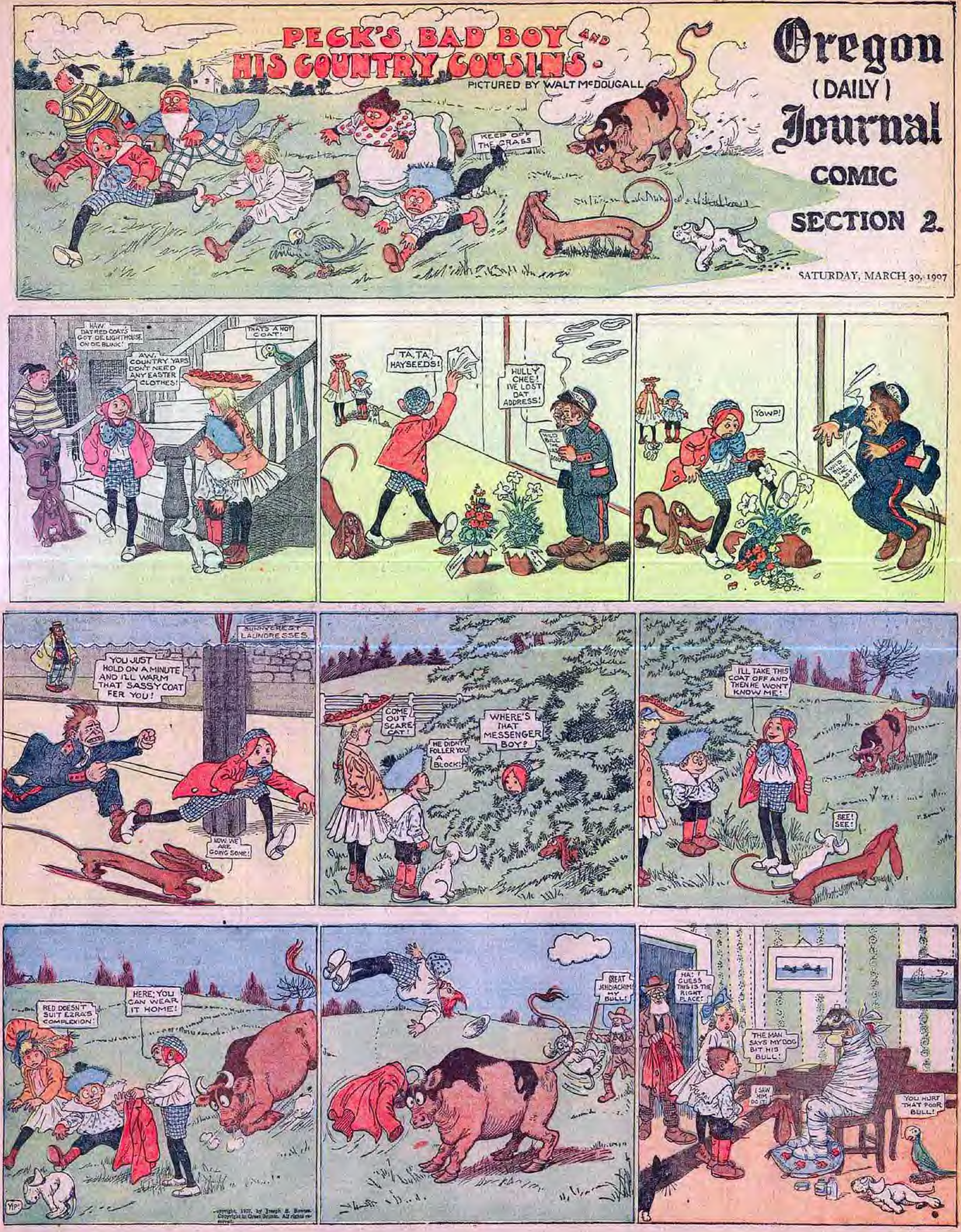
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COURT ROOM DURING BUNK MURDER TRIAL — BY TAD.


WHERES SCHMALZ ?
HAW HAW FOR THE GEEZER WID THE BIG EARS IN THE JURY BOX
OUR FATHER WAS STUCK TO DEATH TOO
NO SKETCHING IN COURT REMBRANDT OLD KID
NIX ON THE NOISE
OH I DONT KNOW WHAT I'D GIVE FOR A GOOD HUSKY SOUP BONE
I WISH THEY'D CHUCK ME A FRANKFURTER
HEY JUDGE OLD FELLER WHEN DO WE FEED ?
IS THAT LONG HAIRED THING SKETCHING ME?
GEN-TLE-MEN OF THE JURY- DOES THE DEFENDANT LOOK AS THOUGH HED BITE THE DOME OFF A FRANKFURTER ?
I THINK BUNK IS GOING TO HAVE A BRAIN STORM
OH, OUR POOR BUNKIE HE LOOKS SO INNOCENT
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL SOAK HIM PA?
OH MY HEART IS BREAK NG
POOR BROTHER AMIEL
POOR AMIEL
COPY BOY
SEE THAT PERSPECTIVE IS HARD
AH- FOR AN IDEA
BUNK FAMILY
FRANKFURTER FAMILY
SPECIAL WRITER
BUNK
DOPE
HOLMES
FEDINCK- YOU'RE A PIECE OF CHEESE
I DON'T WISH TO SPEAK IT MY TEMPER- LOAFER"
TAD

Oregon
(DAILY)
Journal
COMIC
SECTION 2.
SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1907


PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS COUNTRY COUSINS.
PICTURED BY WALT McDOUGALL
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
HAW! DAT RED COAT'S GOT DE LIGHTHOUSE ON DE BLINK!
AW, COUNTRY YAPS DON'T NEED ANY EASTER CLOTHES!
THAT'S A HOT COAT!
TA, TA, HAYSEEDS!
HULLY CHEE! I'VE LOST DAT ADDRESS!
WILD BILL THE LAST SCOUT
YOWP!
WILD BILL THE LAST SCOUT.
SUNNYCREST LAUNDRESSES.
YOU JUST HOLD ON A MINUTE AND I'LL WARM THAT SASSY COAT FER YOU!
NOW WE ARE GOING SOME!
COME OUT SCARE-CAT!
HE DIDN'T FOLLER YOU A BLOCK!
WHERE'S THAT MESSENGER BOY?
I'LL TAKE THIS COAT OFF AND THEN HE WON'T KNOW ME!
SEE! SEE!
RED DOESN'T SUIT EZRA'S COMPLEXION!
HERE; YOU CAN WEAR IT HOME!
YIP!
GREAT JEHOIACHIM! MY BULL!
HA! I GUESS THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE!
THE MAN SAYS MY DOG BIT HIS BULL!
I SAW HIM DO IT!
YOU HURT THAT POOR BULL!

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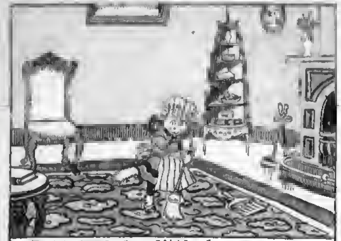
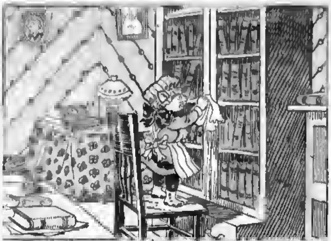
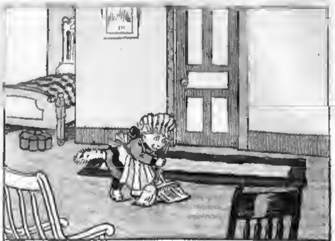
PINKIE PRIM



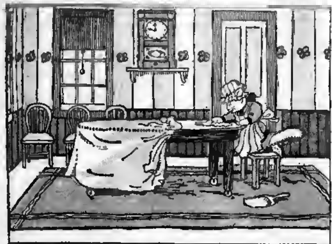
Pinkie took her little broom
And started in to sweep
Grandpa's parlor,—where, alas!
The dust was "rather deep".



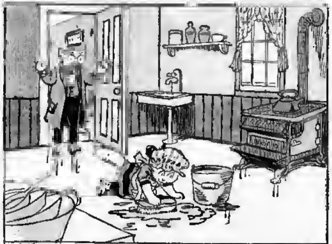
Next the room where Grandpa kept
His many precious books,
Visited by Pinkie was;
And much improved in looks.



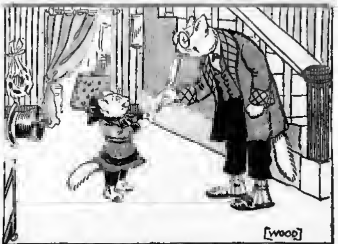
Sitting room then got its dose
Of dustpan, broom and rag.
So important was the job,
She did not tire or fag.



Still another to be done,—
Her Grandpa's dining room.
To a "queen's taste" she employed
Her dustpan, rag and broom.



Then the kitchen floor was scrubbed,
And all the pans made bright.
Grandpa Prim astonished was
At ev'rything in sight.



"Pinkie," said he, "In reward,
I wish you take this quill.
'Old Abe' Lincoln with it wrote
Your Great-grandfather's will!"

See the way the Teddy trots
When he spies the Tiny Tots.

The Tiny Tots of great renown
Have come to visit in our town,
And every week they will appear
Upon this space that we have here,
To do their clever little stunts
With Boomjams and Umbrella Hunts
And Kangaroosters and Kabobs
And strange Bandersnatch and Jabberwocks
And lions weird and jumbled mass
Of beasts from the Wilderness.

You ask us why we let these Tots
To do their frolicks in our ads?
Why? Since of all, they catch your eye,
And [illegible] things you spy
Then, just to try us, here you come—
(The sum is simple as a song)
Once come, you'll come again.
Small profits multiplied by [illegible]
Good deals which bring you o'er and o'er,
To help yourself and help our store.

Well-dressed children reflect credit on their parents. If you want your girls to become neat, well-groomed women, teach them to take pride in their personal appearance.

For the little girl of 6, for the big girl of 16, there is everything here that is stylish and sensible.

"Buy it at Cranks and it is allright"

Crank's

THE RHINO TWINS WORK A MIRROR GAME.

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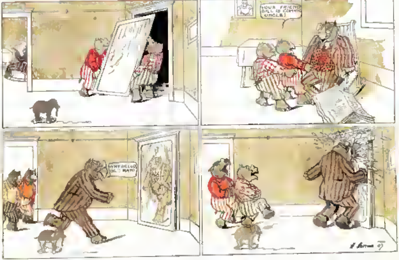
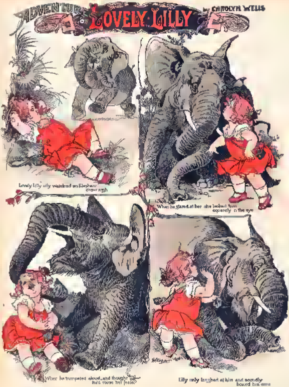

YOUR FRIEND BILL IS COMING UNCLE!
WHY HELLO OLD MAN!

ADVENTURES OF LOVELY LILLY

by CAROLYN WELLS



Lovely Lilly idly watched an Elephant draw nigh

When he glared at her she looked him squarely in the eye

When he trumpeted aloud, and thought he'd rouse her fears

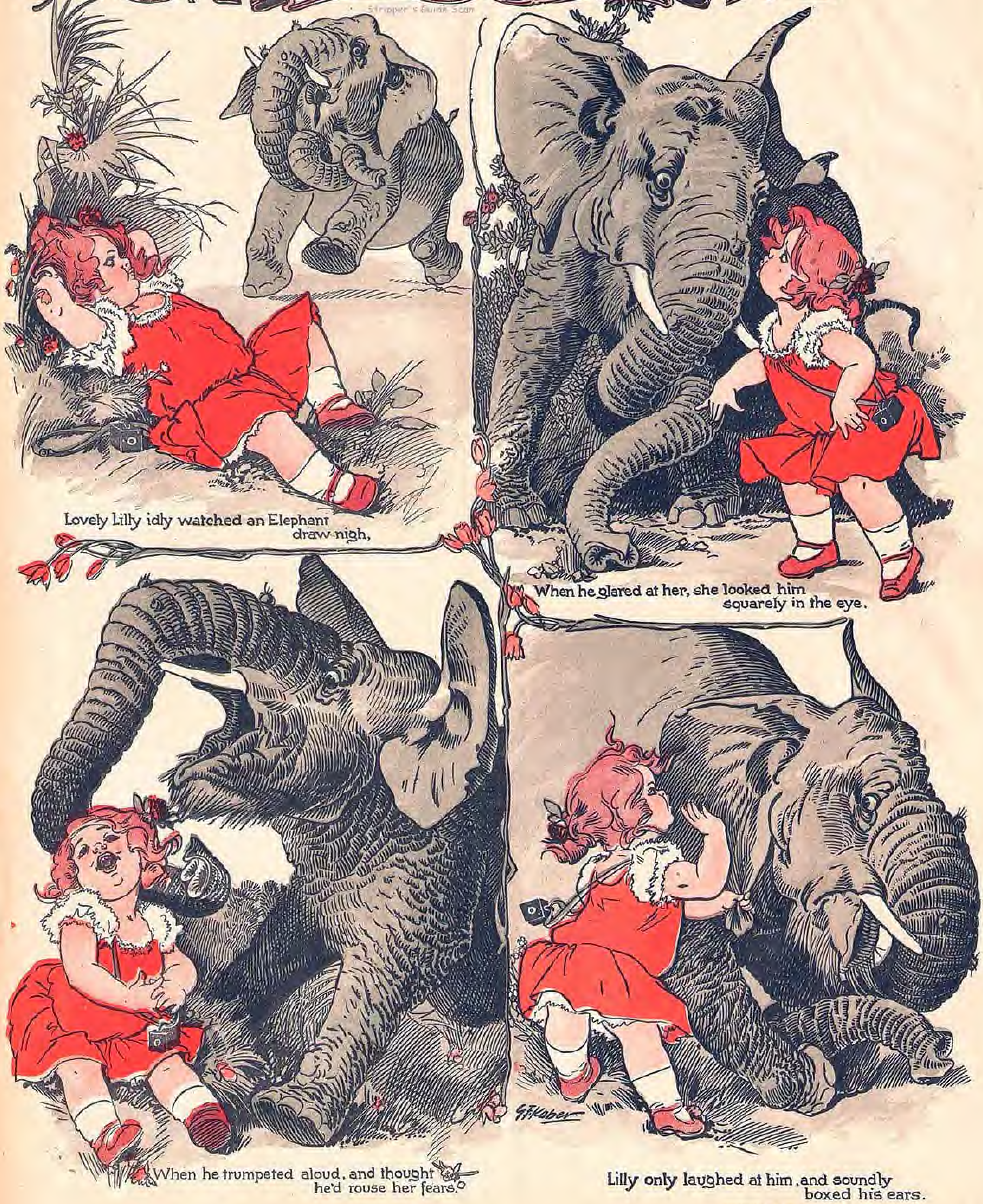
Lilly only laughed at him and soundly boxed his ears

[illegible]

ADVENTURES OF LOVELY LILLY

by CAROLYN WELLS

Stripper's Guide Scan



Lovely Lilly idly watched an Elephant
draw nigh,

When he glared at her, she looked him
squarely in the eye.

When he trumpeted aloud, and thought
he'd rouse her fears.

Lilly only laughed at him, and soundly
boxed his ears.

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MRS. DINGLE'S DIARY JOHN USES MORAL FORCE

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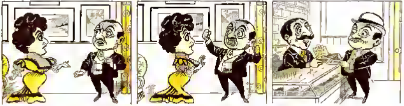
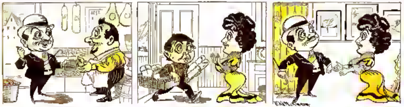


I never realized what an earnest, commanding and powerful man John could be after dear Fickle, the grocer, had been giving me all sorts of trouble in not sending up orders I sent promptly. Telephoning, [illegible] nothing had any effect on him. So I told John all the circumstances.

Well, it simply made John stand aghast [illegible]. "This is an act of [illegible] but my dignity will not stand for," said he. "I'll fix him. Give me your order tomorrow morning and I'll take it down to him and I'll see if he doesn't send up the goods promptly."

So the next morning I gave him my daily order to take to Fickle. He said that no man could flout HIM or HIS credit. As Fickle is the only grocer handy I advised John not to deal with him too harshly.



He must have given Fickle a tremendous talking to, [illegible] I [illegible] the very next [illegible]. I saw Mr Fickle near John, giving him a great piece of his mind and Fickle all tremendous and wilted. I really did not think it was in John.

But he must have gone. I [illegible] able to understand a thing, as then he just one half hour after John had left up came the grocer's boy, panting as he hurried to deliver the goods.

When John came home that afternoon I thanked him warmly and told him I was proud of him. He merely said, "Clara, when people do not obey MY commands I simply use moral force, FORCE, FORCE!" John is GRAND.

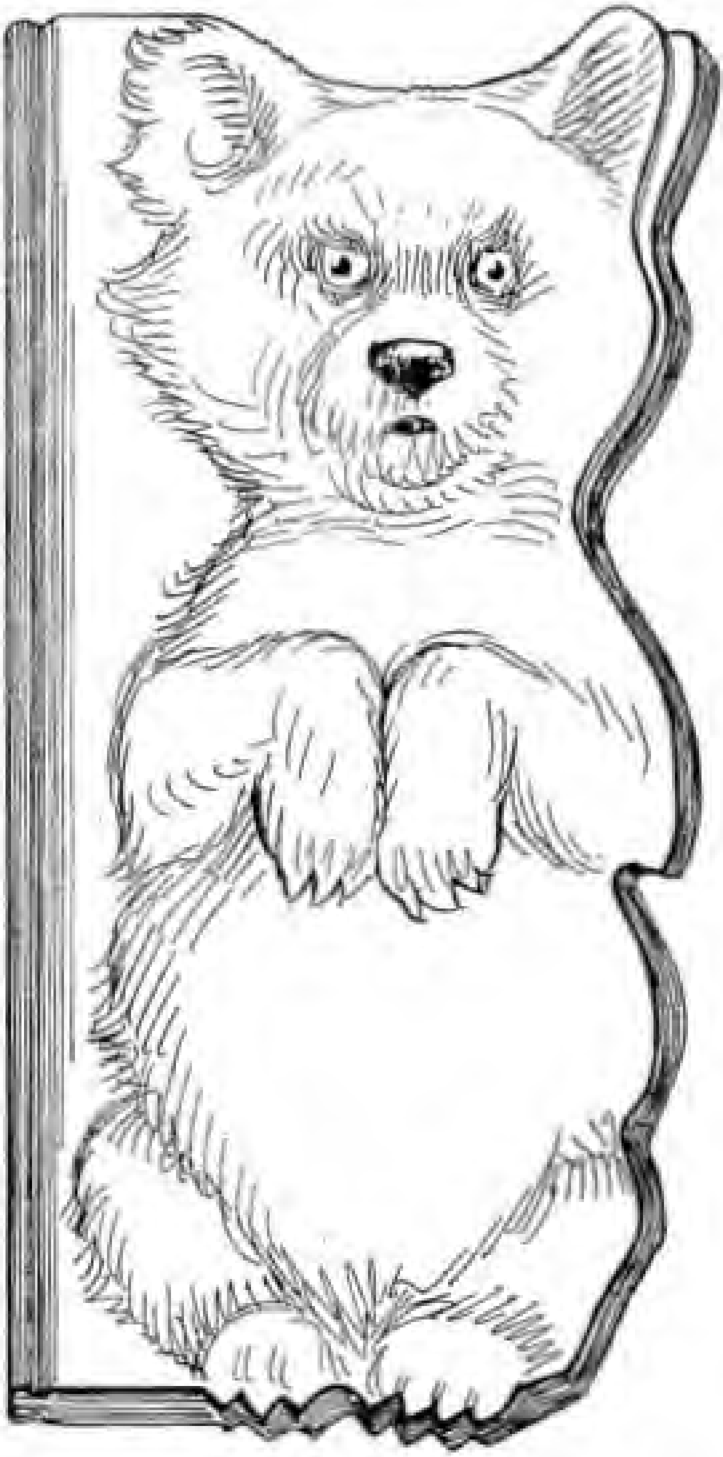
DESIGN.

No. 38,643. PATENTED JUNE 25, 1907.

R. H. GARMAN.

BOOK OR BOOKLET COVER.

APPLICATION FILED MAY 24, 1907.



Witnesses:

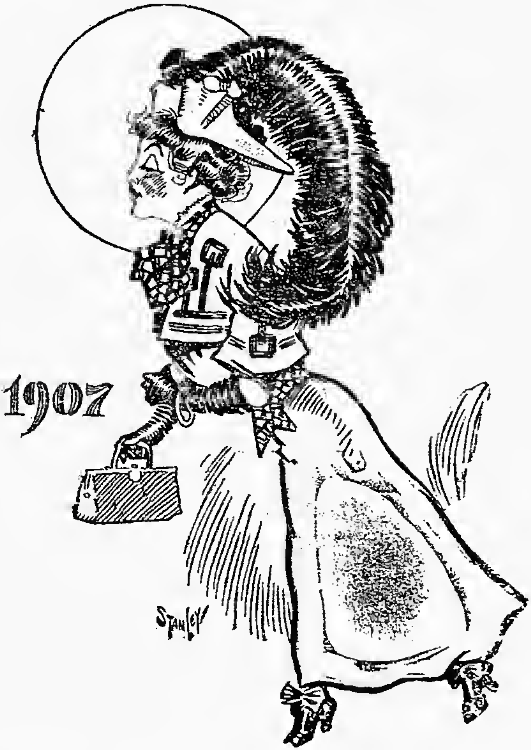
C L Garman

K. E. Garman

Inventor:

Raymond H Garman

THE 1907 GIRL

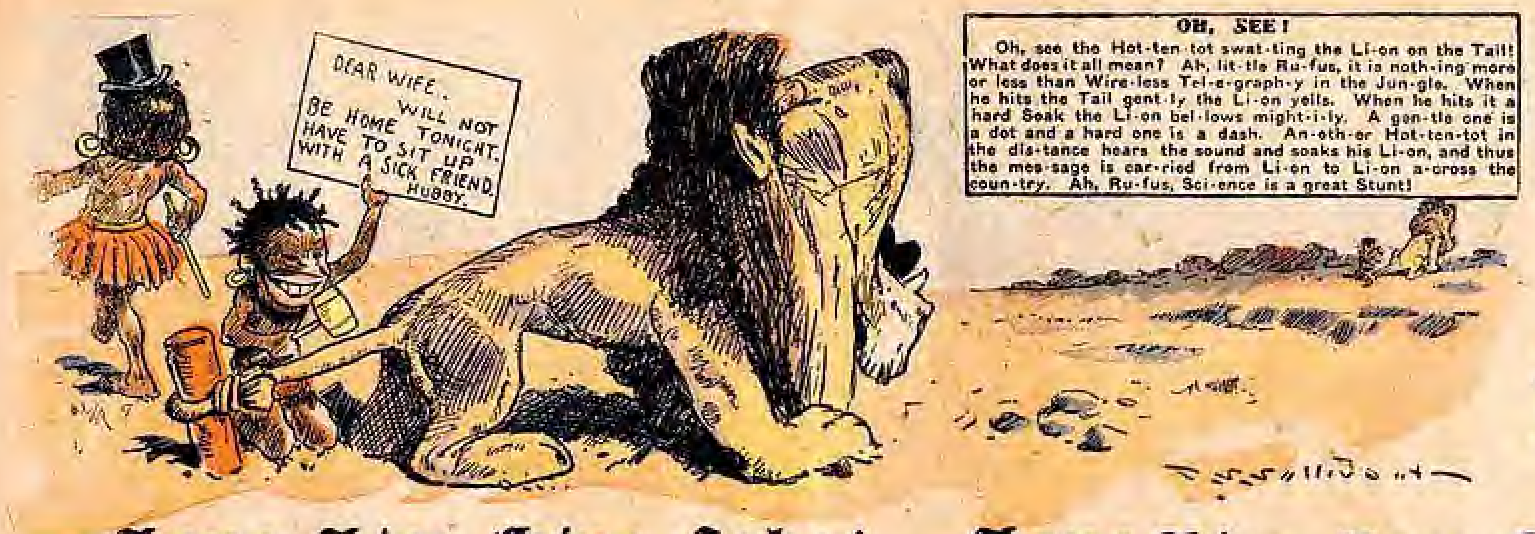


By Lee W. Stanley.

The 1907 Girl? She is a vivacious little lady, though you might never think it as you pipe her drooping eyelids, which sadly belie the gazelle-like motion with which she ambles up or down the boulevard.

Be not deceived for that air of studied indifference and seeming nonobservance is assumed. You can wager your last piaster that she knows perfectly everything that is going on in her vicinity.

She is an Evelyn Nesbit for size, a Juno for shape, an Aphrodite for charm. She means no harm by wearing that immense plume. She does it because it tickles the boys.


DEAR WIFE.
WILL NOT BE HOME TONIGHT. HAVE TO SIT UP WITH A SICK FRIEND. HUBBY.

OH, SEE!

Oh, see the Hot-ten-tot swat-ting the Li-on on the Tail! What does it all mean? Ah, lit-tle Ru-fus, it is noth-ing more or less than Wire-less Tel-e-graph-y in the Jun-gle. When he hits the Tail gent-ly the Li-on yells. When he hits it a hard Soak the Li-on bel-lows might-i-ly. A gen-tle one is a dot and a hard one is a dash. An-oth-er Hot-ten-tot in the dis-tance hears the sound and soaks his Li-on, and thus the mes-sage is car-ried from Li-on to Li-on a-cross the coun-try. Ah, Ru-fus, Sci-ence is a great Stunt!

COMIC SECTION
OF THE
NEW YORK
AMERICAN
SUNDAY OCTOBER 20th 1907

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Long Live King Jake! Long Live Sam Tub, His New Jester!

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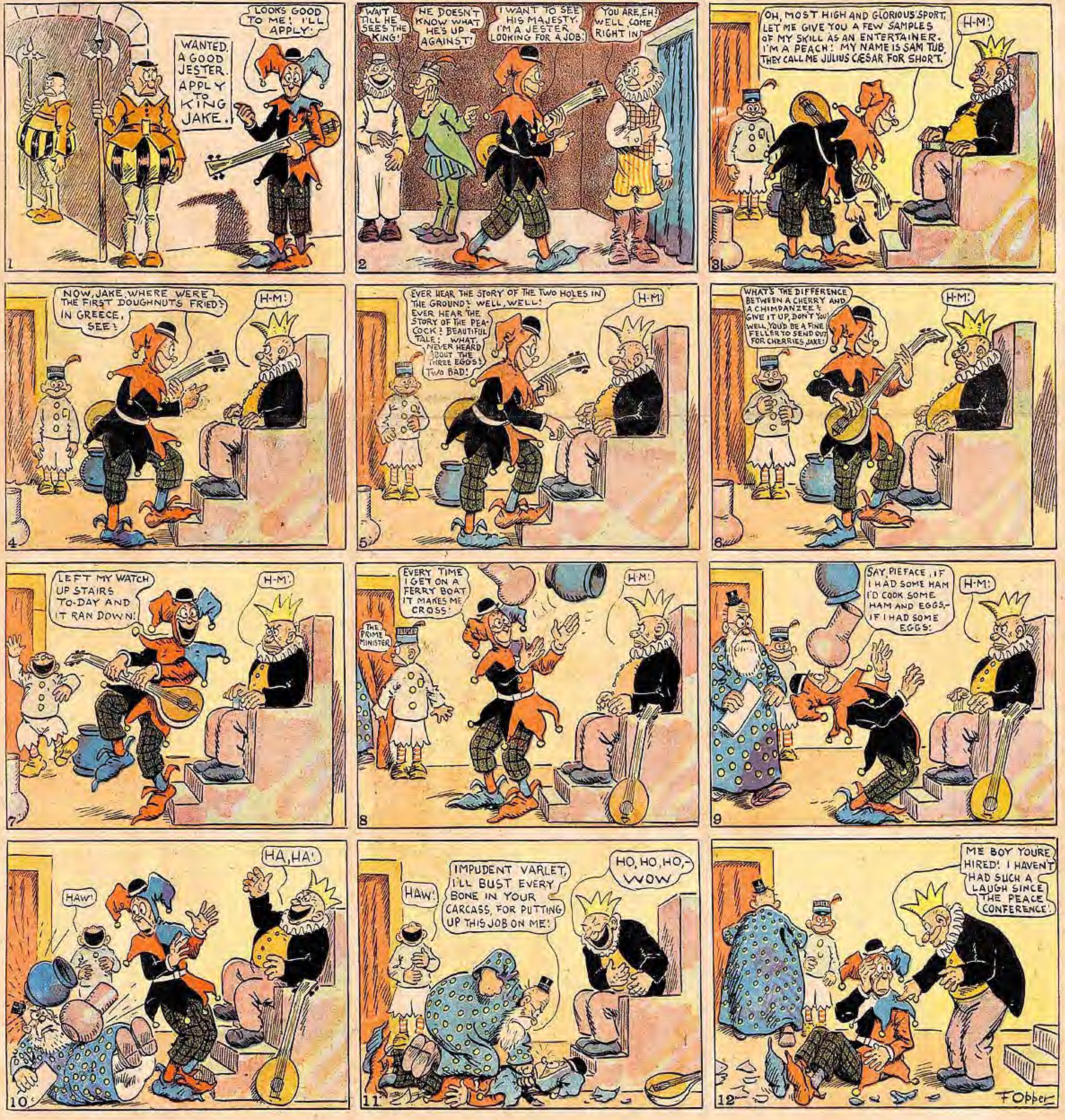
1
WANTED. A GOOD JESTER. APPLY TO KING JAKE.
LOOKS GOOD TO ME! I'LL APPLY.
2
WAIT TILL HE SEES THE KING!
HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S UP AGAINST!
I WANT TO SEE HIS MAJESTY. I'M A JESTER LOOKING FOR A JOB!
YOU ARE, EH! WELL, COME RIGHT IN!
3
OH, MOST HIGH AND GLORIOUS SPORT, LET ME GIVE YOU A FEW SAMPLES OF MY SKILL AS AN ENTERTAINER. I'M A PEACH! MY NAME IS SAM TUB. THEY CALL ME JULIUS CÆSAR FOR SHORT.
H-M!
4
NOW, JAKE, WHERE WERE THE FIRST DOUGHNUTS FRIED? IN GREECE, SEE?
H-M!
5
EVER HEAR THE STORY OF THE TWO HOLES IN THE GROUND? WELL, WELL! EVER HEAR THE STORY OF THE PEACOCK? BEAUTIFUL TALE! WHAT, NEVER HEARD 'BOUT THE THREE EGGS? TWO BAD!
H-M!
6
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CHERRY AND A CHIMPANZEE? GIVE IT UP, DON'T YOU! WELL, YOU'D BE A FINE FELLER TO SEND OUT FOR CHERRIES, JAKE!
H-M!
7
LEFT MY WATCH UP STAIRS TO-DAY AND IT RAN DOWN!
H-M!
8
EVERY TIME I GET ON A FERRY BOAT IT MAKES ME CROSS.
THE PRIME MINISTER
H-M!
9
SAY, PIEFACE, IF I HAD SOME HAM I'D COOK SOME HAM AND EGGS,- IF I HAD SOME EGGS.
H-M!
10
HAW!
HA, HA!
11
HAW!
IMPUDENT VARLET, I'LL BUST EVERY BONE IN YOUR CARCASS, FOR PUTTING UP THIS JOB ON ME!
HO, HO, HO,- WOW
12
ME BOY YOU'RE HIRED! I HAVEN'T HAD SUCH A LAUGH SINCE THE PEACE CONFERENCE!
F Opper

PROFESOR O.P. EDISON DODGER AND HIS AUTOMATIC SERVANT GIRL

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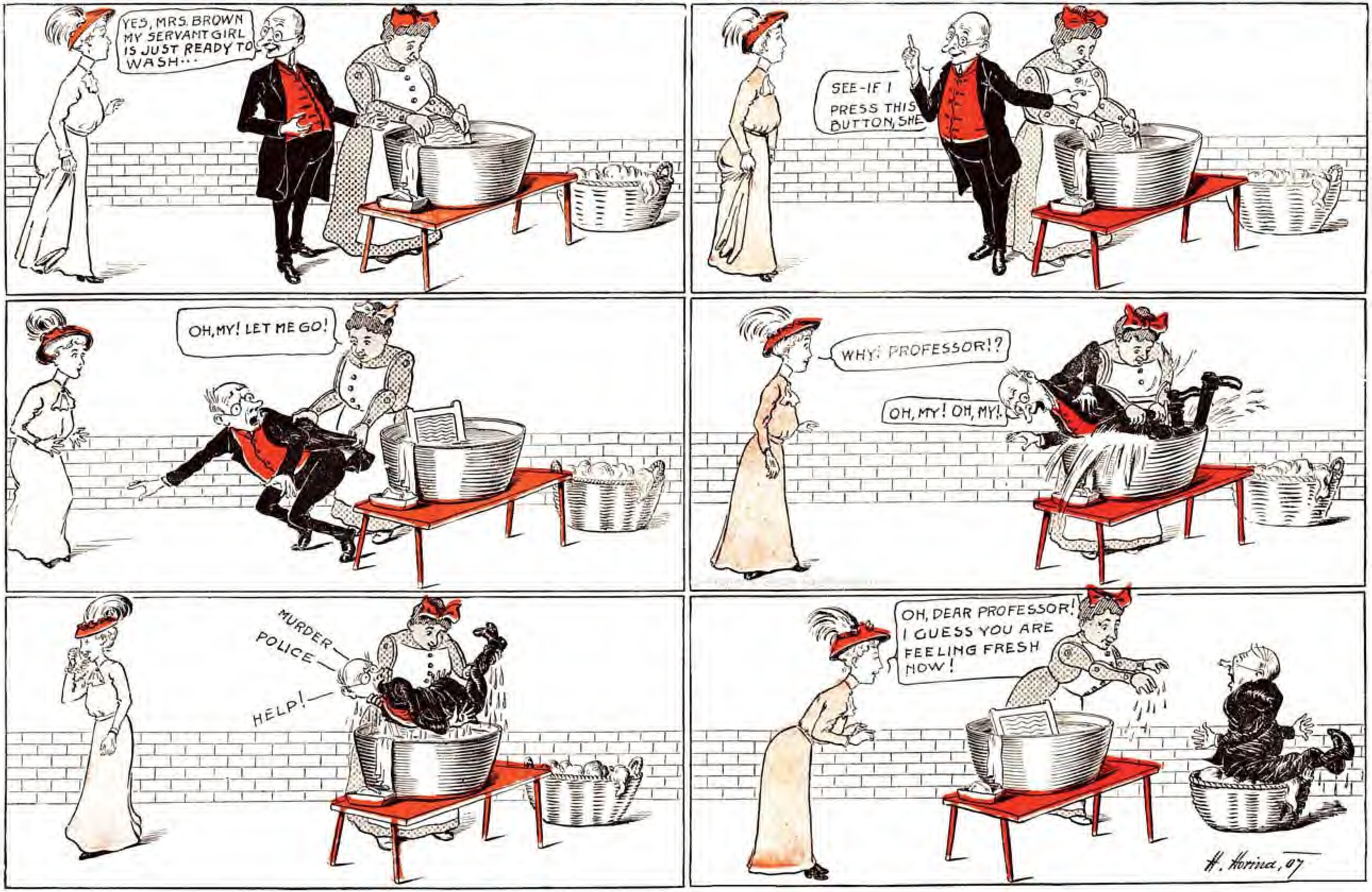
YES, MRS. BROWN MY SERVANT GIRL IS JUST READY TO WASH...
SEE-IF I PRESS THIS BUTTON, SHE
OH, MY! LET ME GO!
WHY! PROFESSOR!?
OH, MY! OH, MY!
MURDER
POLICE
HELP!
OH, DEAR PROFESSOR! I GUESS YOU ARE FEELING FRESH NOW!
H. Horina, 07

THE AUTOMATIC SERVANT GIRL MINDS THE BABY

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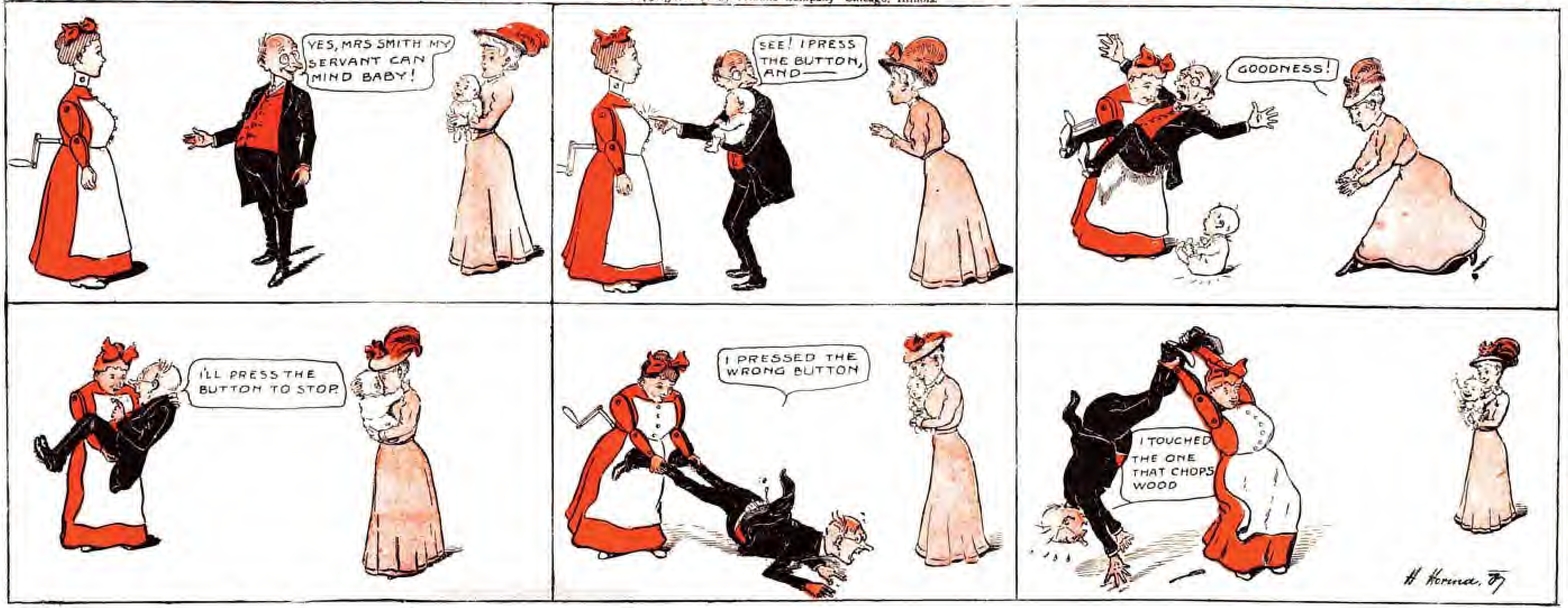
YES, MRS SMITH MY SERVANT CAN MIND BABY!
SEE! I PRESS THE BUTTON, AND——
GOODNESS!
I'LL PRESS THE BUTTON TO STOP.
I PRESSED THE WRONG BUTTON
I TOUCHED THE ONE THAT CHOPS WOOD
H Horina, 07

MRS. DINGLE'S DIARY—OH! THE VANITY OF MAN

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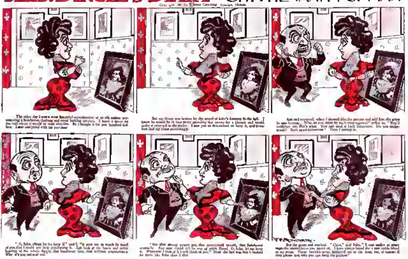

The other day I saw a most beautiful reproduction of an old master representing a handsome, dashing and royal looking cavalier. I have a space on the wall where it would be most effective. So I bought it for one hundred dollars. I was overjoyed with my purchase.

But my dream was broken by the sound of John's footsteps in the hall. I knew he would be in a rage over my spending that money for a picture and would order it returned to the dealer. I saw just as threatened, so hung it, and therefore laid my plans accordingly.

Just as I expected, when I showed him the picture and told him the price he was furious. "What do you mean by such extravagance?" yelled he. "You'll bankrupt me, that's what. You just send it back tomorrow. Do you understand? Back it goes tomorrow." Then I pitched in.

"O, John, please let me keep it," said I. "It puts me so much in mind of you that I could not help purchasing it. Just look at the brave and noble bearing of the whole figure, that handsome face, that brilliant countenance. Why it's you out and out.

"See that strong manly jaw, that determined mouth, that handsome mustache. Any one could tell he was of noble blood. O, John, let me keep it. Whenever I look at it I will think of you." Now the fact was that it looked no more like John than I did.

But the game had worked. "Cara," said John, "I now notice so strong the resemblance you speak of. I have always heard there was noble blood in my veins. These trifles never bothered me in the least, but, of course if they please you why you can keep the picture."

THE MAN HATERS' CLUB.

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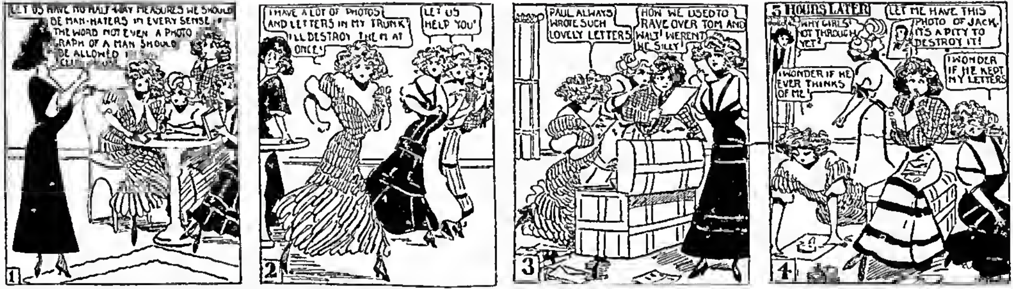
LET US HAVE NO HALF-WAY MEASURES WE SHOULD BE MAN-HATERS IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD NOT EVEN A PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAN SHOULD BE ALLOWED IN THIS CLUB!
1
I HAVE A LOT OF PHOTOS AND LETTERS IN MY TRUNK! I'LL DESTROY THEM AT ONCE!
LET US HELP YOU!
2
PAUL ALWAYS WROTE SUCH LOVELY LETTERS
HOW WE USED TO RAVE OVER TOM AND WALT! WEREN'T WE SILLY!
3
5 HOURS LATER
WHY GIRLS! NOT THROUGH YET?
LET ME HAVE THIS PHOTO OF JACK. IT'S A PITY TO DESTROY IT!
I WONDER IF HE EVER THINKS OF ME!
I WONDER IF HE KEPT MY LETTERS
4

THE MAN HATERS' CLUB.

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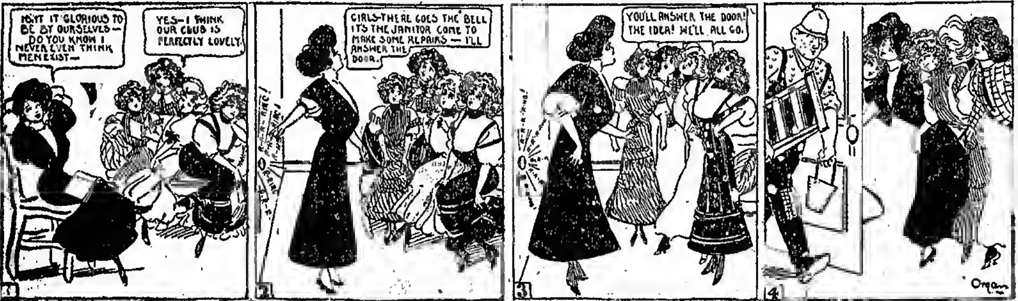
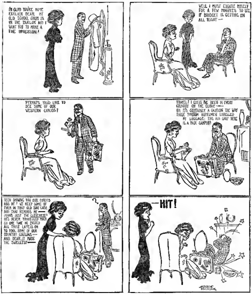

1
ISN'T IT GLORIOUS TO BE BY OURSELVES— DO YOU KNOW I NEVER EVEN THINK MEN EXIST—
YES—I THINK OUR CLUB IS PERFECTLY LOVELY.
2
GIRLS—THERE GOES THE BELL ITS THE JANITOR COME TO MAKE SOME REPAIRS — I'LL ANSWER THE DOOR.
R-R-R-RING!
3
YOU'LL ANSWER THE DOOR! THE IDEA! WE'LL ALL GO.
R-R-R-RING!
4

LITTLE MRS. THOUGHTFUL


I'M GLAD YOU'RE HOME EARLIER DEAR. MY OLD SCHOOL CHUM IS IN THE PARLOR AND I WANT YOU TO MAKE A FINE IMPRESSION!
WELL I MUST EXCUSE MYSELF FOR A FEW MINUTES TO SEE IF BRIDGET IS GETTING ON ALL RIGHT —
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE SOME OF OUR WESTERN CURIOS?
TRAVEL! I GUESS I'VE BEEN IN EVERY COUNTRY ON THE GLOBE —— OH IT'S CERTAINLY A CAUTION THE WAY THOSE FOREIGN HOTELMEN LABELLED MY LUGGAGE. THIS OLD GRIP HERE IS A FAIR SAMPLE!
BEEN SHOWING YOU OUR CURIOS HAS HE? WE KEEP SOME OF THEM IN THAT OLD SUIT CASE AND THAT REMINDS ME — JOHN'S JUST THE CLEVEREST! HE'S NEVER TRAVELLED MUCH SO ONE TIME HE PASTED ALL THOSE LABELS ON TO FOOL SOME OF OUR COUNTRY COUSINS — AND DEAR IT MADE THE SWELLEST —
?
— HIT!

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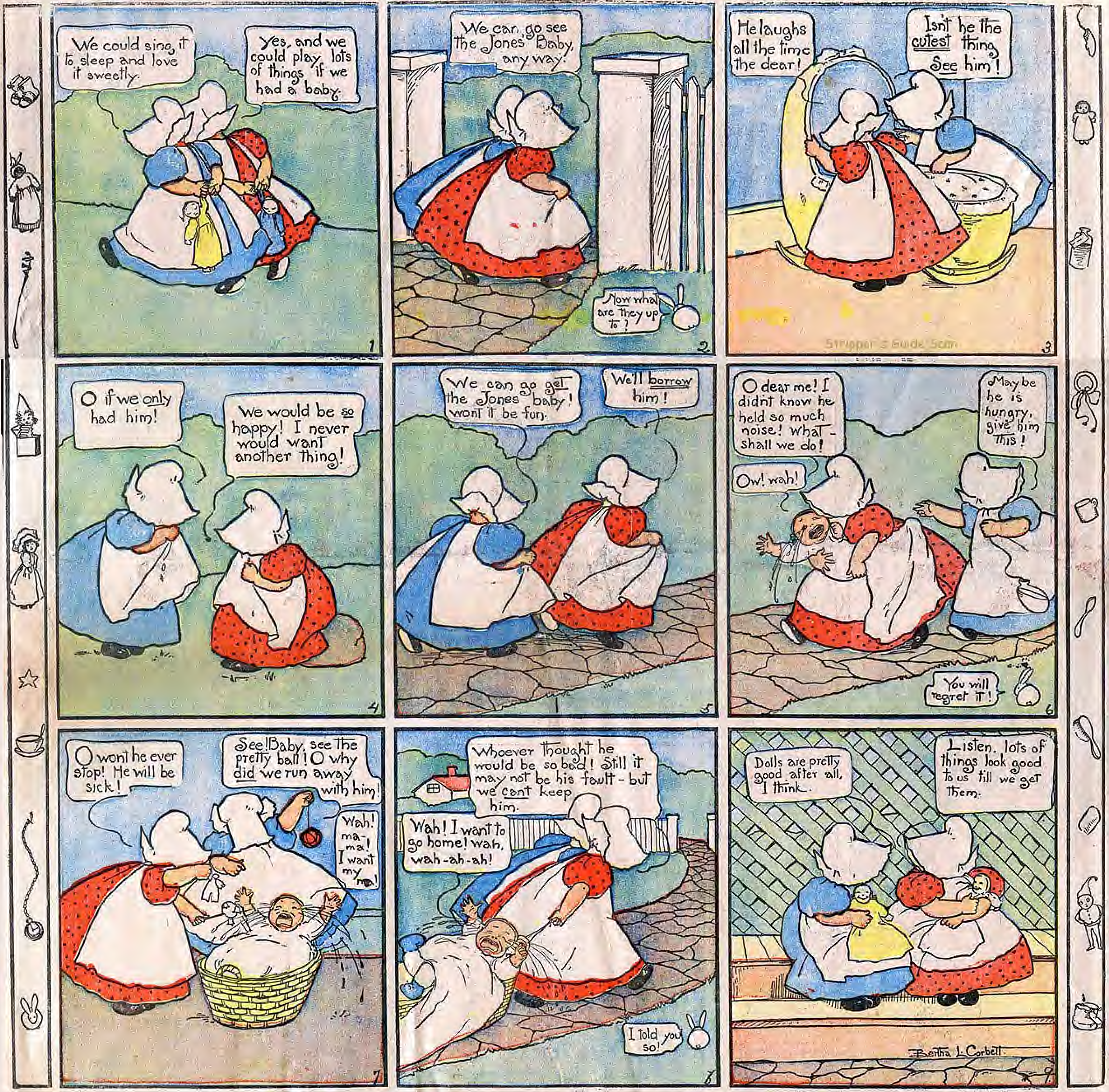
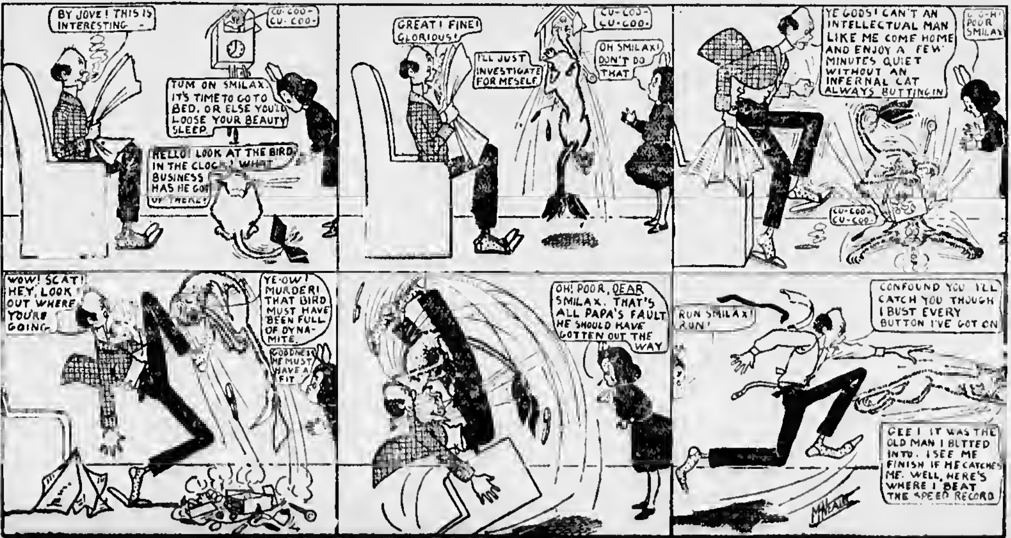
THE SUNBONNET BABIES KIDNAP A BABY.


We could sing it to sleep and love it sweetly.
Yes, and we could play lots of things if we had a baby.
1
We can go see the Jones' Baby, any way.
Now what are they up to?
2
He laughs all the time the dear!
Isn't he the cutest thing. See him!
3
O if we only had him!
We would be so happy! I never would want another thing!
4
We can go get the Jones baby! wont it be fun.
We'll borrow him!
5
O dear me! I didn't know he held so much noise! What shall we do!
Ow! wah!
May be he is hungry, give him this!
You will regret it!
6
O wont he ever stop! He will be sick!
See! Baby, see the pretty ball! O why did we run away with him!
Wah! ma-ma! I want my ma!
7
Whoever thought he would be so bad! Still it may not be his fault - but we cant keep him.
Wah! I want to go home! wah, wah-ah-ah!
I told you so!
8
Dolls are pretty good after all, I think.
Listen, lots of things look good to us till we get them.
Bertha L. Corbett.
9

Stripper's Guide Scan

Tootsie and Her Cat, Smilax

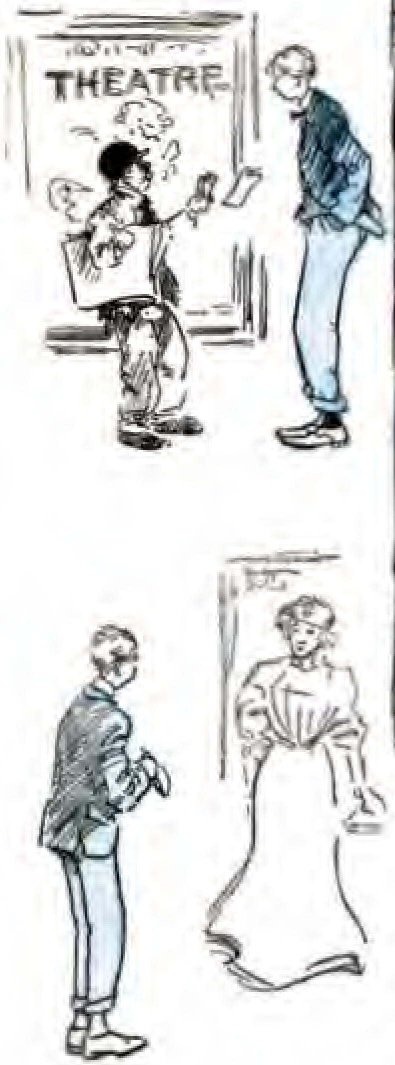
By M. F. Neale

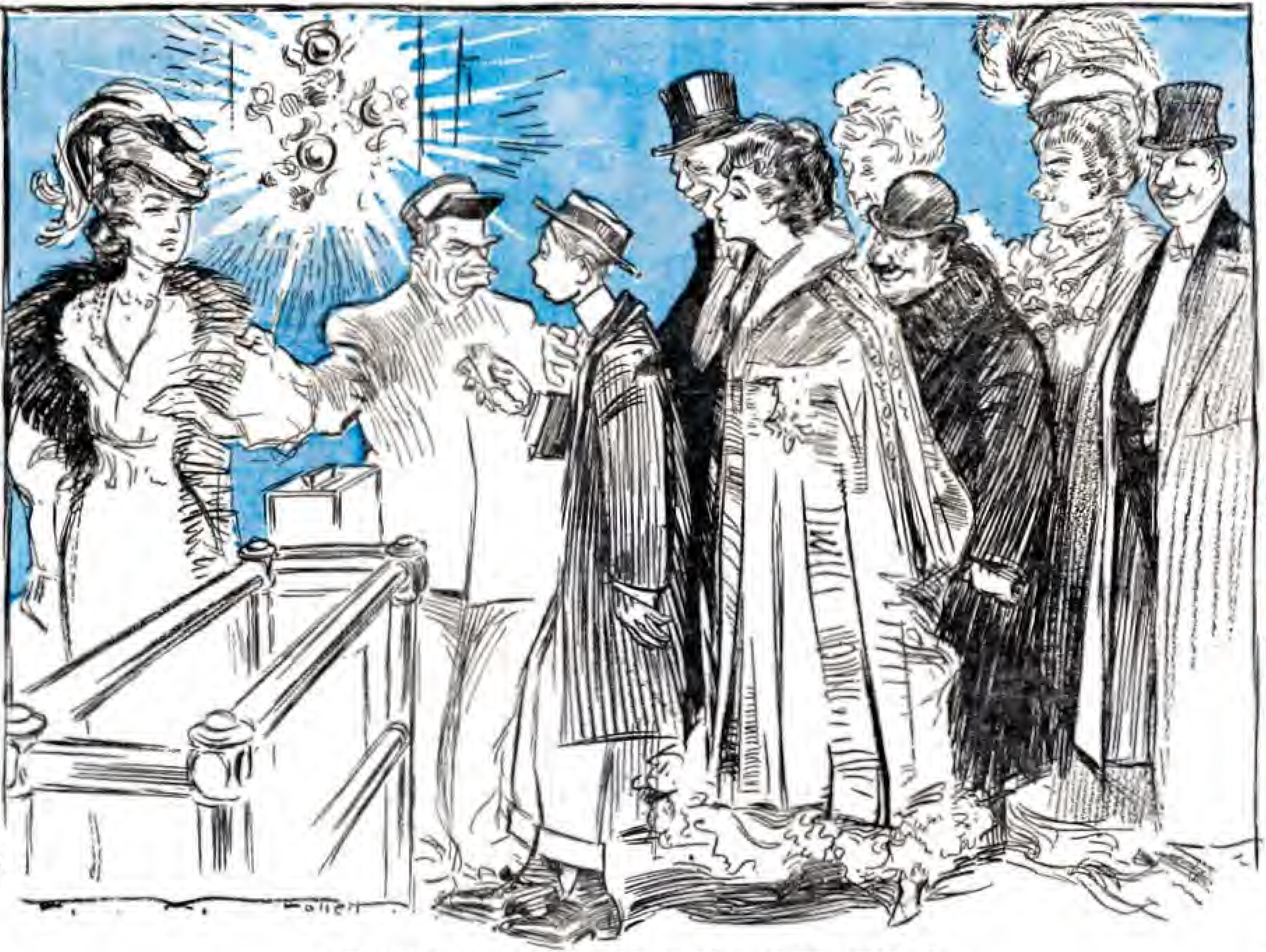

BY JOVE! THIS IS INTERESTING -
CU-COO- CU-COO-
TUM ON SMILAX. IT'S TIME TO GO TO BED, OR ELSE YOU'LL LOOSE YOUR BEAUTY SLEEP.
HELLO! LOOK AT THE BIRD IN THE CLOCK! WHAT BUSINESS HAS HE GOT UP THERE?
GREAT! FINE! GLORIOUS!
I'LL JUST INVESTIGATE FOR MESELF.
CU-COO- CU-COO.
OH SMILAX! DON'T DO THAT
YE GODS! CAN'T AN INTELLECTUAL MAN LIKE ME COME HOME AND ENJOY A FEW MINUTES QUIET WITHOUT AN INFERNAL CAT ALWAYS BUTTING IN
O-O-H! POOR SMILAX
CU-COO- CU-COO-
WOW! SCAT! HEY, LOOK OUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING
YE-OW! MURDER! THAT BIRD MUST HAVE BEEN FULL OF DYNA-MITE.
GOODNESS HE MUST HAVE A FIT
OH! POOR, DEAR SMILAX. THAT'S ALL PAPA'S FAULT HE SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT THE WAY
RUN SMILAX! RUN!
CONFOUND YOU I'LL CATCH YOU THOUGH I BUST EVERY BUTTON I'VE GOT ON
GEE! IT WAS THE OLD MAN I BUTTED INTO. I SEE ME FINISH IF HE CATCHES ME. WELL, HERE'S WHERE I BEAT THE SPEED RECORD
M. NEALE

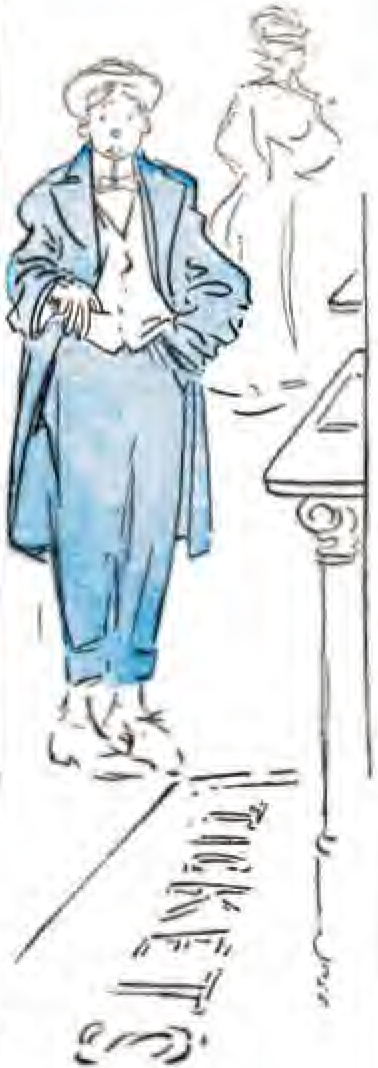
THE BUMBLE PUPPY.

BY
F. M. FOLLETT.

SOME EVENTS
IN THE
LIFE OF
ALEXANDER,
ONLY SON
OF MR. AND
MRS. BUMBLE.







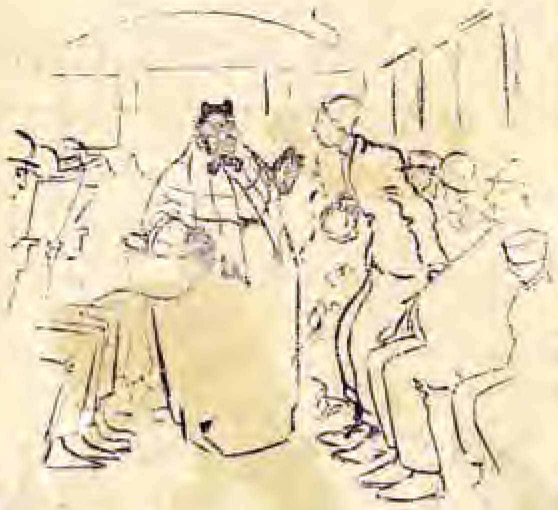
“THEM'S LAST NIGHT'S TICKETS.”

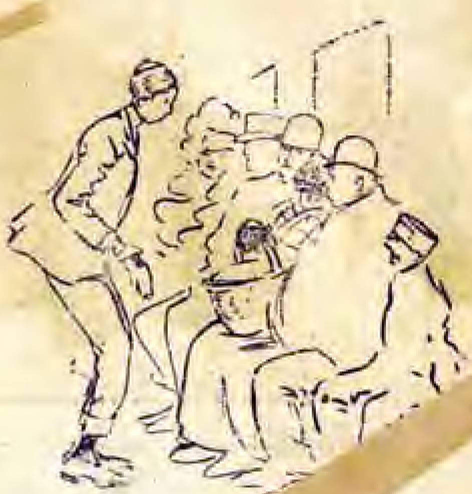
When a newsboy offered him a “pair of good orchestra seats for a dollar,” Alexander saw an opportunity, and buying them invited the rector's daughter to accompany him. Though he had only a quarter left, it was enough for carfare, and he felt perfectly safe until ——

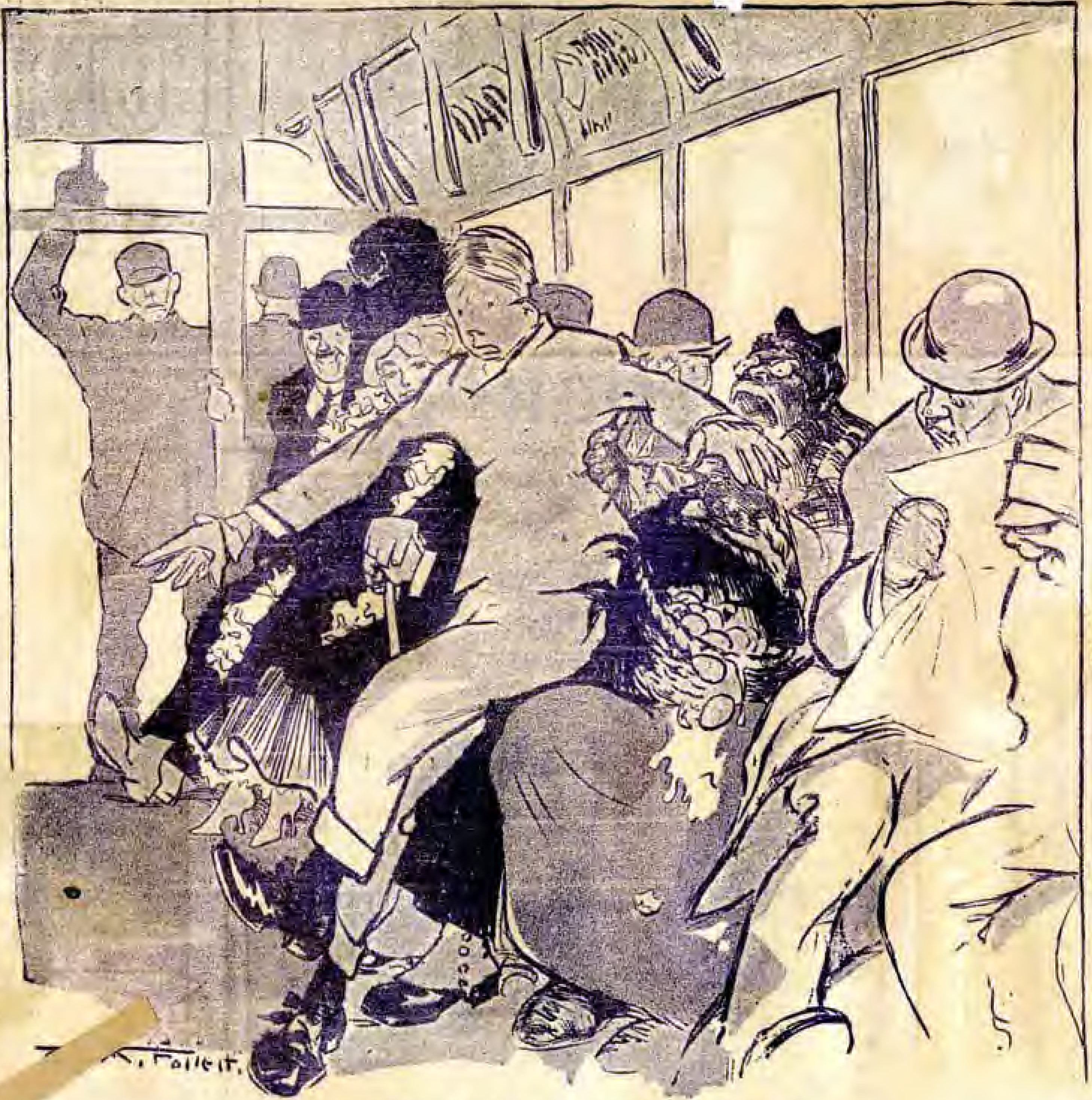
THE BUMBLE PUPPY.

BY
F. M. FOLLETT.

SOME EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER, ONLY SON OF MR. AND MRS. BUMBLE.

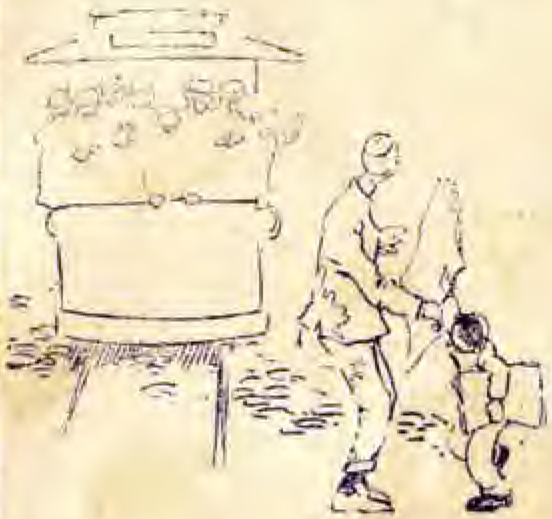


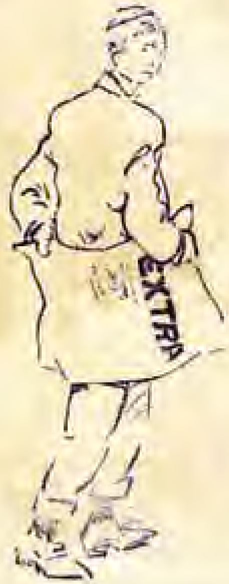




"GET UP OFF'N DEM EGGS."

Alexander's mother often had impressed on him that young men should be courteous to women whatever their station in life, so when Old Aunt Mandy came into the car with a basket of eggs he got up and, politely lifting his cap, gave her his seat but just then the car went round a curve and——

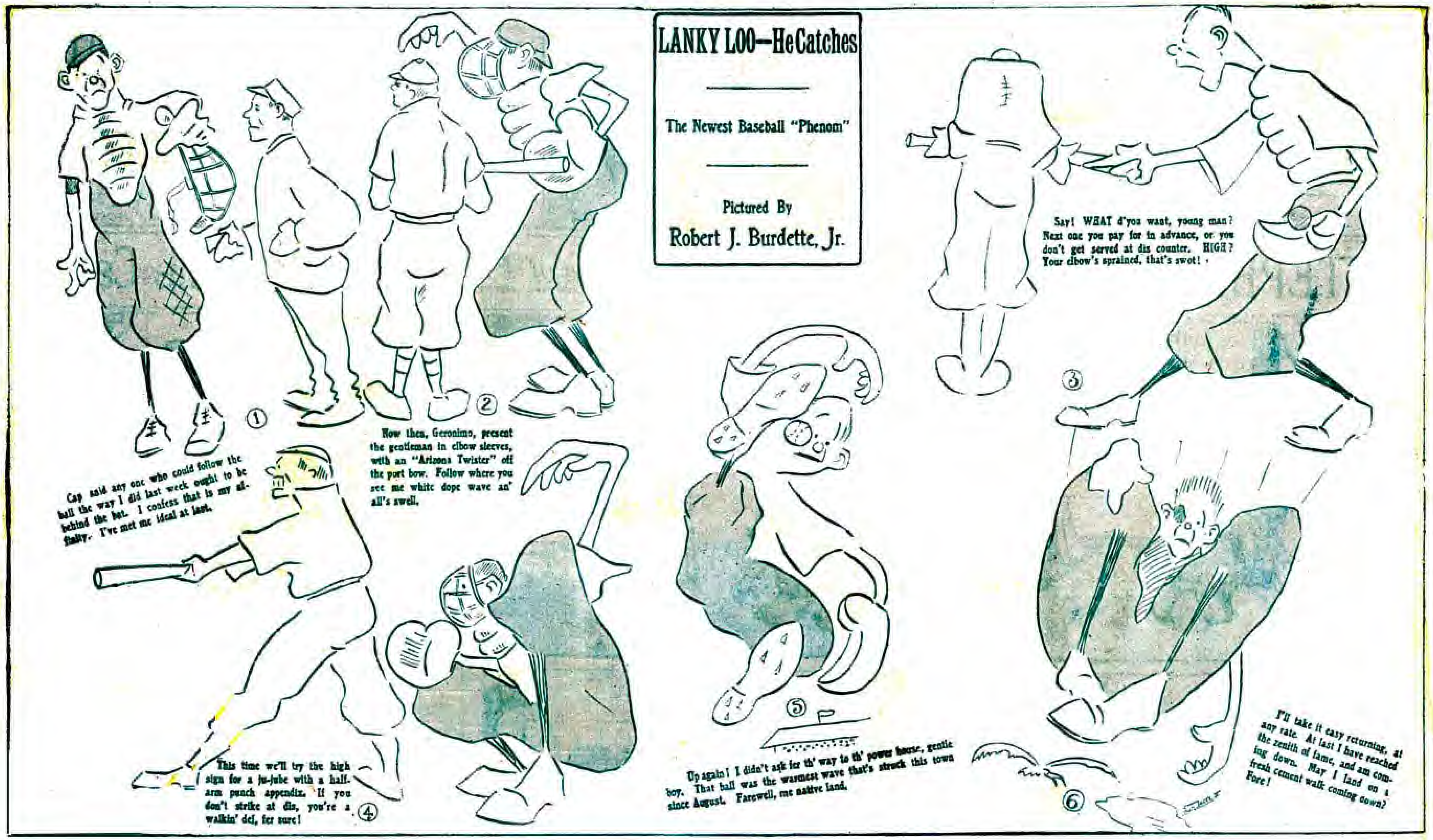




LANKY LOO—He Catches

The Newest Baseball "Phenom"

Pictured By
Robert J. Burdette, Jr.



① Cap said any one who could follow the ball the way I did last week ought to be behind the bat. I confess that is my al. finity. I've met me ideal at last.

② Now then, Geronimo, present the gentleman in elbow sleeves, with an "Arizona Twister" off the port bow. Follow where you see me white dope wave an' all's swell.

③ Say! WHAT d'you want, young man? Next one you pay for in advance, or you don't get served at dis counter. HIGH? Your elbow's sprained, that's swot!

④ This time we'll try the high sign for a ju-jube with a half-arm punch appendix. If you don't strike at dis, you're a walkin' del, fer sure!

⑤ Up again! I didn't ask fer th' way to th' power house, gentle boy. That ball was the warmest wave that's struck this town since August. Farewell, me native land.

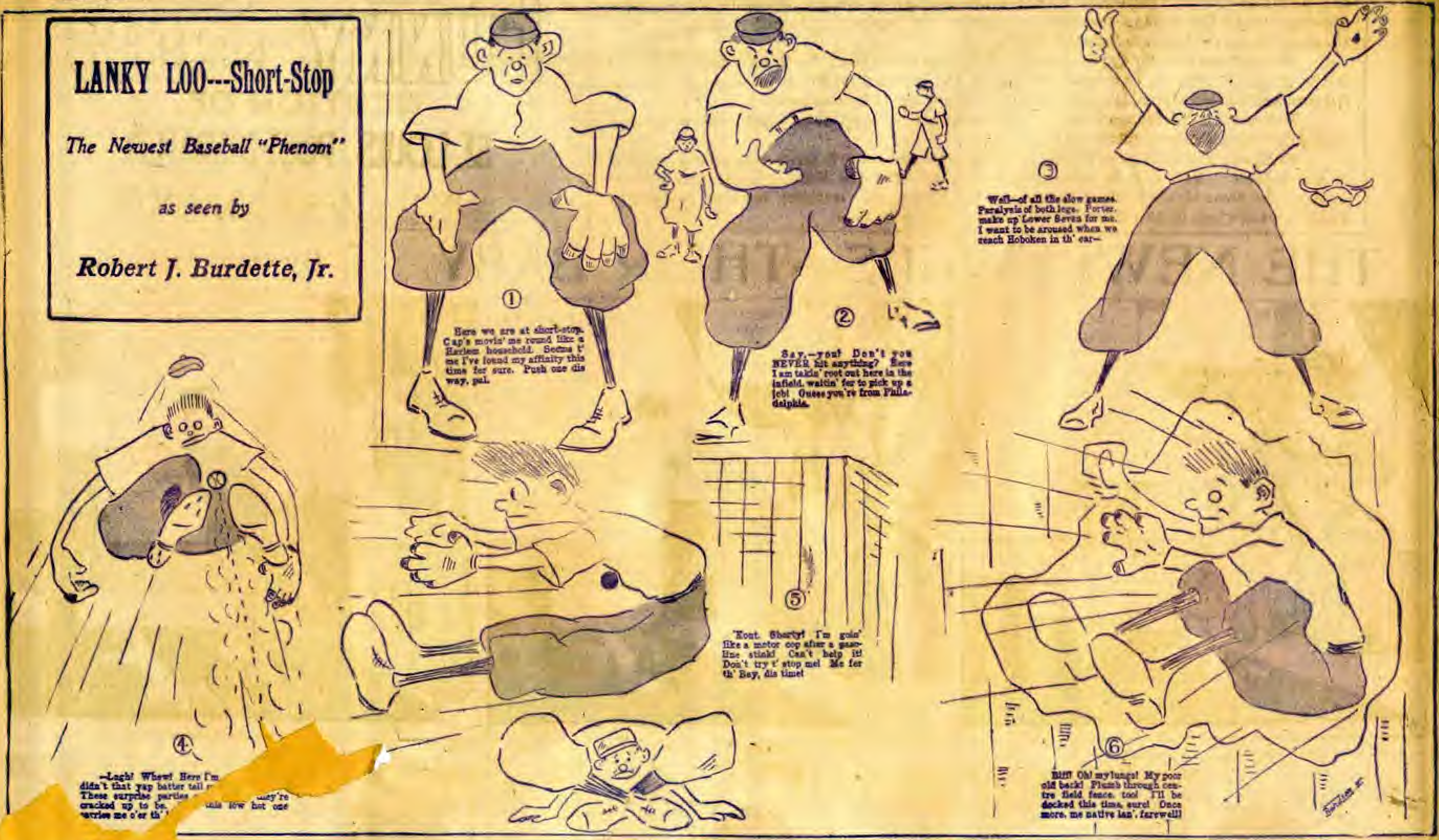
⑥ I'll take it easy returning, at any rate. At last I have reached the zenith of fame, and am coming down. May I land on a fresh cement walk coming down? Fore!

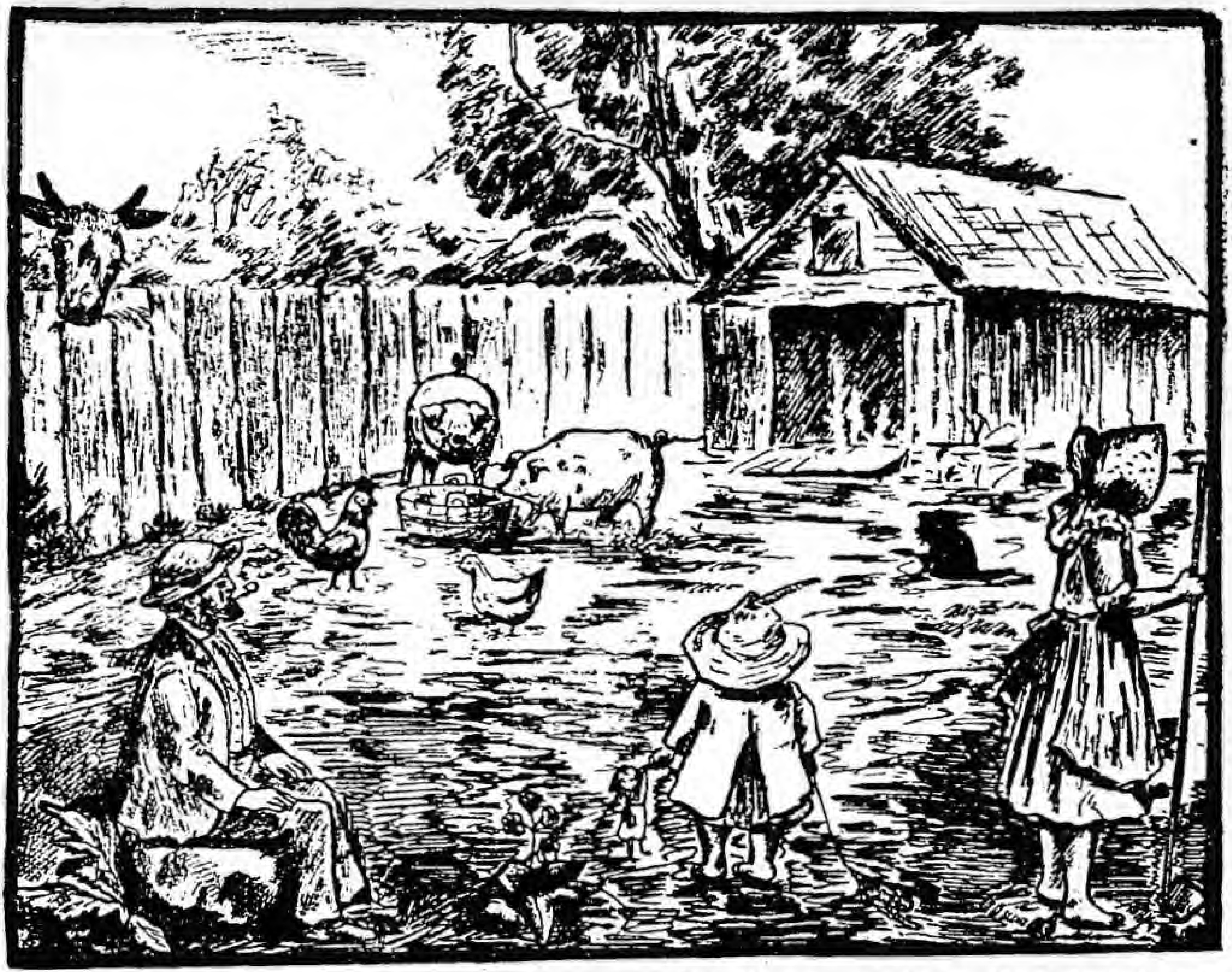
LANKY LOO--Short-Stop

The Newest Baseball "Phenom"

as seen by

Robert J. Burdette, Jr.


①
Here we are at short-stop. Cap's movin' me round like a Harlem household. Seems t' me I've found my affinity this time for sure. Push one dis way, pal.
②
Say,—you! Don't you NEVER hit anything? Here I am takin' root out here in the infield, waitin' fer to pick up a job! Guess you're from Philadelphia.
③
Well—of all the slow games. Paralysis of both legs. Porter, make up Lower Seven for me. I want to be aroused when we reach Hoboken in th' car—
④
—Lugh! Whew! Here I'm [illegible] didn't that yap batter tell m[illegible] These surprise parties [illegible] they're cracked up to be. [illegible] this low hot one carries me o'er th' [illegible]
⑤
'Kout. Shorty! I'm goin' like a motor cop after a gasoline stink! Can't help it! Don't try t' stop me! Me fer th' Bay, dis time!
⑥
Biff! Oh! my lungs! My poor old back! Plumb through centre field fence, too! I'll be docked this time, sure! Once more, me native lan', farewell!
Burdette Jr.



By Barbara Shermund, 1001 H street, San Francisco, Cal.—Your composition made with the "Chronicle's art cut-out of the 19th is well executed and correct. The effect of light and shade is fine. Your work is a good example for others to follow. "On the Farm" is an appropriate title. The figures in the doorway of the barn lend interest to your picture, and show talent and artistic genius.

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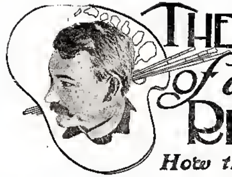
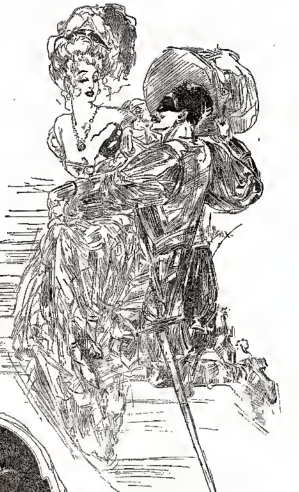


Robert Henri

THE ROMANCE of a GIRL with RED HAIR.

How the Leader of the Art Insurgents Met His Fate at an Artists' Ball, When His Heart Was Won By a Maker of "Comics."



"MY heart is in the grave. Hereafter woman will be to me a mere artistic abstraction."

Though all who heard him were men—and men are cynics in matters of this sort—his hearers believed Robert Henri. Doubtless he believed himself.

Two years before Mrs. Robert Henri had died, and many one had said "Henri's heart is broken." Certainly it seemed to be true. In his studio the beautiful portrait of a dark-eyed, dark-haired woman, of sweetly pensive face, hung draped in black. To the person entering his studio the melancholy portrait was the first thing seen on entering, the last thing seen as they departed.

Besides, after the passing of his lovely spouse, Robert Henri plunged in furious [illegible] into the work of the Impressionistic school. It [illegible] so zealously as the new gospel of all, that he seemed as one who would immolate himself—one who would [illegible], yet distinct, memory.

Heretofore they called him the prince of the insurgents in art. Now he became the king of the insurgents. His reign in the land of the art rebellion in America extended over the continent.

The war of the two camps in art was at its height when William M. Chase, the venerable head of the New York School of Art, walked out from that school, which he had founded, and became a teacher in the Art League, in New York, and the Philadelphia Academy. Mr. Chase's services to art had been rewarded by wealth and renown. At Shinnecock Hills, in Long Island, he had founded a summer school, to which came students from the United States, from Canada, from Mexico, and Japan. The Uffizi in Florence requested that he send his self portrait to its collection, which includes the Great Old Masters.

But Mr. Chase yielded the school he had founded to Robert Henri, who represented the "young blood" of the school. Mr. Henri had been a teacher in the school. He had injected into it the fervor of Impressionism. The impressionable young artists of the school crowded around the [illegible] Robert Henri became the head of the New York School of Art.

At the time of this severance Mr. Chase had said:

"I warned the students that there is danger in mistaking violence for strength, vulgarity for boldness, that such mistakes could lead to no triumph in art. The old masters were strong, yet delicate, humorous, without offense to the eye. That is the secret of mastery in art.

"Mr. Henri's influence was not like my own upon the pupils. Art is [illegible]. Without it nothing lasting can be accomplished. Color is the natural gift of the artist, but without knowledge and a thorough understanding of it no [illegible] in art can be obtained."

To which Mr. Henri made this reply: "Because I do not require my student to draw a map of the model [illegible] his ideas subordinate to the taste of others I am criticised. But I believe that [illegible] has no part in moulding the character or spirit of the sitter and the beauty. The artist who draws the spirit of his sitter accomplishes more than the man who paints a portrait.

"If you were going to have a portrait of your mother made, would you choose the artist who would make a hard, cold photographic study of her costume and likeness, or would you engage the man who, having a clear idea of her characteristic charms, drew them out on canvas?"

Which ended the controversy between the leaders of the two in art. Their followers have continued it with tongues, gesticulating with [illegible]. The [illegible] of the followers became [illegible] especially [illegible] that the jurors of the National Academy of Design refused the work of Everett Shinn, [illegible] and [illegible], and hung but one of the three pictures offered by W. J. Glackens. The master, indignant at the treatment accorded the young insurgents, withdrew his two paintings the jury had permitted him to hang, saying that he did not desire to appear in an exhibition given over to commonplaceness. Whereat the insurgents cheered—and fought.

It was while the art storm raged [illegible] that a club of artists gave a masquerade ball. Members of both factions were present, mingling amicably because the rules of art demanded it, but coming into their outward gravity the memory of wounds received or wounds given.

A committee of major and brilliant Impressionists waited upon the master. They found him painting a "Scene in Spain." His easel stood directly beneath the pall-draped portrait of the late Mrs. Henri. His face wore a [illegible] of professional gloom.

"We boys want you to come to the ball," said the spokesman.

"Yes, yes, I know; but"—— The master looked at the portrait.

"It's time for you to break away from all this," insisted W. J. Glackens.

The master looked longingly. The more diplomatic Luks spoke. "The ball would not be a success without you," he pleaded. "You know the other fellows will be there in force and they may twit us with being in the minority. We want to point to our leader."

'Twas the old fable of the mist and the sun repeated. The argument of Artist Luks prevailed.

At the Artists' Ball the next night at Tuxedo Hall, Robert Henri appeared masked. He impersonated a Spanish hidalgo. The dark eyes that peered through his mask and the lithe figure [illegible] in a [illegible] doublet made the illusion nearly perfect.

"Scarce perfection than his usual pictures," sneered one of the other school. The man who sneered was a [illegible] artist of whom no one but his friends and family had yet heard. He had escorted to the ball the young woman in a Directoire gown with a white silk band round her hair. The young woman listened with an impatient toss of her head.

"I saw the Girl with the Red Hair yesterday. I thought it magnificent." Her tone was quite [illegible] decided.

"Tut! Tut! After all what does a girl know about art? Ha, [illegible] women do not take their art seriously, but we will [illegible]."

PHOTO BY [illegible]

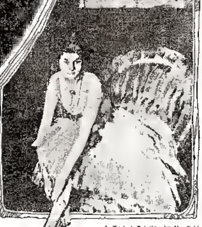
Mrs. Robert Henri, the Art Student Who Married "The Master."

"You men!" There was a girl's contemptuous pity for the boy who [illegible] she had beheld in her tone. "Art is a very [illegible] child. He [illegible] and plays. I will [illegible] which the dancers [illegible] they are."

Neither of them had noticed the black cloaked figure, the conventional [illegible] had [illegible] seeing the [illegible] of a white ribbon [illegible] of red beautifully [illegible] gold hair [illegible] came near, irresistibly impelled by the charms of his art mistress, color. He had overheard the girl's praise of his "The Red Haired Girl." The power to resist praise is superhuman. Had it been necessary to seek some one to introduce him to the goddess of appreciation he might have [illegible] the vision of the portrait in the pall in his studio, but at masquerade balls, especially at balls of art students, introductions are superfluous.

"Pardon me, do you paint?" he inquired of the girl still [illegible] the glory of red gold hair.

"No. In fact, I [illegible] others a little. I am no artist but a humble one. I have been doing a little work for the newspapers for two years. I want to get into the magazines. I hope"——



A Typical Painting by His Bride-groom.

"Yes, yes. You are ambitious." The master had a soothing voice.

"Will you model for your 'The Girl with the Red Hair'?" the girl asked.

The master smiled. "Not one so. She never sat for me. But I saw her each morning on the L train, and I made notes of her wonderful hair in my brain. She was a wee, scrawny, awkward creature, a naked girl I should have said. She was dumb. One day I approached to ask her if she would come to my studio and pose for my picture, but she shrank away from me so that I passed without speaking. I have often wondered what has become of that little girl. I gave the picture the face of a woman, but I kept the girl's hair—that wonderful red hair."

Behind the mask the girl's lips smiled. They closed again in a smile. Just then the [illegible] boy came up to take her to supper. He saw the hidalgo. He stopped, stared and stiffly bowed. The hidalgo nodded to him, turned to the girl with the red hair, took off his plumed hat, swept the ground with its long black feather and hurried away, his scabbard clanking against his legs, as climbed the sword of many a grandee of old.

"Masks off!" The sharp command rang from the long tables and was instantly obeyed. Shouts of laughter followed. The Spanish hidalgo, standing apart from the [illegible], looked eagerly down the line of tables, scanning the guests of the merry faces whose masks [illegible] before masks had been.

He saw her at last, the mass of [illegible] red gold hair.

"I thought so," he said to himself. "I thought there could be nowhere else such wonderful hair as that. It is my little girl of three years ago. But the wee, scrawny figure has ripened. The small face has grown serene. My little Girl of the Red Hair has grown up."

To one of his disciples he said eagerly, "The girl with the red hair and the beautiful complexion. Who is she?"

"That? Oh, that is Marjorie Organ, an illustrator on one of the [illegible] papers."

"Introduce me." The follower obeyed.

Miss Organ, looking up with laughter in her eyes, saw the hidalgo bending over her. She rose. The [illegible] before her in mock humility.

"Forgive me." His voice was beseeching.

"For saying that I was wee and awkward and scrawny? It was quite true."

"But will you forgive me?"

"Certainly. Oh, please get up. Why should the great Robert Henri kneel to poor little Marjorie Organ, the great painter to the beginner?"

Seven weeks later—it was while they were [illegible] over to Connecticut on their impulsive wedding journey—he reminded her of her speech.

"Love is the supreme leveller, dearest," he said, pressing her hand in the pocket of her gray travelling coat. "In his eyes there is no master. All are beginners."

When last month Robert Henri sailed from New York, taking a class of twenty pupils to study in Spain, The Girl with the Red Hair went with him.

At Granada they sketch old castles and young [illegible] between, while the master is painting a new red-haired girl, his bride.

No man's heart can remain in the grave. To no man except a very, very few can woman remain a mere artistic abstraction.

Suppose Blindness to Be Just Creeping Over You

By One Who Has Felt the Sensation.

IN six months I shall be blind. That is the hopeless, final verdict of the specialists. There is no hope of reprieve.

Already the light is failing. The curtain of blank blackness is steadily descending, mercilessly, remorselessly. I am learning what a gift sight is. Sometimes I find myself studying little things that the [illegible] before, straining my failing vision with objects that [illegible] never interested me before. Once the curtain is down, it is to remain there for all time.

To be told that one's eyes are closing is to open them. I notice more beauty in the course of a single day now than [illegible] in years. Even ugly faces have become interesting. The petal of a flower, the gorgeous tints of a sunset, move me to awed silence for hours, for they are going. So far as I am concerned, the world will be without them.

Night brings darkness and [illegible] for I am to have perpetual night.

"[illegible] shaded eyes I sit looking longingly and lovingly at the disappearing world. It feels as though it were about to sink slowly but [illegible] to fade away from life altogether. To [illegible] would be to forget. To me, [illegible] to see, will be an appalling memory [illegible] has been.

"Six months—six months!" The words ring [illegible] in my ears. It may be [illegible]. And there is no hope.

Already my ears are quicker, the [illegible]. Such are Nature's compensations. [illegible] What can compensate [illegible] a possibility of seeing at all again?

If it were for a year, or even ten years, one might regard the prospect calmly. The terrible part of it all is that there will [illegible], cannot be, another dawn. I would give the rest of my days to know that, even after ten years, I should [illegible] for a twelvemonth.

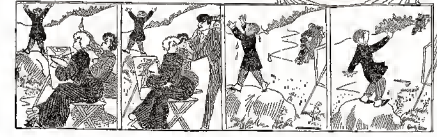
In the long watches of the night, as I lie staring into [illegible], I sometimes feel that I shall go mad. I peer through the darkness for a sign that I am not already blind. [illegible] I leap out of bed, and strike a light, only to find I was [illegible], and that it was imagination. Then I lie down again, [illegible] only to go through the horrible programme once more.

With the first streaks of morning comes peace, but it is the beginning of one of the few remaining days. The early tinges of light are as [illegible] music, which continues in a gradual crescendo, until the sun rises magnificently, [illegible] of my being.

When my eyes feel strong enough, I wander through a picture gallery to store [illegible]. Time is [illegible] in [illegible] masterpieces on my brain. [illegible] pictures will be my only solace in years to come. The painted [illegible] but dimly seen. They get more and more shadowy [illegible] but the day is coming when I shall not even see the [illegible].

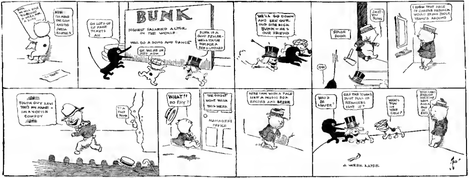
There are days when, but for the [illegible] of the physicians, I might imagine my sight was coming back. On these occasions I feel twenty years younger. It is as though a huge weight had suddenly been removed from my shoulders. I [illegible] and dance madly. The next day the curtain is let down an inch lower, and I am crushed with [illegible] despair.

Perhaps in years to come, I may learn to take the darkness with philosophical [illegible]. I [illegible] that I had been born blind so that I might never have known how precious is that which is being taken from me.

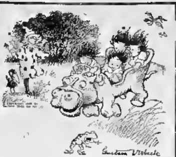


Typical Drawings by the Bride.

AS I LIVE, HERE'S OUR OLD FRIEND BUNK AGAIN; HE'S STUNG--By Tad



BUNK WE WILL GIVE YOU $2000 A WEEK FOR A SONG
NOW I'LL HAVE THE COIN AND THE SWELL FAIRIES
TO BUNK
OH LOTS OF 2 FREE TICKETS AH
BUNK
HIGHEST SALARIED ACTOR IN THE WORLD
WILL DO A SONG AND DANCE
OH WE'RE IN SOFT NOW
BUNK IS A GOOD FELLER - WE'LL TOUCH HIM FOR A FEW HUNDRED
WE'LL GO DOWN AND SEE OUR OLD SIDE KICK BUNK - HE'S OUR FRIEND
STAGE DOOR
SKIT- YOU BUMS
OW
I KNEW THAT PIECE OF CHEESE FEEDING WOULD BRING THOSE TRAMPS AROUND
TOUGH GUY LEVI THAT'S MY NAME - I'M A YIDDISH COWBOY
IS A FLIP BUNK
WHAT!! NO PAY?
THE GHOST WONT WALK THIS WEEK
MANAGERS OFFICE
HERE I AM WITH A FACE LIKE A MUSIC BOX RECORD AND BROKE
WHO'S DE LOAFER?
GEE THE TOWNS JUST FULL OF STRANGERS ISNT IT?
WHATS THAT ON YOUR CHIN?
WISH I HAD ENOUGH FOR SOME HAM AND A PAIR OF EGGS
A WEEK LATER
TAD



The Tiny Tads of great renown
Have come to visit in our town
And every week they will appear
Upon this space that we have here
To do their clever little stunts
With Bonjuns and Umbrellaphants
And Kangaroosters and Kabobs
And strange Bazooks and Jabberwocks
And all that weird and jumbled mass
Of beasts from the Bewilderness.

You ask us why we get these Tads
To do their frolics in our ads?
Well first of all they catch your eye
And next our offerings you spy
Then, just to try us once, you come—
(The test is simple as a sum)
Once come, you'll ten times come again,
Small profits multiplied by ten,
Good deals which bring you o'er and o'er,
To help yourself and help our store.

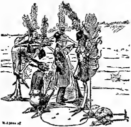
And now, we pray you watch this space
With pleasure written on your face,
So we may know that goodly check
Demanded by Gustave Verbeek
Has not been altogether lost—
A SMILE FROM YOU—repays our cost!

We are now ready to show you correct models in Suits and Overcoats, Fall and Winter, with everything else to accompany them, in pleasing styles and prices.

Rowe & Kelly Co.,

132 AND 134 SOUTH MAIN

The Zotwots, the Children's Friends



From Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine for October

A WARNING TO MADJKY MINISTERS

Verse and Picture by R. J. Dean

CONCERNING THE ZOTWOTS

The Zotwots are an amiable people living near Aroundabout, which is the capital of Everywhere. They fill a long-felt want. For years the "boogeyman" and such fearful things have been used by grown-ups to frighten tractable children. In the Zotwots the children have something with which to frighten the naughty grown-ups. Hereafter when the Zotwots are mentioned, we expect those who are annoyed by mischievous people to flee from the harmless yet sufficient wrath of the Zotwots. And the Jay-fowl you will always find on hand—the serious, earnest, yet soulful Jay-fowl—the pet of the Zotwots.

A Preacher quite florid,
Whose sermons were torrid,
Said children disturbed him in church,
The Zotwots, with a grare,
Blinged him smook through the air
And garangued that minister man
With his very own talk,
Till he plightened like chalk,
And clackered with many a blurch.

P. S.

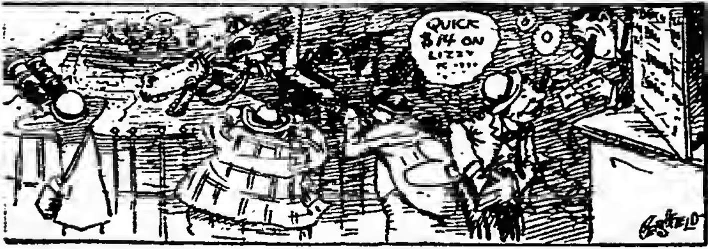
Now the Jay-fowl never does forget
The things the Zotwots do;
For the Jay fowl is the Zotwots' pet,
And the Zotwots know it, too.

THE PIKER'S RUBAIYAT

BY W. O. McGEEHAN

I.

THEY'RE off, and all the jingle in my jeans
Is now invested in a card which means
That when the scoffing hour comes round to-night
I may eat duck or maybe pork and beans.



II.

THE wise gazabos roast the piker bunch
And give the laugh to players of a bunch,
But who can call the ponies all the time?
The wisest sometimes lack the price of lunch.

III.

ON opening day I thought I had the dope,
All morning I was dippy with the hope
Of speeding in an auto to the beach,
But did that surething live one gather? Nope.

1910 Montgomery 100,000

The Montgomery Advertiser.

1910 Montgomery 100,000

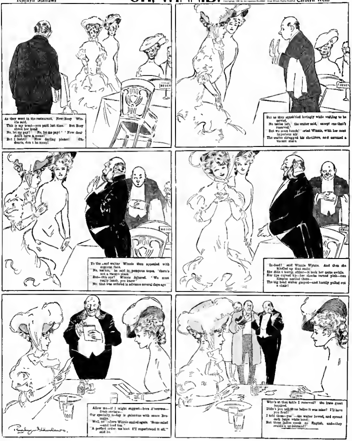
VOLUME LXXIX. MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1908. NUMBER 334

Pictures by
Penrhyn Stanlaws

OH, WINNIE!

Copyright, 1908 [illegible]

Verse by
Carolyn Wells



As they went in the restaurant, Now Rosy Winnie said,
This is my treat—you paid last time. But Rosy shook her head
No, let me pay! No, let me pay! ' ' Now dear don't have a scene!
But I insist! Now darling please! Oh, dearie, don't be mean!

But as they squabbled lovingly while waiting to be served,
No tables left, the waiter said, except one that's reserved.'
But we must lunch! cried Winnie, with her most imperious air
The waiter shrugged his shoulders, and assumed a vacant stare.

To the head waiter Winnie then appealed with anxious face.
No, ma'am, he said in pompous tones, 'there's not a vacant place.
But—this one? Winnie faltered. ' We must really lunch, you know'
No that was ordered in advance several days ago

In-deed! said Winnie Wynne. And then she kindled up that smile
She didn't hurry, either—it took her quite awhile.
Her lips curved up—her cheeks turned pink—two dimples nestled there—
The big head waiter gasped—and hastily pulled out a chair!

Allow me—if I might suggest—hors d'oeuvres—fresh caviare—
Our specialty to-day is galantine with sauce Brumaire.
Well, no —here Winnie smiled again. "Some salad —and iced tea."
A perfect order, ma'am! I'll superintend it all," said he.

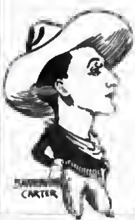
Who's at that table I reserved? the irate guest inquired,
Didn't you tell those ladies it was mine? I'll have you fired!
I told them—yes —the waiter bowed, and spread each large white hand
But those ladies speak no English, and—they couldn't understand!

POSITIVELY
THE
PRETTIEST
ACT IN
VAUDEVILLE

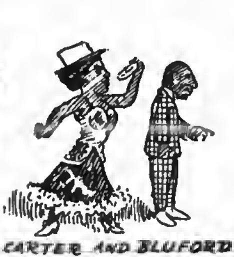
As Some of the Cartoonists Have Seen The Original and Only "ACT BEAUTIFUL"

CARTER and BLUFORD

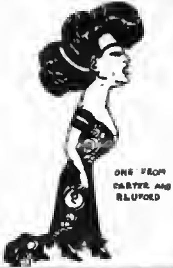
POSITIVELY
AMERICA'S
BIGGEST AND
BEST NOVELTY IN ONE



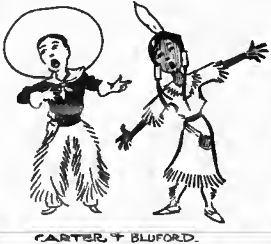
WADE, "The Sketch," Portland, O.


CARTER AND BLUFORD

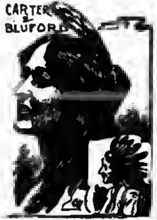
PICK, "Times," Denver, Col.


ONE FROM
CARTER AND
BLUFORD

HERSHFIELD, "Chronicle," San Francisco, Cal.


CARTER & BLUFORD

CARLL, "Telegram," Portland, O.


CARTER
&
BLUFORD

MOSE, "Welt-Blatt," Vienna (Austria).

NOW MEETING WITH ENORMOUS SUCCESS ON THE ORPHEUM CIRCUIT. **M. S. BENTHAM, ON GUARD**

ECONOMICAL BERTIE TAKES GWENDOLYN TO LUNCH

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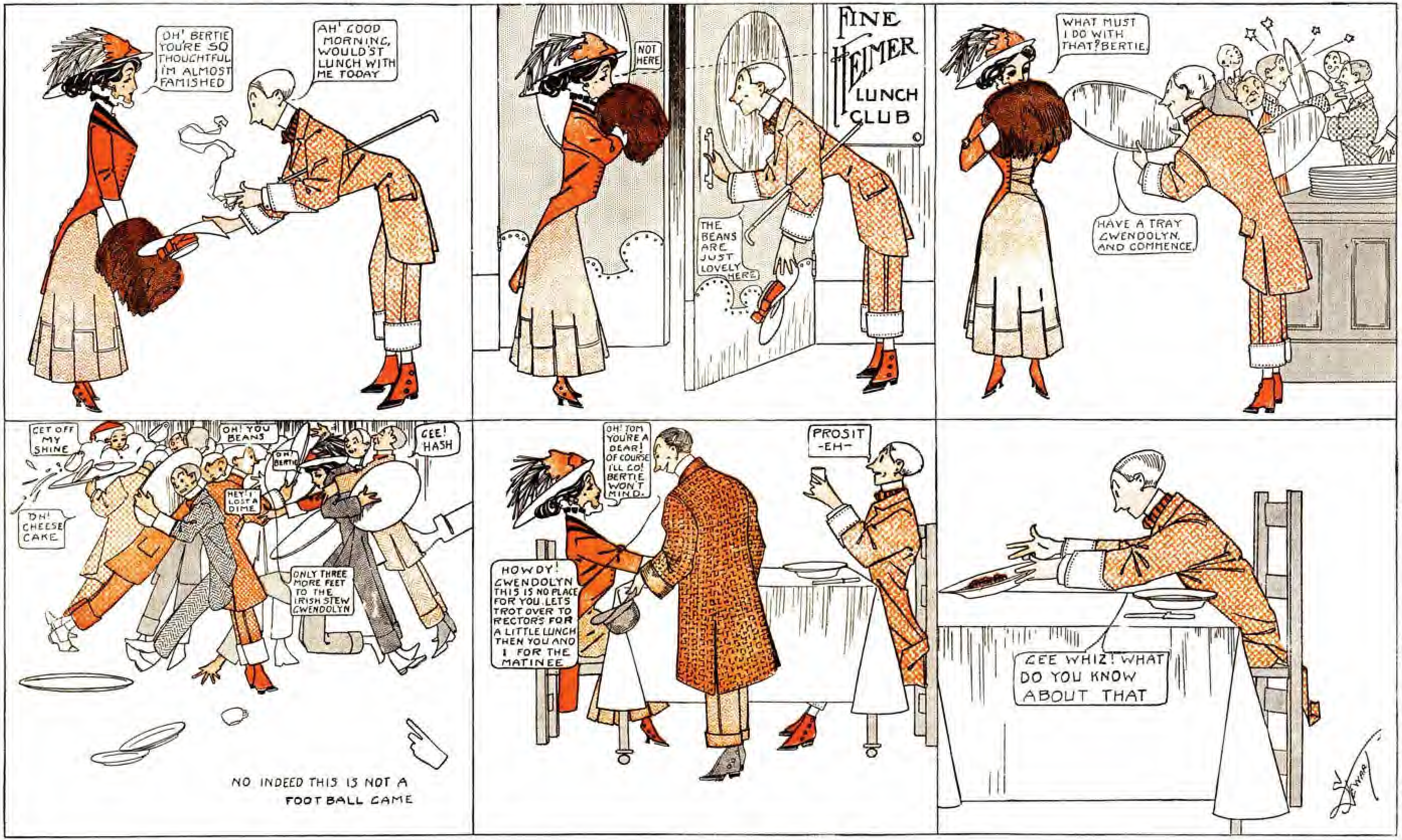
OH' BERTIE YOU'RE SO THOUGHTFUL I'M ALMOST FAMISHED
AH' GOOD MORNING, WOULD'ST LUNCH WITH ME TODAY
NOT HERE
FINE HEIMER LUNCH CLUB
THE BEANS ARE JUST LOVELY HERE
WHAT MUST I DO WITH THAT? BERTIE.
HAVE A TRAY GWENDOLYN, AND COMMENCE.
GET OFF MY SHINE
OH! YOU BEANS
OH! BERTIE
GEE! HASH
OH! CHEESE CAKE
HEY! I LOST A DIME
ONLY THREE MORE FEET TO THE IRISH STEW GWENDOLYN
NO INDEED THIS IS NOT A FOOT BALL GAME
OH! TOM YOU'RE A DEAR! OF COURSE I'LL GO! BERTIE WON'T MIND.
PROSIT -EH-
HOWDY! GWENDOLYN THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU. LETS TROT OVER TO RECTORS FOR A LITTLE LUNCH THEN YOU AND I FOR THE MATINEE
GEE WHIZ! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT

THE OMNIBUS BOY IMPROVES FRENCHY'S CHRISTMAS SMOKE

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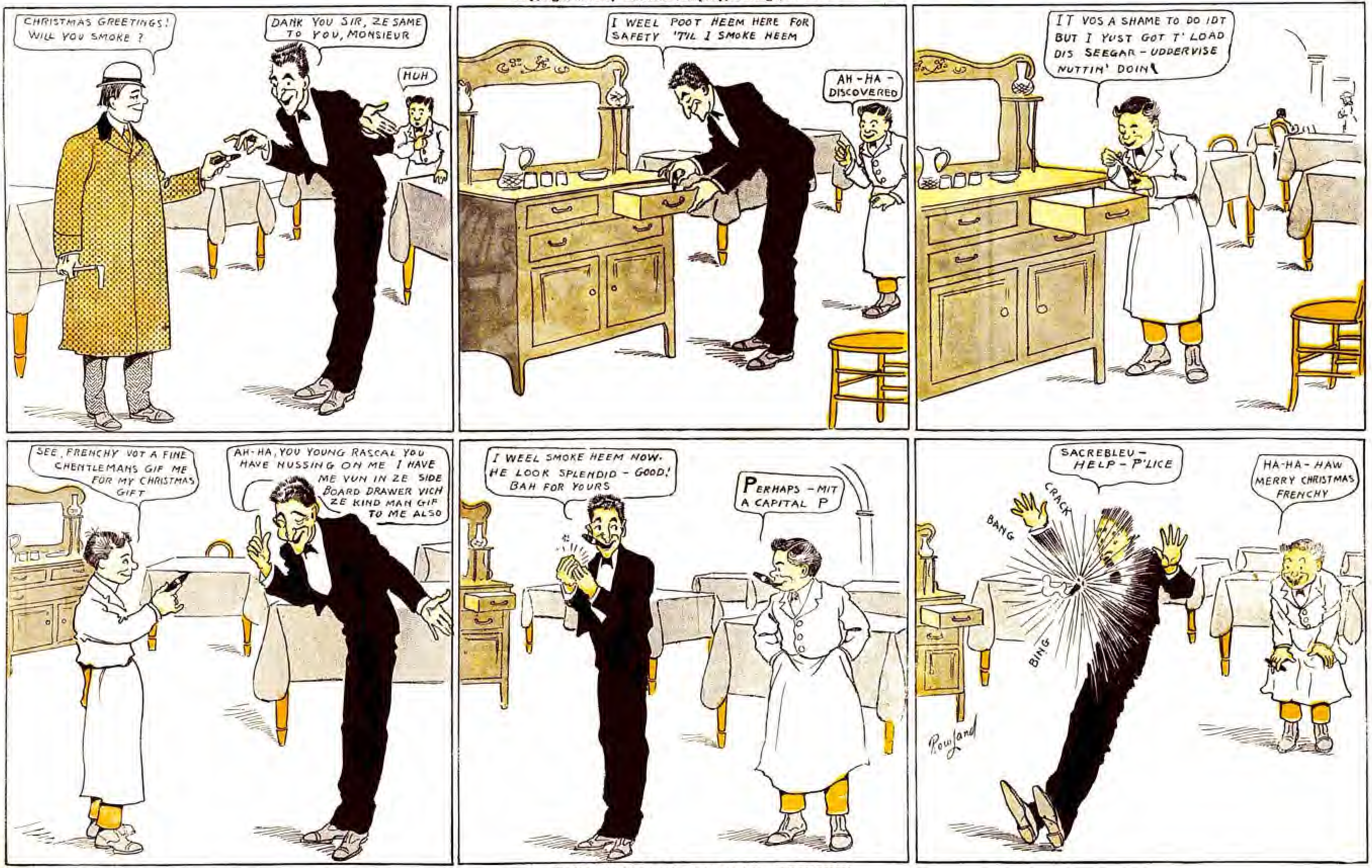
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS! WILL YOU SMOKE ?
DANK YOU SIR, ZE SAME TO YOU, MONSIEUR
HUH
I WEEL POOT HEEM HERE FOR SAFETY 'TIL I SMOKE HEEM
AH-HA - DISCOVERED
IT VOS A SHAME TO DO IDT BUT I YUST GOT T' LOAD DIS SEEGAR - UDDERVISE NUTTIN' DOIN'
SEE, FRENCHY VOT A FINE CHENTLEMANS GIF ME FOR MY CHRISTMAS GIFT
AH-HA, YOU YOUNG RASCAL YOU HAVE NUSSING ON ME I HAVE ME VUN IN ZE SIDE BOARD DRAWER VICH ZE KIND MAN GIF TO ME ALSO
I WEEL SMOKE HEEM NOW. HE LOOK SPLENDID - GOOD! BAH FOR YOURS
PERHAPS - MIT A CAPITAL P
SACREBLEU - HELP - P'LICE
CRACK
BANG
BING
HA-HA-HAW MERRY CHRISTMAS FRENCHY
Rowland

ECONOMICAL BERTIE BUYS A $9 SUIT—

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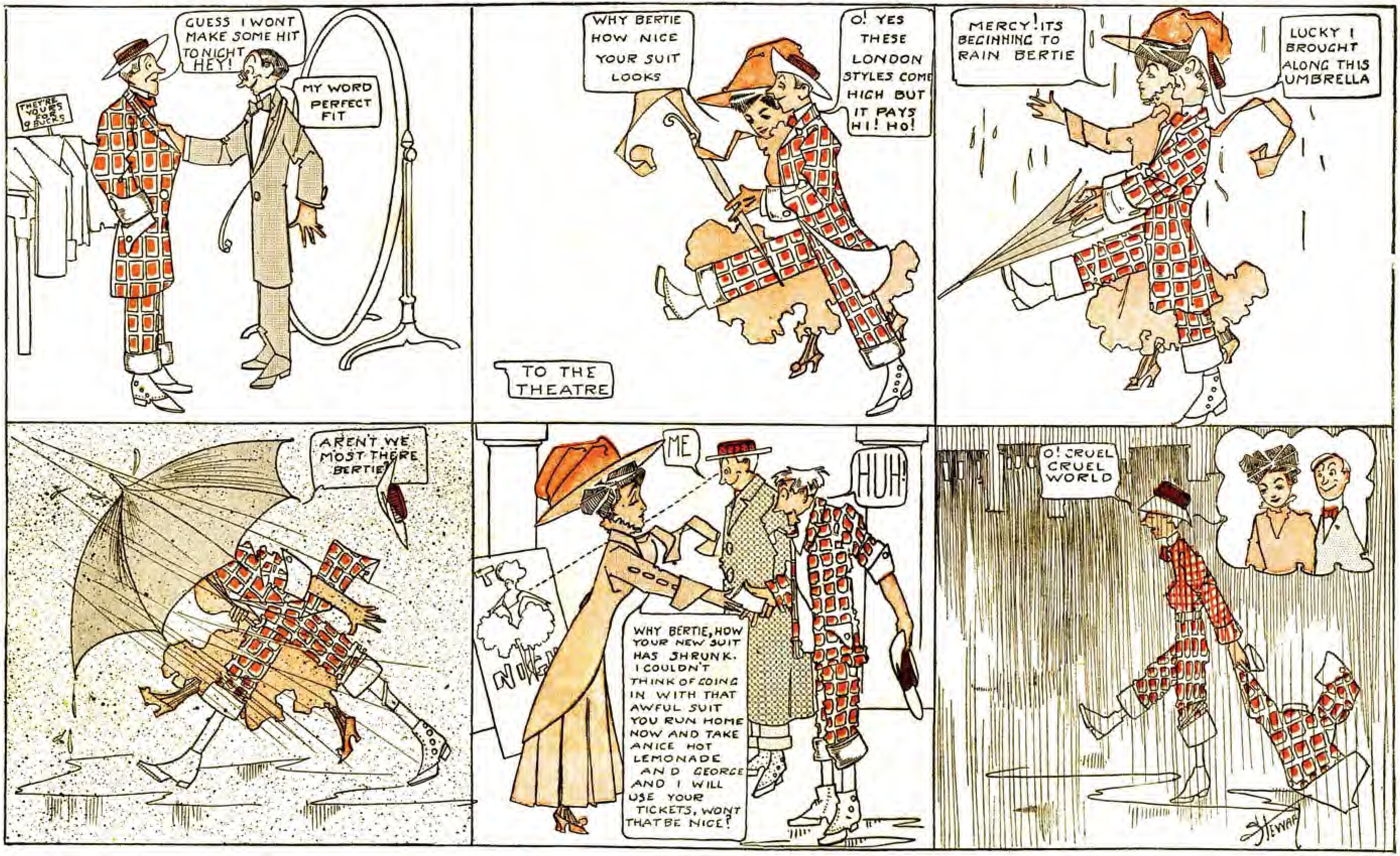
THEY'RE YOURS FOR 9 BUCKS
GUESS I WONT MAKE SOME HIT TO NIGHT HEY!
MY WORD PERFECT FIT
WHY BERTIE HOW NICE YOUR SUIT LOOKS
O! YES THESE LONDON STYLES COME HIGH BUT IT PAYS HI! HO!
TO THE THEATRE
MERCY! ITS BEGINNING TO RAIN BERTIE
LUCKY I BROUGHT ALONG THIS UMBRELLA
AREN'T WE MOST THERE BERTIE?
ME
HUH!
WHY BERTIE, HOW YOUR NEW SUIT HAS SHRUNK. I COULDN'T THINK OF GOING IN WITH THAT AWFUL SUIT YOU RUN HOME NOW AND TAKE A NICE HOT LEMONADE AND GEORGE AND I WILL USE YOUR TICKETS, WONT THAT BE NICE?
O! CRUEL CRUEL WORLD

THE OMNIBUS BOY PERSUADES FRENCHY TO MAKE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

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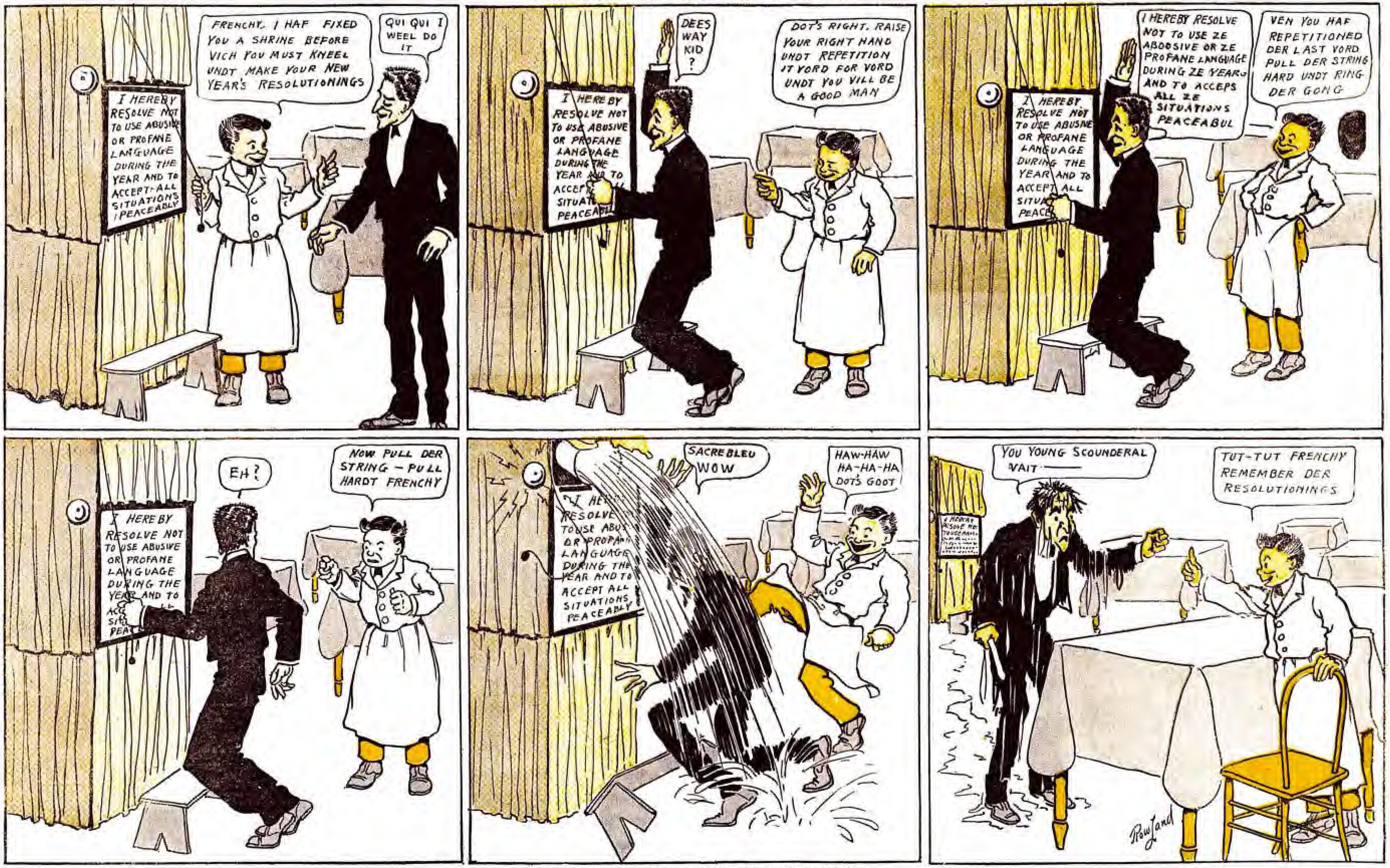
FRENCHY, I HAF FIXED YOU A SHRINE BEFORE VICH YOU MUST KNEEL UNDT MAKE YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONINGS
QUI QUI I WEEL DO IT
I HEREBY RESOLVE NOT TO USE ABUSIVE OR PROFANE LANGUAGE DURING THE YEAR AND TO ACCEPT ALL SITUATIONS PEACEABLY
DEES WAY KID ?
DOT'S RIGHT. RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND UNDT REPETITION IT VORD FOR VORD UNDT YOU VILL BE A GOOD MAN
I HEREBY RESOLVE NOT TO USE ZE ABOOSIVE OR ZE PROFANE LANGUAGE DURING ZE YEAR AND TO ACCEPS ALL ZE SITUATIONS PEACEABUL
VEN YOU HAF REPETITIONED DER LAST VORD PULL DER STRING HARD UNDT RING DER GONG
EH?
NOW PULL DER STRING — PULL HARDT FRENCHY
SACREBLEU WOW
HAW-HAW HA-HA-HA DOT'S GOOT
YOU YOUNG SCOUNDERAL VAIT ——
TUT-TUT FRENCHY REMEMBER DER RESOLUTIONINGS
Rowland

'Scuse Me, Mr. Johnson!

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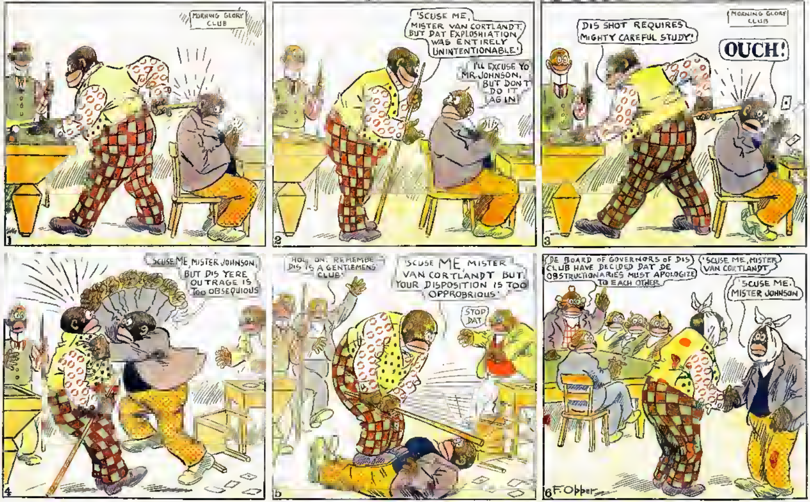

MORNING GLORY CLUB
1
'SCUSE ME, MISTER VAN CORTLANDT, BUT DAT EXPLOSHIATION WAS ENTIRELY UNINTENTIONABLE.
I'LL EXCUSE YO MR. JOHNSON, BUT DON'T DO IT AGIN
2
DIS SHOT REQUIRES MIGHTY CAREFUL STUDY!
MORNING GLORY CLUB
OUCH!
3
'SCUSE ME, MISTER JOHNSON, BUT DIS YERE OUTRAGE IS TOO OBSEQUIOUS
4
HOL' ON! REMEMBE' DIS IS A GENTLEMENS' CLUB'
'SCUSE ME, MISTER VAN CORTLANDT BUT YOUR DISPOSITION IS TOO OPPROBRIOUS'
STOP DAT
5
DE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF DIS CLUB HAVE DECIDED DAT DE OBSTRUCTIONARIES MUST APOLOGIZE TO EACH OTHER
'SCUSE ME, MISTER VAN CORTLANDT
'SCUSE ME, MISTER JOHNSON
6
F. Opper

Wouldn't it be a joke if

Send for catalogue quoting NET prices

everyone quoted prices on the same "system" as the "list-and discount" rubber houses?

Suppose you tried to sell rubbers that way—suppose when your customer asked for a pair and the price—you said, "Well, they are $2 list, but we allow 25 per cent off if you want to take them with you and we give another 5 per cent, and if you'll take a differential rubber—a near-first—we give you another 5 per cent"—what would your customer say? The chances are he'd say, "Well what kind of a game is this? What I want to know is the price."

Send for catalogue quoting NET prices

Don't Buy Discounts
Buy Rubbers

and when you compare prices, compare net prices—don't be 'fuddled with 25's and 5's and extra 5's—compare net prices and discover that

Beacon Falls and Granite Rubbers

at honest net prices—no juggling of discounts—are as cheap or cheaper than "trust" rubbers and in addition, have the extra quality and extra selling points which make them bring more at retail than any other make.

No other line is made or sold like Beacon Falls and Granite Rubbers. You must see this line in your own interest.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co.

Beacon Falls, Connecticut

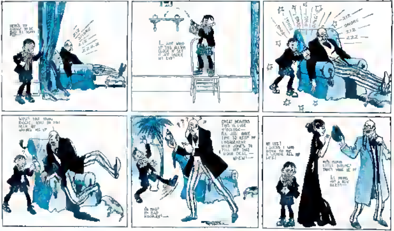
BOSTON
228 Congress Street

NEW YORK
[illegible] Duane Street

CHICAGO
[illegible] Monroe Street

Digitized by Google

NAUGHTY NED, THE BOY WHO COULDN'T BE BAD


HERE'S MY CHANCE TO BE BAD! I'LL SCARE POP—
ZZZ SNORE ZZZ ZZZZZ
I'LL JUST WIND UP THIS ALARM CLOCK N' SET IT OFF UNDER HIS EAR!
DING DING DING DING DING
ZZZ SNORE ZZZ ZZZ
WHY! YOU YOUNG RASCAL, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY WAKING ME UP
GREAT HEAVENS THIS IS LATE 7 O'CLOCK— I'LL JUST HAVE TIME TO KEEP MY ENGAGEMENT WITH JONES TO PULL OFF THAT BOOK DEAL— WHEW!—
I'M BAD! I'M BAD HOORAY!—
NO USE! I GUESS I WAS BORN TO BE A GOODIE ALL MY LIFE!
HE'S A DEAR LITTLE DARLING! THAT'S WHAT HE IS
I'LL BRING HIM A NEW BIKE!—

'Scuse Me, Mr Johnson!

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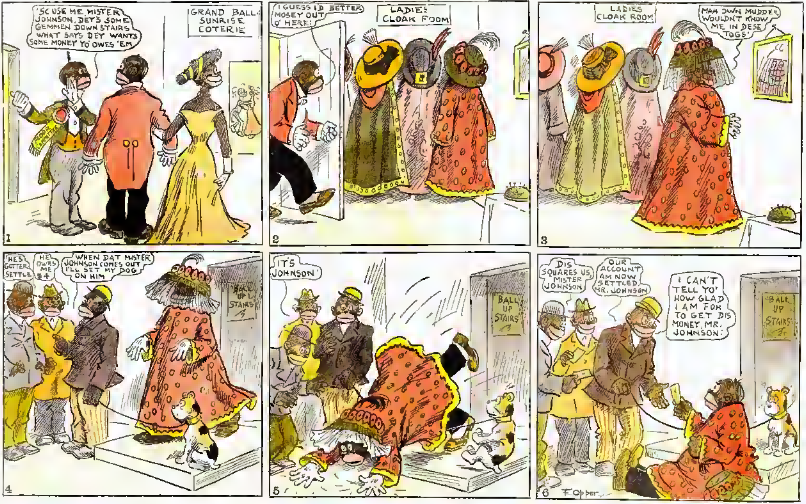
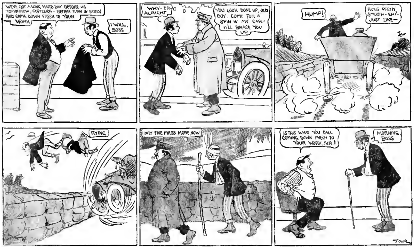
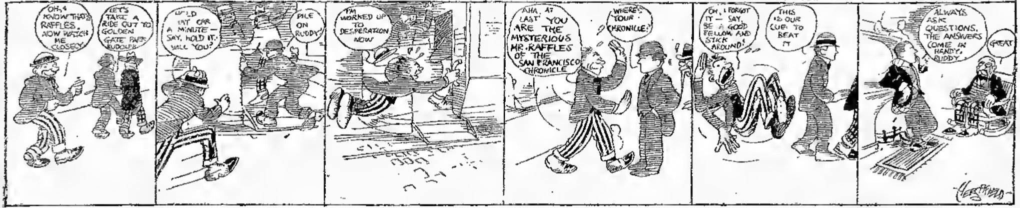

'SCUSE ME MISTER JOHNSON, DEY'S SOME GEMMEN DOWN STAIRS WHAT SAYS DEY WANTS SOME MONEY YO' OWES 'EM
GRAND BALL SUNRISE COTERIE
FLOOR COMMITTEE
1
I GUESS I'D BETTER MOSEY OUT O' HERE!
LADIES' CLOAK ROOM
2
LADIES' CLOAK ROOM
MAH OWN MUDDER WOULDN'T KNOW ME IN DESE TOGS'
3
HE'S GOTTER SETTLE
HE OWES ME $4
WHEN DAT MISTER JOHNSON COMES OUT I'LL SET MY DOG ON HIM
BALL UP STAIRS
4
IT'S JOHNSON'
BALL UP STAIRS
5
DIS SQUARES US, MISTER JOHNSON
OUR ACCOUNT AM NOW SETTLED, MR. JOHNSON
I CAN'T TELL YO' HOW GLAD I AM FOR TO GET DIS MONEY, MR. JOHNSON:
BALL UP STAIRS
6
F. Opper

DOES MR SOFTLEIGH GET TO THE OFFICE EARLY "NO"


WE'VE GOT A LONG HARD DAY BEFORE US TOMORROW, SOFTLEIGH - BETTER TURN IN EARLY AND COME DOWN FRESH TO YOUR WORK
I WILL, BOSS
WHY-ER-ALRIGHT
YOU LOOK DONE UP, OLD BOY, COME FOR A SPIN IN MY CAR - IT'LL BRACE YOU UP
HUMP!
RUNS PRETTY SMOOTH - EH? - JUST LIKE -
FLYING
ONLY FIVE MILES MORE, NOW
IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL COMING DOWN FRESH TO YOUR WORK, SIR!
MORNING BOSS

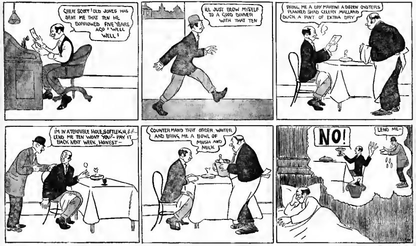
RAFFLES---He Is Caught, but Captor Forgets

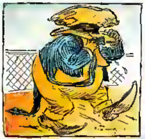
By Hershfield


OH, I KNOW THAT'S RAFFLES. NOW WATCH ME CLOSELY.
LET'S TAKE A RIDE OUT TO GOLDEN GATE PARK RUDOLPH
HOLD THAT CAR A MINUTE — SAY, HOLD IT. WILL YOU?
PILE ON RUDDY!
I'M WORKED UP TO DESPERATION NOW
AHA, AT LAST YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MR. RAFFLES OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE
WHERE'S YOUR CHRONICLE?
OH, I FORGOT IT — SAY, BE A GOOD FELLOW AND STICK AROUND!
THIS IS OUR CUE TO BEAT IT
ALWAYS ASK QUESTIONS. THE ANSWERS COME IN HANDY, RUDDY.
GREAT
HERSHFIELD

MR. SOFTLEIGH - SAYS "NO"! (IN A DREAM)

DRAWN BY
T. SALLEN

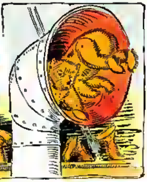

GREAT SCOTT! OLD JONES HAS SENT ME THAT TEN HE BORROWED FIVE YEARS AGO! WELL WELL!
ILL JUST BLOW MYSELF TO A GOOD DINNER WITH THAT TEN
BRING ME A DRY MARTINI A DOZEN OYSTERS PLANKED SHAD CELERY MALLARD DUCK A PINT OF EXTRA DRY
I'M IN A TERRIBLE HOLE, SOFTLEIGH, &&- LEND ME TEN WONT YOU?- PAY IT BACK NEXT WEEK, HONEST-
COUNTERMAND THAT ORDER WAITER AND BRING ME A BOWL OF MUSH AND MILK
NO!
LEND ME-

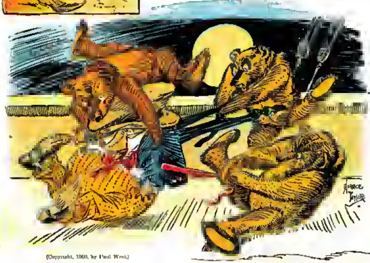


BILLY POSSUM

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES By PAUL WEST

PICTURES BY HORACE TAYLOR

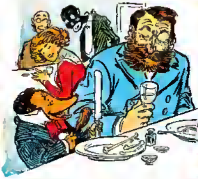




(Copyright, 1909, by Paul West.)

With whistles tooting the ship steamed forth
From that Georgia port, with her bow turned north,
And Ned, as he heard the starting bell,
Cheered long and loud in a glad farewell.
"Hooray!" cried he,
"Soon home we'll be!
Come, Billy, why don't you shout like me?"
But O, as the shore sank from his view,
And the distant pines that so well he knew
Dimmer grew,
And vanished, too,
Blue and blues poor Billy grew.
The great tears welled in his tender eyes,
And he hid his head and began to cry.
"Good-by!" he sobbed as a sad refrain,
"Old home, I shall never see you again!"

"Cheer up!" laughed Ned, with a jovial grin,
"To feel like that, you must not begin.
Throw out your chin!
The tears keep in,
And 'round the vessel we'll take a spin."
So Billy his eyes dried on his coat,
And they started 'round to inspect the boat.
You scarce can imagine, I'm afraid,
The great sensation that Billy made,
To see a Possum in such a place,

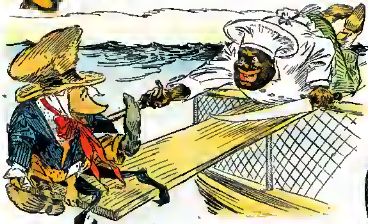


Pacing the deck with an airy grace,
All dressed up like a human being,
Is something to see that's well worth seeing.

The men all laughed at the wondrous sight,
The ladies admired him left and right,
His smile so bright
Inspired delight,
Whoever he met he captured quite.
While the kiddies! By every child aboard
Young Billy Possum was just adored!
They crowded around him in a ring,
They brought him candy and everything,
And if to eat all their gifts he'd tried,
O, indigestion he'd soon have died!

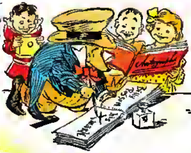
He danced for the boys, did Billy boy,
And they laughed at his tricks with childish joy.
Now swung by his tail from the ropes o'erhead,
He showed how a Possum pretends he's dead,
And soon 'twas declared by every one
That he was a wonderful chap for fun.
With cameras some his picture took,
He wrote his name in many a book,
He told his story over and over—
O, yes, young Billy was right in clover!
With joke and quip
He ruled the ship!
No Possum ever had such a trip!

When meal time came, by the captain's side,
Billy was seated, flushed with pride,
With a cushion beneath him to raise his seat,
And they brought him everything to eat.
But the colored waiters bothered him some,
For every time they'd near him come
They'd look him over in such a way
That he whispered to Ned beside him, "Say,
The way that those fellows stare at me—
Those chaps from the south,
With open mouth,
Make me uneasy as can be.



Although as a guest they mean to treat me,
I know mighty well they'd LIKE TO EAT ME!"
Laughed Ned, "O, cheer up, for goodness' sake!"
And gave him another piece of cake.

They spent the rest of that happy day
Up on the deck in merry play,
Billy was everybody's friend
And he wished that the trip might never end,
And when at last he had sought his berth



He was just the happiest thing on earth.
But sorrow treads on the heels of joy!
And trouble was brewing for Billy boy.
Among the children on board the boat
Were several, as Ned had chanced to note,
With Teddy Bears, with beribboned neck
With which they played when they went on deck.

But when Billy Possum had come in sight,
These Teddy Bears were forgotten quite.
Dropped on the deck, or thrown aside.
At first it surprised them, and then they cried,
When they saw the reason for this neglect,
And in Teddy language began to object.
Said one to another, "Well, this is grand!
It's what I call a disgraceful fall
To be thrown aside like a broken doll
And not to be petted or hugged at all
While a low down Possum gets all the kisses!
What sort of behavior do they think this is?
I just won't stand it!
My right I'll demand it!
And they might as well plainly understand it!"
The others declared that he was right,
And they growled to see Billy who in delight
Was doing tricks on the steamer's rail
Now hanging head down from his strong, long tail,

Now dancing and prancing in merry glee,
While the children laughed at him heartily.

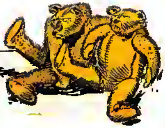
And about this time in another part
Of the ship (the place where the meals all start),
A waiter was whispering to the cook,
On whose black face was an eager look.
"Dey's a Possum aboard dis ship, ole man,
An' I be's a thinkin' to get some plan
So's I can catch him—I could snatch him
When nobody's lookin', an' in here fetch him.
An' den tonight you could roast him, and
We'd have a feast dat would beat de band!"
"Cert'nly!" said the cook. "Dat sure sounds good!
Possum am suttinly splendid food!
You fetch him here an' I tells you, boy,
I'll cook him to make you dance fo' joy!"

Could Billy have heard this conversation
His poor little heart with trepidation
Would surely have halted, I think, don't you?
But never a bit of it all he knew,
And he went to bed,
As I have said,
With spirits light, though a tired head.

The night was dark; the night was still;
There was peace in the world, [illegible]
With thoughts of ill harm toward me and you,
(Including Possums and others too)
But those Teddy bears, I regret to say,
Forgot by the children at close of day,
And left on deck where they grew quite chilly,
Were thinking the bluest thoughts of Billy.
"Just look at us here!" cried one. "It's tough!
Forgotten by all! Such treatment's rough!
What shall we do our rage to show?"
And the rest of them growled, "Well, we don't know."

Just at that moment, in the dark
High overhead flashed a brilliant spark;
Then another spark, and more frequent flashes,
Wireless dots they were, and dashes,
A message coming from somewhere, toward
The wireless instrument used on board
This traveling ship
At the topmast's tip—
A wonderful thing on a deep sea trip!
Now one of the Teddys chanced to know
How wireless telegrams always go,
He saw the sparks, and the words translated,
Then up to his feet he sprang elated.

"Brothers," he cried, "It is time to act.
I'll make you aware of a wonderful fact.
A wireless message has come from land,
A message from one of our Teddy band,



To tell us this Possum aboard the ship
Is going to Washington on a trip
To see the president, and demand
The Teddys be driven from out the land
And Possums appointed to take the place
In the hearts of the people that now we grace.
Stop him, we're ordered. We must, somehow
And Teddies, the moment to act is now!"

Like Nihilists or a Black Hand band,
They formed a circle and planned and planned.
"He sleeps right there," said a Teddy Bear,
"He sleeps, but oh, let him now beware!
We'll get him on deck by some sort of ruse,
And when he is here—well, what's the use
Of saying just what to him we'll do?
I'll get him out! Then it's up to you!"

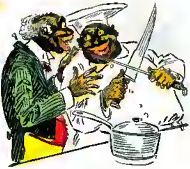
So they hid in corners, while this one crept
To the state room window where Billy slept.
He gave a squeak such as Possums make,
Then waited for Billy from sleep to wake.
Now Billy was dreaming of home just then,
Of Pop and Mom and the rest—and when

He heard the signal, poor Possum boy!
He leaped from his berth in sleepy joy.
It came again! They were calling him!
And through the window he climbed with vim!

From their hiding places the Teddys sprang!
Through the dark night's stillness their war cry rang.
Poor Billy was still about half asleep,
And he hardly could give a single peep
To his good friend Ned to send alarm.
When the Teddys had bound him, leg and arm,
Then they tied a handkerchief 'round his head,
And out to the ship's rail he was led.
"Ah!" hissed the leader, "You're in our power!"
But Billy was brave and refused to cower.
"Do you know what's going to happen now?"
The villain hissed, with a frowning brow.
"You're going to die! No power can save
You're going to sink in the foaming wave!
What ho! my men! Bring a plank, I say!
We'll do it the good old pirate way!"

So they brought a plank, which they shoved far out
Where the angry ocean swirled about,
And they hoisted poor Billy upon the plank.
But he said no word, though his poor heart sank.
"Now walk!" cried the villain. "You'll know, I think,
What Teddy Bears are when you start to sink!"
"Hold on!" cried another of tenderer heart,
"Before we make him from life depart,
I think it would be the nicest way
To allow him a few last words to say."
"Then speak!" hissed the villain, "but harkee, Bill!
Hurry it up! Now, lads, be still!"

"Well, Bears," said Billy, "I don't see why
You're all so anxious to have me die.
I've never harmed you, I never would;
But since my pleading would do no good,
I'm ready to go, and you must know
That one of my race no fear will show.

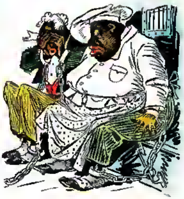


I want no garlands that bloom and blossom;
But tell them I died like—well, a Possum!"

"Now walk!" sneered the villain. "The moments fly!"
"All right," said Billy. "I will. Good-by!"
One last little sigh of regret he gave—
Then started to step in the foaming wave,
When there came the clatter of rushing feet.
"Look out!" cried the Teddys and beat a retreat,
As the cook and the waiter rushed to the rail
And grabbed poor Bill by his curly tail.
"You come with us!" cried the cook, elate,
But he stopped when a voice came crying: "Wait!"
And Ned, in his nightgown, rushed on deck,
And clasped his friend right around the neck.

They called the captain, he called the crew.
They took that cook and the waiter, too,
And threw them in irons and in a cell
Which treated them, folks will say, too well.
As for the Teddys—they searched around,
But never a trace of them could be found.
Some said in a boat they had all migrated,
But so far as I know, they evaporated!

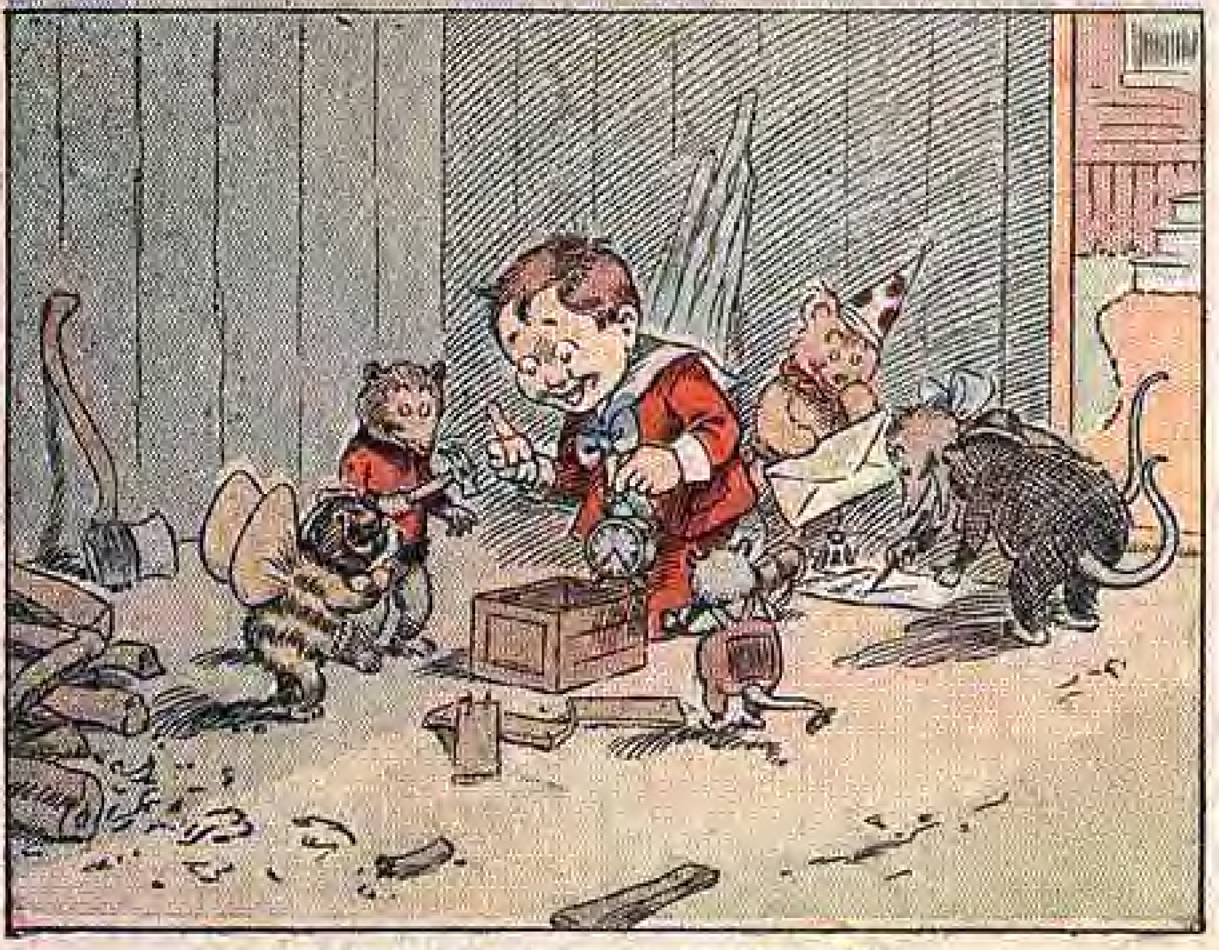
(To be continued.)



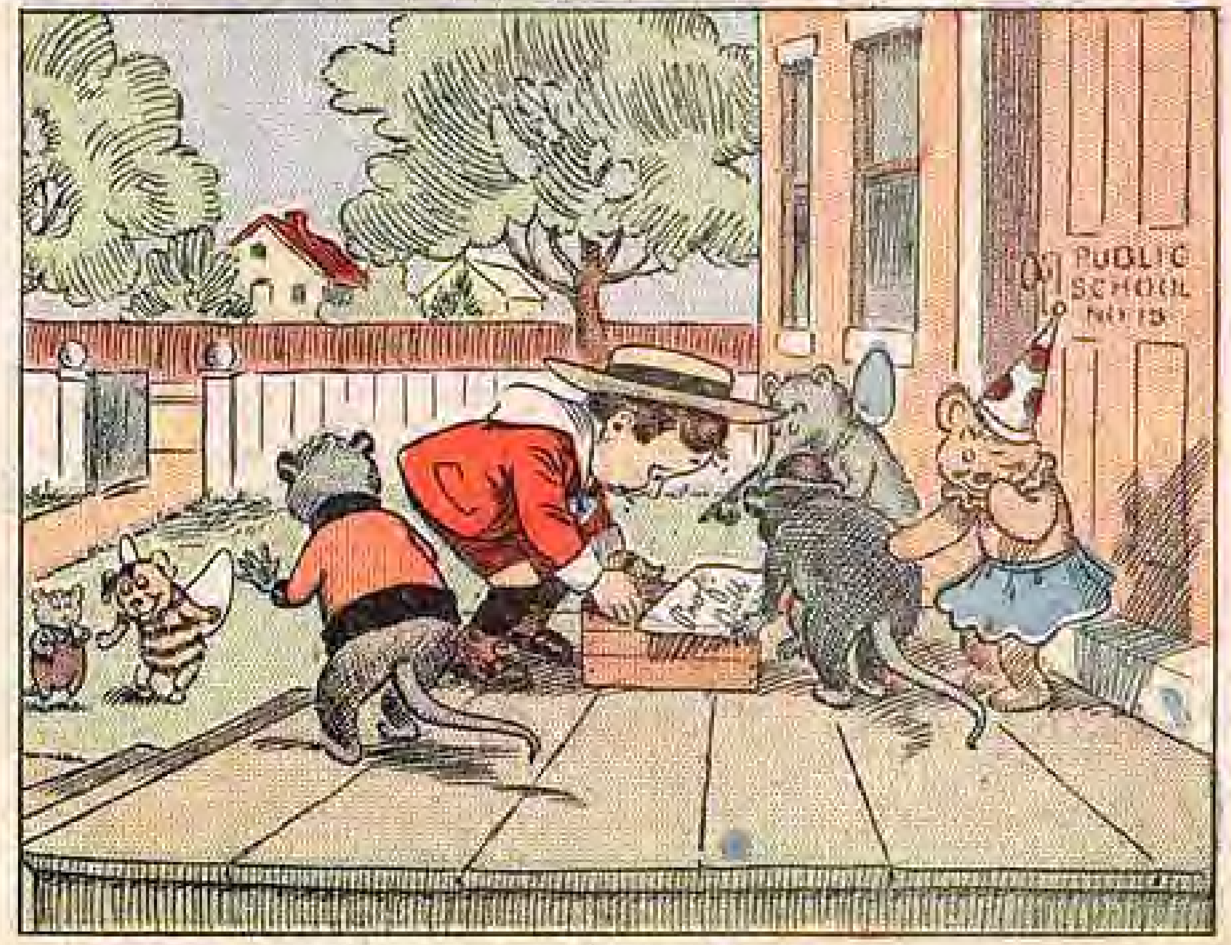
PUBLIC LEDGER
PHILADELPHIA SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 6, 1909
COMIC SECTION

LITTLE JOHNNY, BILLY and the TAFFY 'POSSUMS'

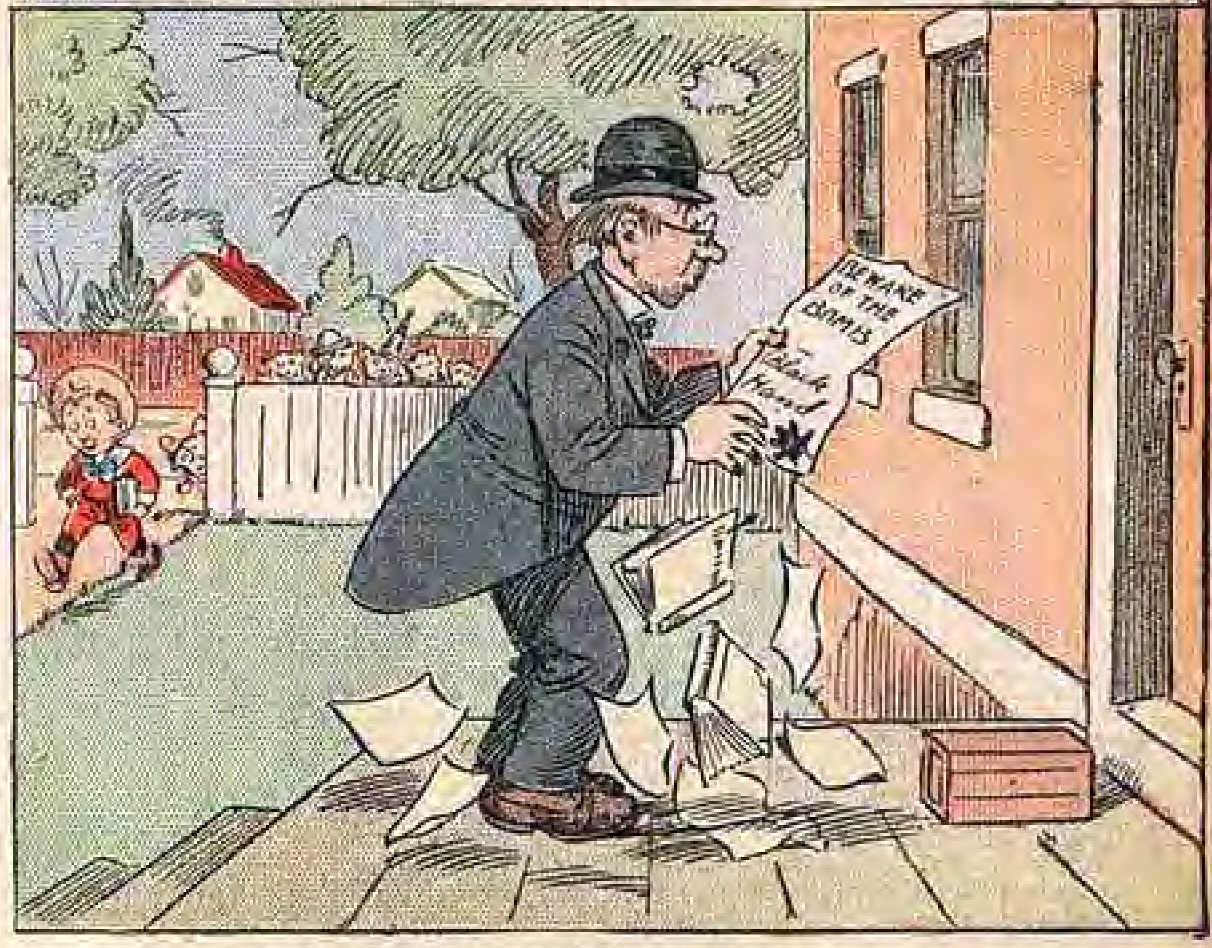
YOUNG JOHNNY PLAYS A BLACK HAND GAME. AND FINDS SUCCESS AWAITS THE SAME



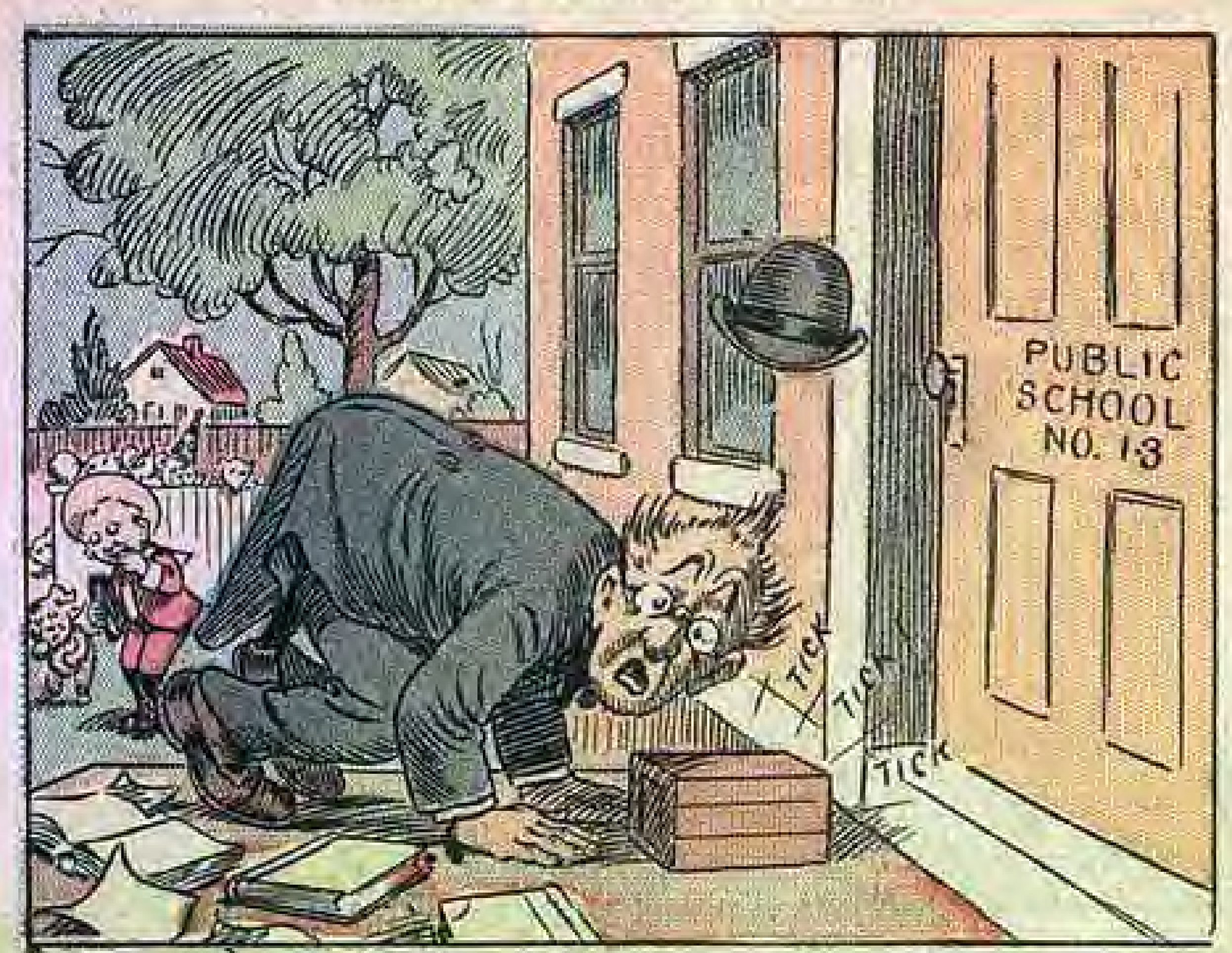
1. John and the 'possums, naughty chicks!
Prepare to play their usual tricks.
Within a box they put a clock,
Designed their teacher good to shock.



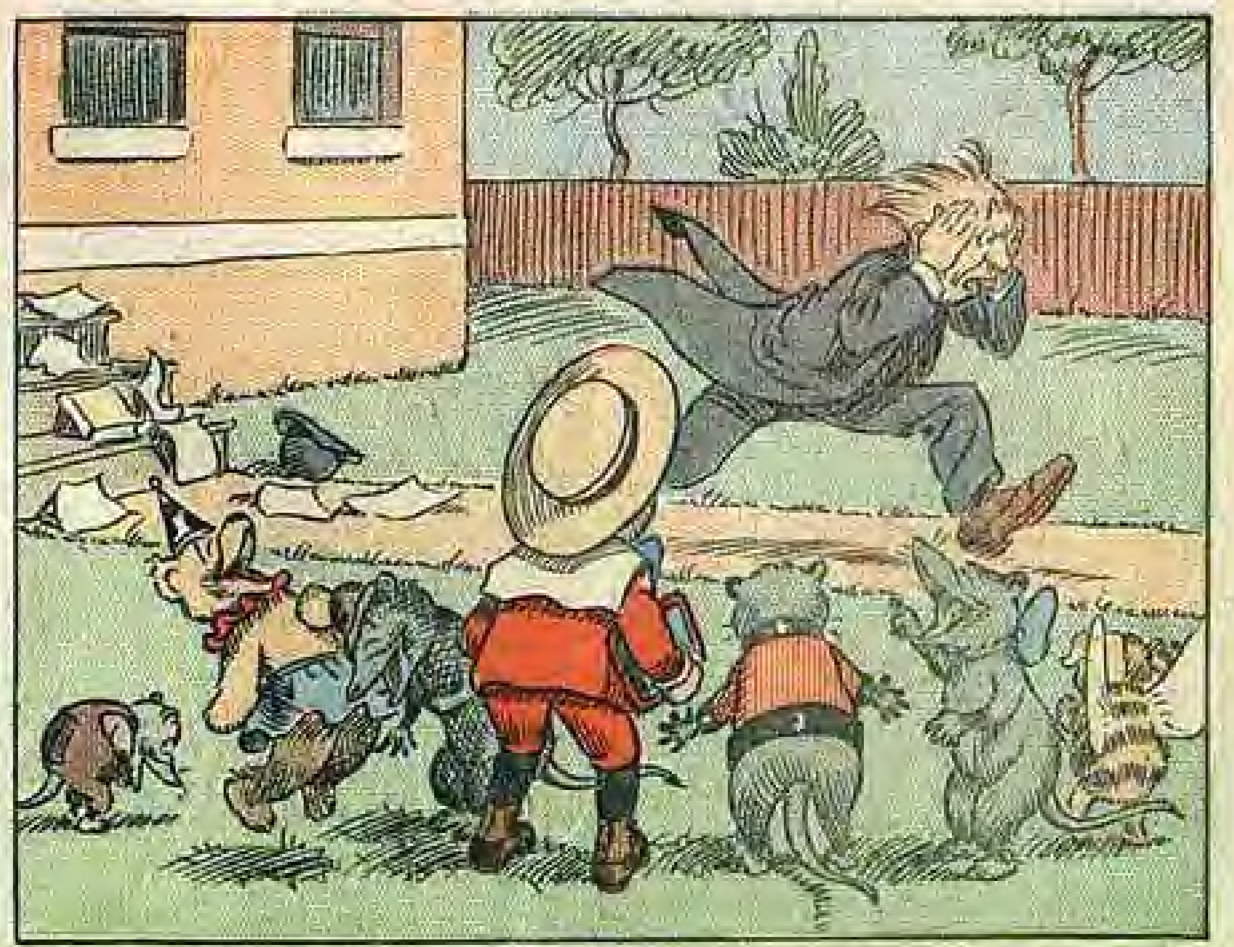
2. They put it on the school front stair,
And label it, "A Bomb! Beware!"
Then they address it carefully,
And run away to hide and see.



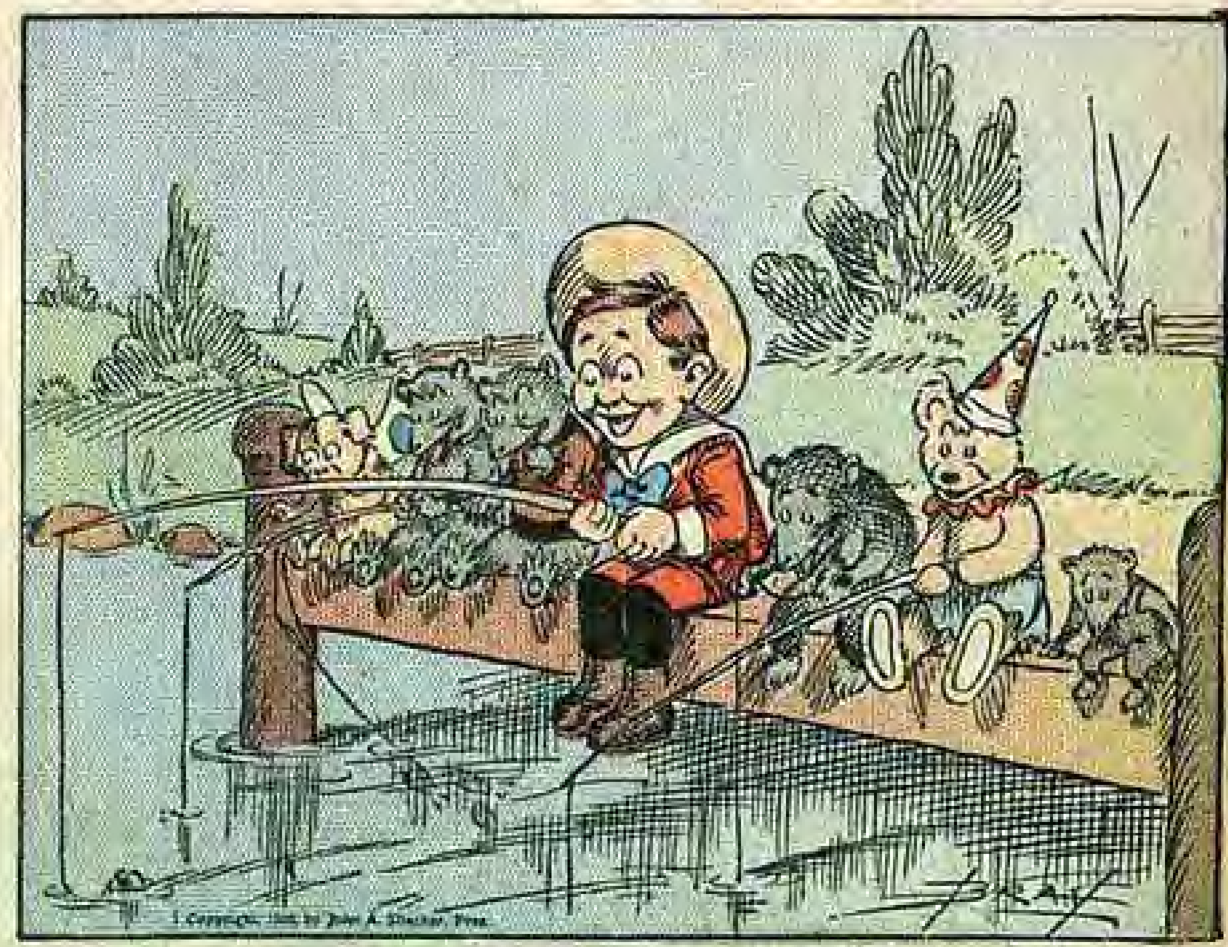
3. At last Professor Dubb appears,
A gentle man of many years.
He sees the paper with his name,
And opens it to read the same.



4. Oh, awful words! He stoops down quick,
And hears the fatal tick, tick, tick—
With terror wild his hairs arise,
And fear and horror fill his eyes.



5. He drops his books and flees away,
Nor does a moment he delay,
While Johnny and his naughty band
Arrive at school, their slates in hand.



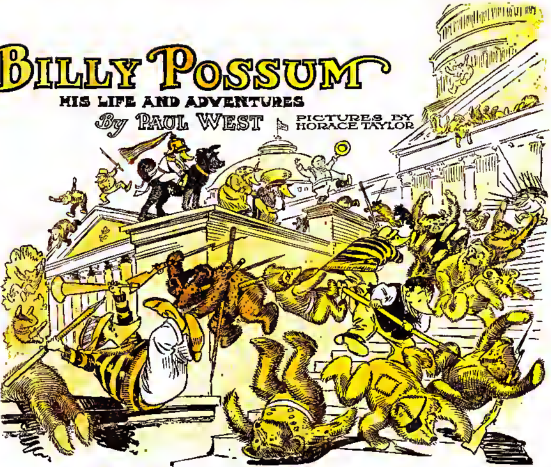
6. Oh, how they laughed the sight to see,
Then from the school rushed rapidly.
The fishing-pond they quickly sought—
Let's hope that some day they'll be caught.

BILLY POSSUM

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES

By PAUL WEST

PICTURES BY HORACE TAYLOR



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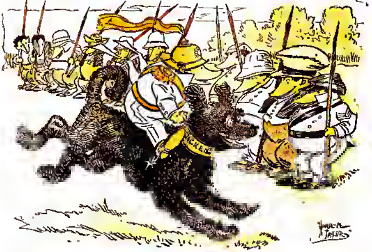
When morning again to the Possums came
They were weary and sore from the football game,
But light in heart, when it struck them clearer
That Washington now was a whole day nearer.
They'd quite forgotten all thoughts of war
As they dreamed of the good times soon in store
Till they got fresh news from the trembling mouth
Of a new recruit from the sunny south.
He said that last night, all unawares,
He'd discovered the force of the Teddy Bears,
And heard their plans from behind a wall.
"They're going," he said, "to kill us all!"
"They are?" cried Billy. "Well, I guess not!
If they're looking for war—well, they'll find a lot!
Come, everybody, get out and drill,
Let's practice fighting—the foe to kill!
We have no weapons, but during the day,
I'll find some, somehow, with which to slay!"

Then Bill on his pony, or rather his dog,
Rode down the lines at a lively jog,
With a "Right dress, there!" and a "Stand up, here!"
Like General Grant, only more severe.
Then they marched away, through the morning warm,
Till they came, by night, to a great big farm,
Where a field of bean poles appeared in view.
"Aha!" cried Billy, "those poles will do
For stabbing the Teddys. Go after them, men,
Each man arm himself, then fall in again!"
But the poles were too long, till the Possum crew
Cleverly gnawed each one in two.
Then they marched on again, now ever bolder,
Each with a weapon across his shoulder.

They marched all night, not the least bit tired,
By the promise of quick reward inspired,
And the longing for battle, for all were ready
To wipe the earth of the last poor Teddy!
And when in the morning their bright sharp eyes
Discerned, away up in the clear blue skies,
The top of a spire, they were content,
For they knew 'twas the Washington monument!
"But keep on," cried Billy, "it's far off yet!
There's many a mile ere there we'll get!"

So they hurried along, till, when set the sun,
They'd reached the outskirts of Washington,
And there they camped in a quiet wood,



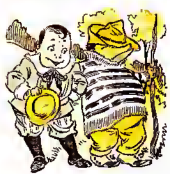
For a rest, thought Billy, would do them good.
So he to a tree hitched fast his dog,
And lay down himself, to sleep like a log.

He dreamt that he and his Possum band
Were marching through Washington, fine and grand,
He on his dog, in martial pride,
With the president riding at his side,
Galloping straight to the capitol
To pay to congress a welcome call.
But he woke from his dream with a sudden start
And a terrible beating at his heart,
For he heard the sound of a drum a-playing
And the cries of the guards, "To arms! to arms!"

"What is it?" cried Billy, rushing out.
"We've captured a spy," he heard them shout,
And into his presence then they led
A prisoner, and his name was NED!
Yes, 'twas the boy of the railroad train,
Whom Billy's glad eyes discerned again!
And they rushed to each other, then and there,
While the others exclaimed, "Well, I declare!"
Then Billy explained, and Ned he led
About the camp, and to all he said,
"He is my friend! You must treat him well."
And Ned said, "Listen! I've news to tell.
It would take too long if I told you now
Of the way that I got back home, but how
I found you tonight I'll now relate.
I had gone to bed. It was rather late,
And our house is next to the capitol.
Outside of my window I heard a call,
And looking I saw there to alarm me
That wonderful, monstrous Teddy army,
Thousands and thousands, stout but small,
Deploying around the capitol;
And I heard their leaders discussing a plan.
Then I got on my clothes and here I ran.
Their plan was this: They're expecting you,
And the moment your army comes in view
They're going to attack you on the stairs
Of the capitol, where they've laid their snares.
The way that I found you camping here
Was by listening with a careful ear

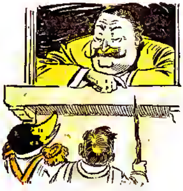
To all that they said. So I give you warning,
If you go to Washington in the morning
There'll be a terrible, fearful fight,
And to have them defeat you would not be right."

"Defeat us!" cried Billy. "They've not a chance.
Listen!" He took up a bean pole lance
Sharp as a needle and showed it to Ned.
"That's sharpened for Teddys," he grimly said.
"I've studied those fellows. I know they're bluffing.
I know all about a Teddy's stuffing.
It's nothing but sawdust, and armed with these
My men will lick 'em as slick as you please.
Come! rally, my men! We now must go
Right into battle to meet the foe.
Ned, I appoint you my chief of staff.
In command of the army I give you half!"



So they marched away through the moonlit night,
A wonderful, stirring, inspiring sight,
Skirting the town of Washington
Crossing the battlefield of Bull Run,
Crossing Long Bridge in manner grand,
Till they entered the capital of the land.
"Now," said Billy, "The morn is here,
Sharpened up right is each Possum spear!
Bring on your Teddys. Let's start the fun!"
But Ned said suddenly, "Wait! Hold on!
Ahead is the White house. Let's stop there.
We'll call on the president, I declare.
You tell him your story, and we'll see
What his ideas of the case may be."

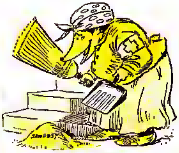
'Twas very early, the whole town slept
As into the White house grounds they crept,
But the president, as it soon turned out,
Was already awake and walking about.
He came to the window as they appeared,
And O, as they saw him, how they cheered.
And Billy, bowing, said: "Mighty Man,
I appeal to you for the Possum clan.
We've come to ask for a dispensation
To make us the mascots of the nation
In place of the stuck up Teddy Bears,
Who are so conceited and full of airs.
Too long have they ruled with full capacity,
Now give the Possums their opportunity!
Why, right now, on the capitol stairs,



They're setting for us their cowardly snares.
They threaten to oust us from the land
And a terrible battle will soon be at hand.
We do not fear them. It isn't that—
For we'll lick them surely, I promise that—
And in case that we do, will you promise me
That Official Mascot our name shall be?"
The president laughed. "Well, well," said he,
"Guess a new situation presented to me.
Both the Possum clan and the Teddy band
Are citizens of this mighty land.
I hate to decide. I'll tell you, though,
Why don't you tackle the saucy foe?
Fight to a finish. And when it's through
I promise the proper thing I'll do.
If you beat the Teddys, return to me,
And my friends and mascots you all shall be."

"Thanks," said Billy, and waved his hat,
Then turned to his men. "My men, hear that?
We've only to whip those Teddy Bears

To put an end to our troubles and cares.
On to the capitol. Brace up! Ready!
And now good-by to the reign of Teddy!"
Old Pennsylvania avenue
Has seen many pictures, some strange ones, too,
But there never was one, I'm free to claim,
Like that when the Possums, clattering, came
Down its width, on the autumn morn,
Their uniforms ragged and old and torn,
Of all descriptions, and armed with poles—
'Twas a sight to startle the people's souls!
The city woke as the army passed.
The populace stood, agape, aghast.
The colored folk gazed with watering mouth
At this army of Possums fresh from the south.
But to think of trying to capture one—
They saw that it never could be done.
So they followed along, a throng perplexed,



Wondering what would happen next.
On the capitol stairs the Teddy band
Was making a stalwart, resolute stand.
They heard the enemy coming fast,
And their leader exclaimed, "Now, men, at last
Here's where we settle this southern truck,
And punish them for their [illegible] pluck!
Ready, my men! Be staunch and steady!
Act in a way that would please that Teddy
For whom we are named. Look sharp! Fall in!
For the battle of battles will soon begin!"

With Billy ahead of them, on his horse—
I should say, dog—swept the Possum force.
They met those Teddys with tooth and nail
With bean pole lance and with curling tail.
Now up the stairs swept the Possum band,
Now back again as the Teddy stand
Grew rallied a bit. Then on again—
O, O, how they fought on that terraced plain!
Little by little, and yard by yard,
Jabbing and stabbing and fighting hard,
But gaining steadily, all the while,
With the bodies of Teddys forming a pile,
A royal battle, a battle you'll see
Embellished in pages of history—
Till the vanquished Teddys, as if one man,
Faltered and weakened, then broke and ran!
Then up to the Capitol, cheering loud,
Swept the victorious Possum crowd.
Into the room where the senate meets,
Filling the comfortable, roomy seats,
Filling the congress chamber, too,
With a wild hurrah and a fierce hurroo!
And just as they did a message came,
Signed with the president's magic name,
"Good for the Possums! Be theirs the power!
I'll try to be with you in half an hour!"

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.
PART FOUR. JULY 4, 1909 COMIC.

Danny Dreamer

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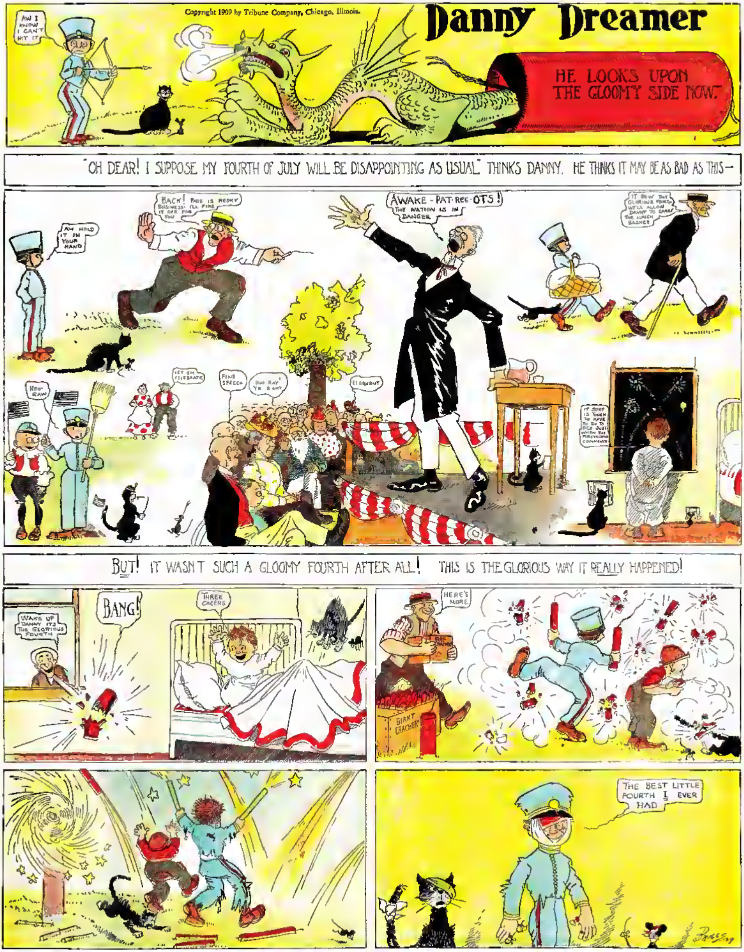
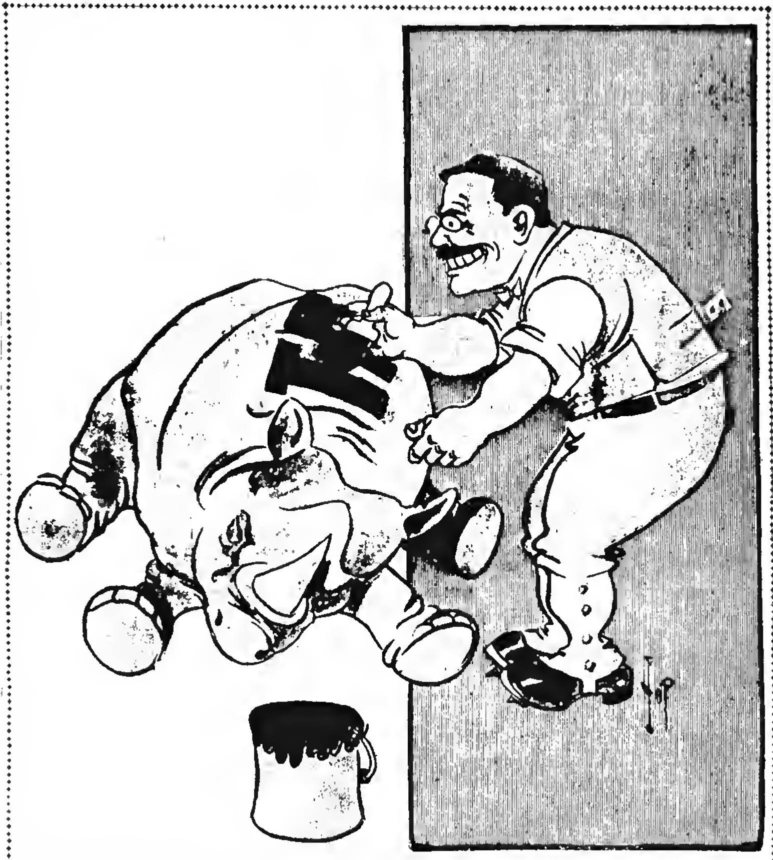

AW I KNOW I CAN'T HIT IT
HE LOOKS UPON THE GLOOMY SIDE NOW.
"OH DEAR! I SUPPOSE MY FOURTH OF JULY WILL BE DISAPPOINTING AS USUAL" THINKS DANNY. HE THINKS IT MAY BE AS BAD AS THIS—
AW HOLD IT IN YOUR HAND
BACK! THIS IS RISKY BUSINESS. I'LL FIRE IT OFF FOR YOU
AWAKE - PAT-REE-OTS! THE NATION IS IN DANGER
IT BEIN' THE GLORIOUS FOURTH WE'LL ALLOW DANNY TO CARRY THE LUNCH BASKET
HOO-RAW
LET 'EM CELEBRATE
FINE SPEECH
HOO RAY! YR RIGHT
ELOQUENT
IT SURE IS TOUGH TO HAVE TO GO TO BED JUST WHEN THE FIREWORKS COMMENCE
BUT! IT WASN'T SUCH A GLOOMY FOURTH AFTER ALL! THIS IS THE GLORIOUS WAY IT REALLY HAPPENED!
WAKE UP DANNY IT'S THE GLORIOUS FOURTH
BANG!
THREE CHEERS
HERE'S MORE
FIRE CRACKERS
GIANT CRACKERS
THE BEST LITTLE FOURTH I EVER HAD

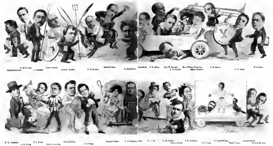
KERMIT'S PHOTOS OF PAPA IN AFRICA



NOTE—"This is the last photo I took in Africa. It shows dad putting his signature on the last chapter. He signed all the game he procured so that the Smithsonian Institution people would not make the mistake of thinking they had received somebody else's animals.

"KERMIT ROOSEVELT."

"P. S.—Some of this game he tacked his name on I shot myself."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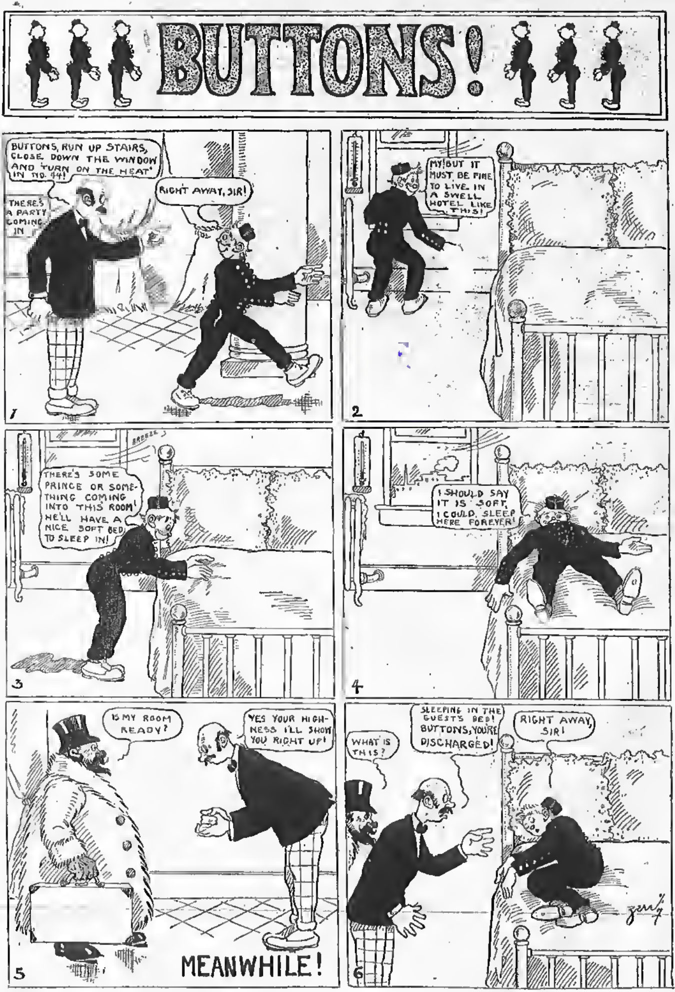
BUTTONS!
BUTTONS, RUN UP STAIRS, CLOSE DOWN THE WINDOW AND TURN ON THE HEAT IN NO. 44!
THERE'S A PARTY COMING IN
RIGHT AWAY, SIR!
1
MY! BUT IT MUST BE FINE TO LIVE IN A SWELL HOTEL LIKE THIS!
2
BREEZE
THERE'S SOME PRINCE OR SOMETHING COMING INTO THIS ROOM! HE'LL HAVE A NICE SOFT BED TO SLEEP IN!
3
I SHOULD SAY IT IS SOFT, I COULD SLEEP HERE FOREVER!
4
IS MY ROOM READY?
YES YOUR HIGHNESS I'LL SHOW YOU RIGHT UP!
MEANWHILE!
5
WHAT IS THIS?
SLEEPING IN THE GUESTS BED! BUTTONS, YOU'RE DISCHARGED!
RIGHT AWAY, SIR!
6